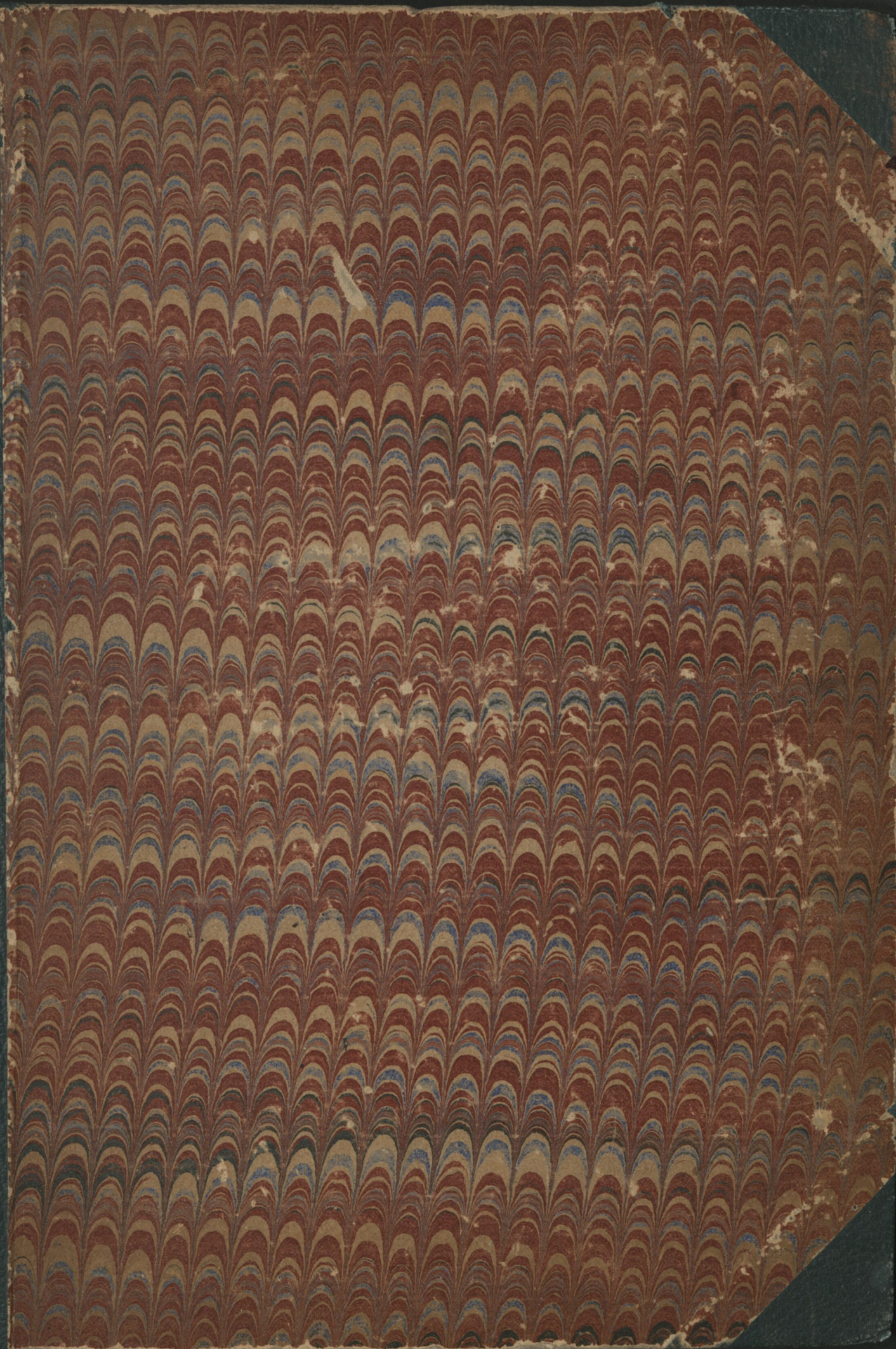
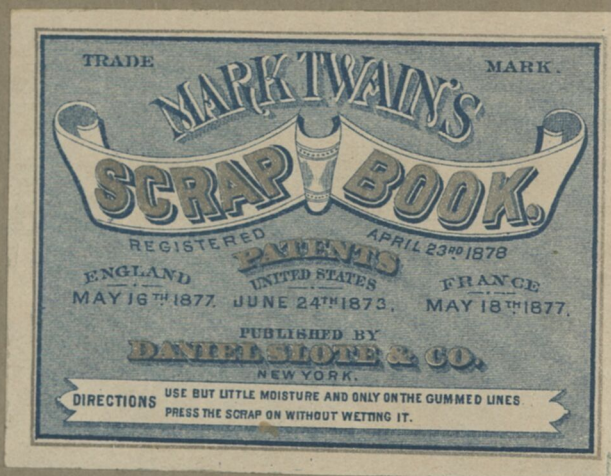


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## VASSAR COLLEGE.

### Recent Improvements—Gift to Philaethean—College Gossip.

[Correspondence of the Evening Post.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, January 22.—The first semester ends February 4. Examinations of new applicants for admission for the second semester take place January 30 and 31. Students are now deep in reviews, preparatory to the closing of the first term, which in most other colleges ends at Christmas time. Nearly all the Seniors have handed in their mental theses, and are now undergoing reviews in Porter's 'Elements.' The Seniors are having also daily lectures in chemistry. The present topic is photography. In the last lecture Dr. Cooley exhibited specimens of the first American photographs taken by Dr. Draper and Professor Morse, and presented to the Natural Science Department by Professor Morse. The curriculum has been changed by introducing Greek and Latin as electives for the four collegiate years, thus making a distinct classical course.

Before the holidays Dr. Ritter gave his first "Soirée Musicale," in which he introduced the Boston artists, Signor Campanari, Dr. Maas, and Mr. Wulf Fries. Professor Backus also addressed the T. and M., a club organized by the Juniors and Seniors for the purpose of keeping up with the political events of the day.

During vacation the improvements begun some time ago in the Lyceum were finished. A new room for botanical analysis has been added, thus leaving the old Natural History room for the sole use of Professor Dwight's department, which was in great need of better facilities for zoological and geological experiments. The growth of the art school made it necessary to remove the studio to Society Hall, formerly used by the Philaethean Society for the presentation of its plays. These will now be given in the Gymnasium, which has undergone extensive improvement. The President and lady Principal each presented Philaethea with a check for \$50, to be expended in new scenery and stage appurtenances. The first Philaethean play was given Saturday evening last. The piece presented was Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons." It was well mounted, and the rôles were interpreted with skill and intelligence.

Sir Richard Temple, who recently visited the college, has presented to the library his work on 'India in 1880.'

In the Intercollegiate Press Association, which was organized December 27, 1882, the Vassar *Miscellany* is the only woman's college paper on the list of members. In this initiatory meeting the *Miscellany* was represented by proxy in a letter expressive of its hearty coöperation. The *Miscellany* is to prepare a paper for the next meeting of the association upon some topic not yet decided.

One of the Japanese girls who in 1872 was brought to Washington, and, after being thoroughly educated in this country, returned home, has since married one of the highest dignitaries in Japan. Only two others, the Emperor being one, take precedence of him in the empire. His wife is also of a noble family, as were the other girls brought here at the time Iwakura came with his embassy from Japan. Two of these girls graduated at Vassar College and one is now teaching other girls of the nobility in Japan.

## ELOPED FROM VASSAR.

### A BIT OF ROMANCE AT VASSAR COLLEGE; ELOPEMENT OF ONE OF THE STUDENTS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—The Faculty of Vassar College are rubbing their eyes in bewilderment over the discovery that one of their prettiest girls has eloped with a young man from New York city. Martha S. McDonald, petite and vivacious, entered the institution a year ago, and soon became a favorite with her companions. Not so with the Faculty, however, for they saw in her the elements of mischief. She was full of pranks, and they disciplined her somewhat, but not so much as they might had her father not given \$8000 to found a scholarship in the college. In the meantime Miss McDonald was clandestinely corresponding with and meeting in Poughkeepsie every Saturday, when the young ladies are permitted to leave the college to do their shopping, Mr J. C. Spencer, Jr., a son of her father's partner in New York. Suddenly she was missing. With the assistance of two of her companions she had quietly packed her wardrobe, and as quietly stolen away to her betrothed, who is only 18 years old, and who had a carriage in waiting for her, and on her arrival they proceeded to the residence of Rev. Dr. Amendorf of the Second Reformed Church in Poughkeepsie, and were made one. They then went to the Nelson House. The two young women who assisted Miss McDonald in making her escape from the college have been expelled from Vassar College and sent home. The heads of the families of the bride and groom are well known in New York. They compose the firm of McDonald & Co., 532 Washington street, New York, the company being J. C. Spencer, the father of the groom. Mr McDonald is the proprietor of the vinegar bitters, and is very wealthy. It is said the parents of the newly-married couple have become reconciled to their new relations.

### SURPRISING A PROFESSOR.

#### Vassar Girls Make a Descent on Prof. Backus and Enjoy a Feast and Dancing.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 18.—Every spring the junior class of Vassar College has tendered the senior class an excursion on the steamer Mary Powell. This year the faculty forbade that sort of festivity, and both classes were incensed. The juniors, however, determined to get up something, and have been busy for several days completing the arrangements, keeping all the details secret, as they thought, from every one outside of the class. At 1½ P. M. to-day both classes left the college in carriages. The plan of the entertainment was thought to be unknown to any except the committee of arrangements, which consisted of Miss Patterson, Chairman; Miss Herrick, Miss Blanchard, Miss Acer, Miss Watkins, and Miss Adams. The girls enjoyed a drive on Boardman Hill, up the South avenue, and through South Hamilton street. At 4:30 they alighted in front of the residence of Prof. Truman Backus, much to the surprise of that gentleman, but he received them in the most hospitable manner, aided by his mother and sister. The parlors and dining room were thrown open and the spacious piazzas were soon thronged with the girls. Tables were set for the accommodation of the faculty and the two classes, and a sumptuous dinner was already spread. After the feast dancing began, the programmes of which were distributed among the staid professors of the college. Dancing on the lawn was in order for the remainder of the evening, the music being furnished by the West Point Band. During the evening toasts were given to the President and faculty, the President responding. To "Our Alma Mater" Miss Yost responded; to "The Class of '86," Miss Hopson; to the "Miscellany," Miss Bostwick; to "The Class of '85," Miss Haldemann, and to "Prof. Backus, who, in leaving us for the first time causes sorrow, but let us praise Caesar, not bury him." Prof. Backus responded. The festivities closed at 10 P. M. Prof. Backus has accepted the position of Principal of Packer's Institute, whither he will go after commencement at Vassar.

Vassar evidently gives the girls a good education, notwithstanding its forcing and cramming processes. The protests of the graduating class showed that they have obtained a practical knowledge which those who arranged their programme of studies and attempted to carry it out seem to have lacked, and with it a spirit of independence that will give character to their whole lives. Their protest, if it did not help them, will benefit succeeding classes, and perhaps will lead to a new era in our educational system, at least in the higher institutions of learning, when pupils will be consulted in relation to the amount of work they shall accomplish in a given time. Teachers, whose labors are mostly in the class-room, sometimes forget the many long and hard hours of study required of pupils, while they are themselves resting, or engaged in employments that are not wearying.

### Social Life at Vassar.

There is not much formality about the social life at Vassar, as all the students live in one building. There is always considerable fun and enjoyment in the Senior class, as a certain corridor is their exclusive property. They have a class parlor, also sacred to Seniors, which is used as a room for both business and social meetings, and is finely furnished. Outside of the Senior class, the pleasantest life is the parlor life of the students. A few girls room alone, but a great majority have parlors, five girls constituting a "family," each with her own room, but all having the same study parlor. The nature of the girls determines whether or not the room is really for study. Perhaps this system is conducive to cliques, but it affords a good chance to learn human nature, and to adapt one's self to circumstances. Then there is the chapter life (neither very social nor very interesting), the spreads, much fun, but discouraged by the Faculty, and class, and club life, whose interest varies with different classes. Vassar is divided into many cliques. It is not possible, it seems to me, for any general sociability to exist, for "birds of a feather must flock together," and you cannot make them do otherwise.—*Poughkeepsie Letter to Harvard Herald.*

## VASSAR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES AT POUGHKEEPSIE YESTERDAY.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 14.—Vassar College Commencement occurred to-day. The oration was delivered by Mary Florence Easton, of Nantucket, Mass., and the valedictory by Jennie McLellan Patterson, of Washington Territory. The following were the graduates:

Candidates for the Second Degree in Arts—Mary Augusta Scott, Washington, D. C.; Emma Laura Sutor, Sutor, Nev.  
For the Baccalaureate Degree—Estelle Bartlett, Warsaw, N. Y.; Mary Burta Brittan, San Francisco; Stella Florine Broadhead, Jamestown; Emily Genevieve Buckland, New York; Mary Edith Case, Charles City, Iowa; Susan Coffin Coleman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mabel Eloise Dart, Hamilton; Mary Florence Easton, Nantucket, Mass.; Bertha C. Fridenberg, New York; Laura Franklin Glenn, Cincinnati, Ohio; Laura Clark Gross, Somerville, Mass.; Mary Lucy Harker, San Francisco; Elizabeth McHaffey Howe, Fort Adams, Rhode Island; Ida Howgate, Washington, D. C.; Mary Elizabeth Jones, Boston; Mary Brigham King, Concord, Mass.; Luella Burd Kounte, Rahway, N. J.; City, Penn.; Carrie Craft Lawrence, Rahway, N. J.; Winifred Learned, South Bend, Ind.; Carrie Tarrant MacAdam, Detroit, Mich.; Georgiana Lea Morrill, Painted Post, N. Y.; Eva May Munro, Elbridge; Abbie Miner Nickerson, West Newton, Mass.; Jennie McLellan Patterson, Walla Walla, Washington Territory; Lydia Robinson Peck, Flushing, N. Y.; Anne Stevenson Phillips, Allegheny City, Penn.; Mary Robinson Sanford, Troy, N. Y.; Ellen Churchill Semple, Louisville, Ky.; Cora Louise Shaller, New York; Mary Evans Shore, Fall River, Mass.; Anne Cora Southworth, Stoughton, Mass.; Lillie Backus Stanton, Albany, N. Y.; Fannie Belle Taylor, Newark, N. J.; Ella Bessie Varnes, Cleveland, Ohio; Emily Warder, Springfield, Ohio; E. Helen Warren, Stamford, Conn.; Jessie F. Wheeler, Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Elizabeth M. White, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Sternatz Yamakawa, Tokio, Japan.  
For the Diploma of the School of Painting—Lucy Case, Charles City, Iowa.  
For the Diploma of the School of Music—Louise Virginia Gorse, La Grangeville, N. Y.; Henrietta May Hubbell, Mankato, Minn.; Marion Johns, New York.



## COMMENCEMENT AT VASSAR.

### THIRTY-NINE DEGREES BESTOWED.

CLASS-DAY EXERCISES—THE ORATIONS DELIVERED YESTERDAY—LIST OF THE GRADUATES.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 13.—The seventeenth annual Commencement exercises of Vassar College were held to-day, at which thirty-nine young ladies in bright array assumed the dignity of the baccalaureate degree.

At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees, yesterday, there were no vacancies in the Board to fill, and only a few minor changes were made in the standing committees. The old officers of the Board were re-elected, including the Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, chairman; S. M. Buckingham, secretary, and Benson Van Vliet, superintendent; and Willard L. Dean was promoted from the position of registrar and assistant treasurer to that of treasurer.

The total number of students at Vassar the past year has been 314.

Class day exercises were held yesterday, at which the oration was delivered by Miss Martha Sharpe, the history was read by Miss Susan F. Swift, the prophecy by Miss Laura Page, the farewell address by Miss Anna H. Lathrop, the senior charge by Miss Alice B. Poinfer, and the junior reply by Miss Mary E. Adams. A special point was made in the class history of the effort to induce the faculty to do away with class "honors," based on the marking system. The only result apparent to-day was the absence of the customary valedictory, an honor which, THE TRIBUNE correspondent is informed, would have been bestowed on Miss Mary Cooley, of Dubuque, Iowa, by the unanimous choice of the faculty.

At the exercises to-day, which began at 10:30 a. m., there was a larger attendance of relatives and friends than last year. Among the visitors were Judge and Mrs. Cooley, of Dubuque, Iowa; Judge Lawson, of Newburg; the Rev. H. M. Sanders, of New York, and the following members of the Board of Trustees: The Rev. Dr. Samuel L. Caldwell, John Thompson, the Rev. Dr. Edward Lathrop, the Rev. Dr. Elias L. Magoon, Benson J. Lossing, John Guy Vassar, Cyrus Swan, Smith Sheldon, Augustus L. Allen, George Innis, the Rev. Dr. Edward Bright, R. A. Wight, William Allen Butler, the Rev. Dr. J. Ryland Kendrick, the Rev. Dr. Henry M. King, the Rev. Dr. Joachim Elmendorf and Henry M. Marquand.

The platform of the chapel was occupied by the visitors and members of the faculty, with President Caldwell in the centre. The graduates occupied seats directly in front of the platform. The programme included nine orations, interspersed with organ and piano solos; by the Misses Esther Cutler and Laura Page. Miss Cora A. Wheeler, of Poughkeepsie, spoke of "The Romance of Science"; Miss Cornelia M. Raymond, of Poughkeepsie, and Jenny A. Yost, of Waterloo, discussed the affirmative and negative sides, respectively, of the rather comprehensive problem, "Is Reform Possible Without Revolution?" Annie B. West, of Katonah, spoke on "The Repression of the Jew." In "The Unsolved Problems of Astronomy," Miss Mary Sherwood, of Ballston, suggested some of the still unrealized possibilities of the telescope, the camera and the spectroscope.

The oration of the day was that of Miss Mary Cooley, of Dubuque, Ia., on "Corruption in American Politics." The lobby, she said, has become the chief scene of political action. It is the great practical outgrowth of our National precept: "To the victor belong the spoils." Miss Cooley's oration was given with vigor and vivacity, and she was frequently interrupted by applause.

Miss Clara L. Bostwick, of Lebanon Springs, spoke on "Utility as the Bane of American Education." The subject of Miss Mabel Foos, of Springfield, Ohio, was "Utility the Law of American Education." The last speaker was Miss Ida Caroline Ransom, of Unionville, Conn., whose subject was: "From Stonehenge to Windsor," in which she glanced at the changes in English character and social life from the days of King Arthur's knights to the days of Queen Victoria's soldiers in Egypt.

Degrees were conferred by President Caldwell as follows:

Baccalaureate degrees—Evelyn Baldwin, Wellsville; Rose J. Baldwin, Indianapolis; Sarah C. Bernard, Kingston; Clara Lena Bostwick, Lebanon Springs; Martha Boyd, Memphis; Mary Cooley, Dubuque, Ia.; Caroline Curtis, Yonkers; Ida Cushing, Boston; Esther P. Cutler, Grand Haven, Mich.; Jessie K. Dewell, New-Haven; Harriet Evans, Lakeville, Conn.; Mabel Foos, Springfield, O.; Sarah P. Gunnison, Boston; Amy S. Hopson, Kent, Conn.; Anna H. Lathrop, Rockford, Ill.; Stella B. Mabury, San José, Cal.; Frances C. Markham, St. Louis; Helen H. Morris, New-Haven; Laura Page, Perry; Mary F. Pass, Faison, N. C.; Alice B. Poinfer, Newark, N. J.; Ida C. Ransom, Unionville, Conn.; Cornelia M. Raymond, Poughkeepsie; Martha Sharpe, Wilkesbarre, Penn.; Abbie W. Sherman, Greenwich; Mary Sherwood, Ballston; Emeline G. Slee Poughkeepsie; Mary G. Stevens, Lowell, Mass.; Lucy C. Street, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Mary Sudduth, Normal, Ill.; Susan F. Swift, America; Sarah H. Treadway, Pontiac, Mich.; Charlotte A. Vallean, New-York; Annie B. West, Harrisburg, Penn.; Mary Wheatley, Katonah; Cora A. Wheeler, Poughkeepsie; Charlotte R. Wheeler, Poughkeepsie; Grace P. Wygant, New-York; Jennie A. Yost, Waterloo.

Diploma of the school of painting—Nannie D. De Saussure, Charleston, S. C.

Diplomas of the school of music—Henrietta Douglass New York; Harriet E. Haffey, New-York; Belle Henderson, Elko, Nevada; Nettie L. Peck, Cortland; Lillie E. Stanton, A. B., Albany.

After the singing of the doxology a procession of the faculty, trustees, alumni, graduates, friends and invitees guests marched to the dining room and were served with lunch. The larger part of the students left town this afternoon, and at the time of their departure the clouds shed tears for the class of '83.

Oct. 27. 1886.

### Matrimonial.

This afternoon at half-past two o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Peck, on Greenbush-st., Miss Louise N. Peck will be married to Mr. William E. Albee, of Minneapolis, Minn. Only the relatives and intimate friends are invited to the wedding. Many Cortland friends will extend hearty congratulations, and their best wishes will follow the bride to her new home.

### Notable Wedding.

A large and brilliant wedding took place on the 28th ult. at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Peck, in this village, when their only daughter, Miss Louise N. Peck, was married to Mr. William E. Albee, of Minneapolis, Minn. The guests, numbering over one hundred, were escorted from the carriages to the spacious parlors by the ushers, Mr. Frank J. Peck, brother of the bride, and Mr. F. R. Woodruff, where they were richly entertained by Kapp's full orchestra from Syracuse, pending the appointed time for the ceremony. Dr. H. A. Cordo, Mrs. Peck, Miss May Albee, sister of the groom, Miss Amy A. Budd, the bride's Vassar friend, and Miss Mary Norman, of Toronto, preceded the bridal party, escorted by the ushers. Next, preceded by the ushers, came the groom and best man, Mr. Arthur R. Peck, the eldest brother of the bride, and the bride leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The ceremony was very impressive and was performed by Dr. Cordo. The house being closed and well illuminated with gas-light added brilliancy to the floral decorations which were profuse, the exotics under which the couple were married reaching nearly to the ceiling. The bride wore a corded white silk, en train, trimmed with duchess lace, a tulle veil, diamond ornaments, and carried a bunch of Marechal Neil roses. The groom wore the conventional dress suit.

After receiving the hearty congratulations of those present, and when the whole party had partaken of the bountiful collation prepared for them by Mrs. Lord, the happy couple left on the 5 o'clock train for Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Albee will make Minneapolis their home.



## POLITICS AT VASSAR COLLEGE.

### How the Fair Republicans Celebrated Their Supposed Victory.

A special despatch from Poughkeepsie says: "The girls of Vassar College have had a jolly time over politics. One night about a week before the election they determined to have an election among themselves and nearly all took part. The majority for Blaine was very large and included every one of the professors and teachers, who also voted. After the vote the Blaine party determined to have a parade, so they brought out candles from their rooms and formed a torchlight procession, marching through the corridors of the college, cheering for Blaine and Logan.

"Some of the Cleveland girls attacked the procession as it moved along, throwing water on some of the paraders. Then there was a scuffle and the Cleveland and Blaine banners were torn down. Next day being election day Blaine and Logan badges, red, white and blue neckties and ribbons and miniature flags were plenty, and in the evening there was much eagerness to learn the result. The Senior class organized another parade. As the lady principal had forbidden any more carrying of candles the girls took umbrellas, and with them outspread and with each bearing the name 'Blaine' in large white letters, marched through the college and shouted and cheered.

"Wednesday following election the feeling was too feverish to allow of much studying. In class it is reported that an unusual number 'flunked,' but the teachers were indulgent. When the hours for dismissing and changing classes were reached every girl sat ready to start, and at the tap of the gong there was a rush for the bulletin boards.

"In the evening, not waiting for the true result to be made known, the Blaine girls again obtained permission to parade and to discharge fireworks. At 8 P. M. the procession, suitably arrayed, paraded through the corridors singing and cheering, the weather being too cold for any performance out doors. At the same hour Superintendent Van Pelt started the fireworks on the grounds. When the marching was over the procession, by some manoeuvre, was brought to a halt before the closed doors of the dining-room, where stood the President and Lady Principal, who had provided oysters and crackers for them and had invited the teachers and other students to join. The happy part of the arrangement was that the Democrats, in black and wearing Cleveland badges, waited on their opponents, singing two original songs. The Cleveland girls are now anxiously awaiting permission to celebrate."

## COLLEGIATE ALUMNÆ.

### Interesting Papers Read at the Meeting of the Philadelphia Branch.

A meeting of the Philadelphia Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was held yesterday afternoon at 2827 Chestnut Street. Papers were read on "Opportunities for Post-Graduate Study for Women in Philadelphia," by Miss Alice V. Ames, of Wellesley College, and on "Art Opportunities in Philadelphia, and Some ways of Using Them," by Miss Gabrielle D. Clements, of Cornell University.

Miss Ames reported that the opportunities for post-graduate work for women in Philadelphia "are vastly greater than those offered to under-graduates of the same sex. There is no lack of tools, but there is great necessity that the girls of the city should be roused to action and well informed as to what can be done here. First among the institutions where graduate instruction is offered stands Bryn Mawr College, where graduate students are given special facilities in romance, languages, philology and history. Fellowships, entitling the holder to a room and \$350 for one year, are offered in Greek, English, mathematics, history and biology. The laboratories in chemistry and biology are excellent, and though the library is small and the college still young and not fully supplied with materials, much is hoped from it in the future.

"The University of Pennsylvania is the only men's college in the country which offers exactly the same advantages to women as to men in post-graduate work. By the vote of the Faculty of Philosophy women were made eligible to the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy on the same terms as men, and admitted to the courses leading to those degrees. This includes graduate work in history, political science, political economy, civil government, American history, chemistry, physics, mathematics, philosophy, linguistics, classics, Hebrew, American languages, Assyrian, Egyptology, Arabic and the Semitic languages. The instruction in some departments is quite inadequate, but such as it is, is open to women as well as men.

"Besides these two institutions where instruction is given, the libraries of the city offer a vast field for private research. And after all, a plentiful supply of books is the greatest necessity to an advanced student, except where, in the natural sciences, laboratories are essential. But independent work is apt to be the most vigorous and useful after the mind has been trained to concentration and methods of thought by the under-graduate discipline. The Academy of Natural Sciences offers the same opportunities to men and women. It contains a library of 40,000 volumes, card-catalogued and conveniently arranged. A very fine herbarium, rooms for private work and an excellent museum make this institution of enormous value to a student of natural history or biology. Courses of lectures are delivered in Spring and Fall by eminent specialists. The Franklin Institute's specialties library facilities are physics, mathematics, chemistry and mechanics. It has 27,000 books, 10,000 pamphlets and a list of 800 scientific exchanges, being as fine a library in its way as the Natural Science in the other sciences.

"The most useful general library is the Philadelphia—and it should be used by the student of religion, jurisprudence, belles lettres or general history. The Rush Library contains 75,000 volumes, and is especially useful in rare volumes and European and Oriental literature. The Library of the Historical Society has 28,000 volumes, chiefly on American and local history, law, genealogies and political questions. It has a large collection of newspapers, from early to modern times, and is of the greatest value to a student of American history or constitution. The Philosophical Society Library is pre-eminent in early Americana, philology and sociology, and contains many rare and unique volumes of immense interest to an historical student."

In considering the subject of art education and the opportunities afforded by Philadelphia, Miss Clement's paper touched only upon those means of improvement which concern every one, especially those who, busy in other directions, have yet an interest in the art life of the day. "There is," she said, "an unconscious education of taste received by European children which we are unfortunately without. A little peasant, going Sunday after Sunday to some old parish church and who sits staring during mass time at the broken bits of color set in the lovely tracery of some window, or at some angel starting out from a column, will be a surer critic of what is beautiful than a child here taught ever so carefully to draw convention-

alized figures on a slate. To gain due appreciation of color and form it becomes necessary for us to substitute conscious effort for unconscious enjoyment. How then can we educate our personal taste so that we may care intelligently for beautiful things? The true way to do this is first to be perfectly honest with ourselves not to admire anything because the man who made it is celebrated, but only because it is beautiful and satisfies us. The next thing is to see all we can of beautiful things, fine pictures, etchings, engravings and everything else that can bring to us hints of the expressed beauty of the world.

"In Philadelphia the chances of seeing pictures are not very numerous. There is a permanent collection of paintings at the Academy of Fine Arts and a large collection of casts. The private galleries, which are open at stated times to the public, are Mr. Gibson's, Mr. Bement's and Mr. Harrison's. At all of these may be found paintings of great value to the lovers of art. The numerous picture stores of the city must be watched, as often a fine picture passes through, remaining on exhibition but a short time; or the collected work of a single artist is shown, as the one of Mr. Parrish's etchings, now at Earle's. When a picture that really impresses one is found it is well to follow up the work of the artist who painted it. If, for instance, something interests you in the portrait now at Earle's by M. Renouf, probably the reproduction of his fishing-boat coming through the surf or of his great picture of the mother and child kneeling in a little Normandy church, with the sea behind them, would hold a greater charm.

"The libraries of the city furnish ample material for the study of the literary side of art, but all such reading should be with constant reference to actual works of art. Mr. Hamerton's fine volume on etching should be supplemented by constant reference to the valuable collection of etchings in the library of the Academy of the Fine Arts, in which fine examples of Millet, Fortuny, Jacques, Appian and even Rembrandt and Holbein may be found. The collection of old illuminations and missals at the Ridgway Library, though not large, would be of great use to the student of medieval art."

At the conclusion of the papers reports were presented from the various clubs for study, one of which, under the direction of Professor E. D. James, is working in sociology; others are engaged in reading Latin and Greek, and there is one for the study of English. The association has representatives from Cornell, Vassar, Smith and Wellesley.



March 13, '87

# PHILADELPHIA PRESS

## USE OF EDUCATION.

Superintendent MacAlister on Thorough Learning—Gladstone a Type.

Superintendent MacAlister of the public schools addressed the Association of Collegiate Alumnae and many invited guests yesterday forenoon at 301 De Lancey Place on "Culture and Use of Education." He commenced by presenting two opposing views as to the function of education. The one is summed up in the statement that the aim and end of education should be the harmonious growth of the whole being. The views of the other side have been well stated in the dictum of Herbert Spencer, that the function of education is to prepare for complete living.

"The opposition," said Mr. MacAlister, "between these theories is more apparent than real. All real culture must find its outcome in its use. Goethe, the highest representative of modern culture, insisted that in the end we only retain of our studies what we practically employ of them. The chief difficulty in dealing with the question grows out of the limitations imposed upon that part of our education devoted to culture. Matthew Arnold maintains that culture is best obtained by means of literature. Professor Huxley, on the other hand, will have it that mental power and breadth are best obtained through the study of science. The fact is that both these leaders are right. The rich inheritance derived from classic antiquity is essential to satisfy that desire for perfection, out of which all our culture grows. But we can not disregard the claims of science as ministering to the same end. Not only our whole theory of life, but the prosperity and happiness of millions of men depend very largely upon the relations which science holds to man's existence.

"Our idea of culture must be widened before the conflict between literature and science is ended. Modern painting, music of Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner are also essential elements in any scheme of culture which will fully satisfy the demand after complete living that characterizes the man of the present day. Not only this, but the literature of the modern world must be embraced in our culture. We had better do without Greek or Latin than to be ignorant of Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Wordsworth and Browning.

"It should be remembered that culture aims not only to improve the individual, but to improve society. We have not only to be and to become, but we have to do. The higher the culture the greater the claim society has to our help in all that relates to the improvement and elevation of man. Gladstone is an example of the richest scholarship and the widest culture of our time. No man is more devoted to the well-being of society, to the sufferings of the poor, to the wrongs of the oppressed, to everything that leads to the peace, the freedom and the happiness of man."

## MUSIC IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 8 (Special).—The corridors of Vassar College were thronged this evening. The occasion was the musical entertainment under the charge of the music director, Dr. F. L. Ritter. The programme included many classical selections. The performers were the Misses Cooley, Drury, Ham, Goldstine, Yates, Hancock, Andrews, Halstead, Elmendorf, Stevens, Lester and Capron. To-morrow the class day exercises will take place, and Wednesday is commencement day. The hotels of the city are filled with visitors attending college exercises. The preparatory class has gone home. All will leave for the summer vacation on Wednesday afternoon.

## CLASS DAY AT VASSAR.

SENSE AND NONSENSE FROM FAIR LIPS.

REMINISCENCES, HUMOROUS, POLITICAL AND PATHETIC.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 9.—Cool northwest winds swept the lawns and gravelled roadways at Vassar College to-day and toyed with the tresses of the gayly attired promenaders who in the morning with relatives and friends made a tour of the handsome grounds, viewing points of interest and then, shivering with the cold air of a phenomenal June, hastened indoors and contented themselves with social chat in the parlors or lounged in the art gallery waiting for more enlivening scenes, for it was class day and the programme was not entered upon until 3 p. m. Long before that hour, however, gay equipages rolled up to the main entrance of the college almost every moment and from them alighted fond mammas and papas with packages and bundles, and enthusiastic lovers and would-be-lovers laden with basket and bouquets of flowers.

The doors of the handsome little chapel were thrown open and invited guests were given prominent seats, the seniors and juniors having special places set apart for them while the balance of the pupils of the college occupied the gallery. The oration was delivered by Miss "Betty" Campbell Woods, of Columbus, O., in a light-hearted, cheerful vein, full of wit and humor, but when she neared the end she closed eloquently by saying: "The past with all its associations stretches far behind us. The future with all its uncertainties, possibilities and hopes looms up before. Now that the goal is won we appreciate how enjoyable has been the race and how hard it will be to leave our college home. For four years side by side we have plodded on. Now our broader work is beginning. Shall the roses of our future be dwarfed and the thorns abnormally large? Joy and sorrow must come to all, but, whatever our lot may be, so live that we may always find,

'The rose wreath delicately twining,  
Among the brambles in the path of life.'

The class history was in the hands and heart of Miss Mary Watson Craig, of Fairview, Md. She was funny and excited much laughter with her reminiscences. In alluding to the scenes at the college in November last, when the Republican girls celebrated the then supposed Blaine victory and the reception afterward of the news of the election of Cleveland she said, "Then there was that premature oyster supper when the first deceptive returns came in and the thirty felt very jubilant and the three very despondent. It is true that celebration was premature, but it was very much enjoyed even by the minority, who stuck to their colors and boldly announced:—

I am a Democrat,  
For I myself have said it,  
And it is greatly to my credit  
That I am a Democrat.  
I might have been a Prohibitionist,  
A Monopolist or an Independent,  
Or perhaps a Republican, or perhaps a Republican;  
But in spite of all temptation to join any other procession  
I remain a Democrat,  
I remain a Democrat.

The fair prophet of the class was Miss Grace La Mont Chuff, of Grand Rapids, Mich. She gave the future of every one of the graduates as forecast from her recollections of each one in the past and there was much merriment among the listeners.

The sermon was delivered by Miss Jane Elizabeth Ricker, of Hartford, in a decidedly sarcastic vein whenever she alluded to the juniors, who gazed upon her with curled lips and smiles of derision. Miss Caroline Gray Single, of Perth Amboy, made the junior reply. Her's was a short response, but it was full of repartee and fun.

The singing of the class song, while all stood in the rays of the declining sun, was not the least interesting part of the programme.

Merrily gathered round this tree,  
Glad as the birds above were we,  
Vying in song so cheerily,  
Dabunt aspera rosas;  
Past is Freshman toil and tear,  
O'er are Sophomore days so drear,  
Soon shall we joyous Juniors be,  
Dabunt aspera rosas.

Standing two years ago in May,  
Side by side in the twilight,  
Singing just as we do to-day,  
Dabunt aspera rosas!  
Trouble goes with Freshman years,  
Giles away with Sophomore years,  
Roses and sons to gay Juniors belong,  
Dabunt aspera rosas.

The Board of Trustees of the college was in session nearly all day. Three of the members tendered their resignations, Thomas Cornell, the Rev. A. P. Peabody and John Thompson. President Caldwell sent in his resignation as president of the college, and it was accepted on condition that he would continue the duties of his position until a committee can find his successor. The financial report shows a total deficiency in the finances of the college of \$13,793.



## THE ROBUST GIRLS OF VASSAR.

### CLOSE OF THE GRADUATING EXERCISES.

#### A GLANCE AT THE SUBSISTENCE ACCOUNT—STARTLING FIGURES IN CARAMELS. 1885

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 10.—There were closing scenes at Vassar to-day, and the corridors and parlors resounded with music. As the exercises were not to commence until 10:30 a. m., the parents of the pupils who were present had time to look about and inspect the institution and grounds, and see where they were spending their money and what for. The Vassar girls ought to be robust, because they have consumed 94,485 pounds of fresh meat since last June, 2,380 pounds of turkey, 3,395 pounds of fresh fish, 7 pounds of mackerel 30,000 clams, about 100,000 quarts of milk, 14,000 pounds of butter, 22,000 pounds of sugar, 15,000 bananas, 16,000 oranges, 576 boxes of caramels, 400 boxes of sardines, 692 pounds of confections, 1,000 dozen ears of corn, 8,000 lemons, 2,000 pounds of lard, 3,000 pounds of coffee, 91 pounds of maple sugar, 40 bushels of onions, 12 gallons of horse radish, 71 bushels of salt, etc.

At 10:30 a. m. the doors of the college chapel were thrown open and the guests and patrons of the institution filed slowly in, being ushered to seats by handsome young women, splendidly dressed and each carrying a silver wand. There was no confusion. The president of the college and the Faculty and the Board of Trustees marched with almost funeral tread and ascending to the platform took seats thereon. The galleries were filled with other pupils of the college.

After numerous addresses by graduates, interspersed with music from the organ, an usher brought in a silver platter in which was the parchment for the graduating class, each roll being fastened around the centre with a ribbon. Degrees were conferred as follows:

#### CANDIDATES FOR THE BACCALAUREATE DEGREE.

A G Bryant,	M E Ewing,	M R Loomis,
E A Cady,	M E M Gage,	F Lowry,
G L M Chubb,	A B Goldsaine,	E Lowry,
J P Clinton,	L H Gould,	J E Ricker,
C M Cochran,	L B Hancock,	M A Ricker,
M W Craig,	S C Henning,	E J Shattuck,
L Davis,	E G Heyer,	M Smiley,
E Deming,	C Hiscock,	L M Stevens,
E A Dunning,	M G Jones,	F Ueberhorst,
H A Durphoe,	E S Leonard,	M C Vassar,
L Elson,	A E Lester,	A B Wheeler,
B C Woods,		

#### CANDIDATES FOR THE DIPLOMA OF THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

G J Hillyer,	H W Patterson,	E L Winne
C F Jones,	F B Streit	

#### CANDIDATES FOR THE DIPLOMA OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

H J Andrus,	S De Puy Elmendorf,	E O McMillan
H W Capron,	C F Griffith,	I L Yates
H B Cooley,	S E Ham	
E D Drury,	F A Lester	

#### CANDIDATES FOR THE SECOND DEGREE IN ARTS.

H D Drury,	A Leach	M A Mineah
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After the last graduate had received her diploma all present were invited to dinner, and in fifteen minutes after all who had partaken of the intellectual feast in the chapel were helping to swell the subsistence account in the dining-room. After dinner there was a rush of vehicles and people for the city, a hurrying of pupils and parents to cars and boats, and by midnight the Vassarians were being whirled north, south, east and west over railroads and rivers to their homes.

looking toward a remedy of the evils complained of was taken, however, at this meeting, but at about this time a letter was sent to the Board of Trustees, signed by 10 of the Boston Alumnae, who are among the most prominent of the graduates of Vassar, giving in detail their views of the trouble, and holding President Caldwell primarily responsible. This letter was tabled by the Trustees on the ground that it was informally addressed, and no notice whatever was taken of it. It was practically suppressed, and no answer was returned to the senders, although they are described as being among the most prominent of the graduates of the college, and ladies whose opinions are entitled to great weight.

The tabular of the Boston letter put an end to the agitation among the Alumnae until last January, when the New-York association held a meeting at Delmonico's, and the discussion of the subject was renewed with new energy. The result of the discussion was that a communication was prepared and sent to the Board of Trustees giving the views of the New-York Alumnae in regard to the mismanagement of the college. This communication embraced most of the points which had been argued in the Boston letter. President Caldwell was accused of taking no interest in preparatory schools for Vassar, and giving no encouragement to the teachers who were anxious to make their establishments preparatory schools for the college. Wellesley College has 11 preparatory schools and Smith 1, but Vassar has none. One teacher of a large school, it was charged, who was anxious to prepare students for Vassar, wrote to the President and asked him for information. The answer was, "We have no time to give information. You can look at the catalogue." The college at this time was \$7,000 in debt, a deficit which the financial report of yesterday shows is now increased to \$13,795, and there were but 300 students, a loss of 100 since 1874. The communication asserted that had President Caldwell interested himself in having preparatory schools for Vassar this large falling off of students would not have to be recorded, and the large deficit shown in the expense account would not have existed. The Alumnae asked in this communication that the three Trustees to be elected this year should be men of business instead of elderly clergymen, and that the management of the college should be entrusted to energetic men instead of the old fogies who have succeeded in running it down to its present low condition, and, finally, the Alumnae suggested that the election of one of themselves on the Board of Trustees would not be a bad step for the future of Vassar.

This communication was left unanswered until last Wednesday, when the Alumni received a response signed by Trustee Elmendorf in behalf of himself, Trustee Dean, and President Caldwell, the committee appointed to answer the communication. One of the graduates who had taken a leading part in the agitation said to-day that the letter, although signed by the Rev. Mr. Elmendorf as Chairman, was really written by President Caldwell, and presented the best excuse he could offer for the slack manner in which he had performed his executive duties. The answer admits the falling off in attendance of students at Vassar, and explains it by stating that the number of colleges to which women are now admitted is much larger than formerly, there being about 120 of them in this country at present. The letter also urges the hard times as a reason for the smaller attendance, and says that the examinations at Vassar are more severe than at other colleges where women are admitted, which is another cause. Smith and Wellesley, it says, admit students on certificates, which Vassar does not, and New-England has better preparatory schools to furnish students for her colleges. The expense of a course at Vassar is greater than in the other colleges, but the letter claims that the college gives a full equivalent for the extra money paid. With regard to the request for the election of three business men to the Board of Trustees, the letter said that the best interests of the college would be looked out for, but gave no encouragement that the request would be granted.

Upon receiving this answer, which was practically no answer at all, as the charges against President Caldwell were not disproved, the Alumni decided that one of their number ought to go to Vassar this week and express the views of the association that President Caldwell was an obstruction to the progress of the college, but nobody seemed willing to act as the representative of the association, and the President's resignation has happily averted any necessity for taking any further action in regard to him. The communication of the New-York Alumnae was indorsed by the associations in Connecticut, Philadelphia, and Boston, and approved by nearly all the Alumni to whose attention it was brought, and it is believed that President Caldwell's resignation was the direct result of this action.

This was Commencement Day at Vassar. At 10:30 A. M. the doors of the college chapel were thrown open and the guests and patrons of the institution filed slowly in, being ushered to seats by handsome young ladies, magnificently dressed and each carrying a silver wand. The seats in the centre aisles front were reserved for the graduating class. Then the President of the college and the Faculty and Board of Trustees marched in, and ascending to the platform took seats thereon. The galleries were filled with pupils of the college. Commencement exercises were opened with a voluntary on the organ, which was followed with prayer, when Lucy Davis, of Philadelphia, read an essay, entitled "The Society of Friends—Its Spirit and Form." Miss Davis spoke pleasantly of her Quaker friends, and she was vociferously applauded. They ignore salutatory remarks and valedictory at Vassar nowadays, because in selecting the speakers in the past there was considerable jealousy shown, which caused annoyance, and therefore those parts of Commencement programmes are each year stricken out. Lavinia Hannah Gould, of Franklin Furnace, Ohio, descanted upon "The Significance of the New Education;" Mary Smiley, of Groton, Conn., declared "The President of the United States Should be Elected by Congress," and Ella Gertrude Heyer, of Marlborough, N. J., asserted he "Should be Elected by the People." Both essays seemed to lack knowledge as to how Presidents are practically elected. Lillian May Stevens, of Columbus, Ohio, stepped in and relieved the essay part of the programme by performing on the piano a polonaise in A flat, one of Chopin's, and she executed it fairly. Next Phoebe Lovins, of St. Joseph, Mo., gave a "Characteristic of Modern Science;" Anna Brown Wheeler, of Chattanooga, Tenn., spoke of the "Knights of the Nineteenth Century," and Sarah Carrington Henning, of Orange, N. J., treated of "The Intellectual Element in Testimony." Then Lucy Blanche Hancock, of Dubuque, Iowa, sang sweetly "In Dreams I've Heard the Seraphs Fair," and was rapturously applauded. Another tilt followed between Bertrice Joanna Shattuck, of Norwich, and Mabel Ruth Loomis, of Poughkeepsie, Miss Loomis arguing "The State as Against the Individual," and Miss Shattuck "The Individual as Against the State." Both presented strong points. The reading of essays closed by the reading of "The Scholar in Practical Life," by Mary Ellen Ewing, of Pittsburg, Penn. A brief lull followed, when an usher brought in a silver platter on which were the parchments for the graduating class, each roll being fastened around the centre with a ribbon, and as President Caldwell called the name of each graduate she ascended the platform, took the proffered diploma, bowed low, and returned to her seat. Degrees were conferred as follows:

#### BACCALAUREATE DEGREE.

Alice G. Bryant,	Ella G. Heyer,
Emily Adela Cady,	Clara Hiscock,
Grace L. Chubb,	Mary G. Jones,
Jessie P. Clinton,	Ella S. Leonard,
Caroline M. Cochran,	Anna E. Lester,
Mary W. Craig,	Mabel R. Loomis,
Lucy Davis,	Phoebe Lovins,
Elizabeth Deming,	Edith Lowry,
Elizabeth R. Dunning,	Jane E. Ricker,
Harriet A. Durfee,	Mary A. Ricker,
Lucy Elson,	Bertrice J. Shattuck,
Mary E. Ewing,	Mary Smiley,
Marie E. Mott Gage,	Lillian M. Stevens,
Anna B. Goldsaine,	Florence Ueberhorst,
Lavinia H. Gould,	Mary C. Vassar,
Lucy B. Hancock,	Anna C. Wheeler,
Sarah C. Henning,	Betty C. Woods,

#### DIPLOMA OF THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

Grace J. Hillyer,	Fannie B. Streit,
Cornelia F. Jones,	Ella L. Winne.
Hannah W. Patterson,	

#### DIPLOMA OF THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Helen J. Andrus,	Caroline F. Griffith, A. B.,
Harriet W. Capron,	Sarah E. Ham,
Helene B. Cooley,	Fannie A. Lester,
Harriet D. Drury, A. B.,	Elizabeth O. McMillan, A. B.
Sara D. Elmendorf,	Ida L. Yates.

#### SECOND DEGREE IN ARTS.

Harriet D. Drury,	Mary Anna Mineah.
Abbie Leach,	

After the last graduate had received her diploma and had become seated all were invited to dinner in the large dining room below. After dinner there was a rush of vehicles and people for the city, a hurrying of pupils and parents to cars and boats, and by midnight the Vassarians were being whirled north, south, east, and west over railroads and rivers to their homes.

## THE TROUBLES AT VASSAR

### THE RESIGNATION OF THE PRESIDENT CAUSES REJOICING.

#### WHAT THE ALUMNAE COMPLAINED OF AND WHAT THEY SUGGEST—THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 10.—The resignation of President Caldwell, of Vassar College, yesterday, while it was not expected by the Alumnae, is hailed with rejoicing by many of them, who believe that his administration has been of great injury to Vassar. The opposition to President Caldwell and the composition of the Board of Trustees has been growing in strength for the last two years, and during that period has twice found expression in communications to the board. At the meeting of the Alumnae last year the question of the causes for the decadence of Vassar was thoroughly discussed, and it was agreed that President Caldwell's lack of executive ability and of energy in promoting the growth of the college was the main reason for its failure to maintain its former prestige. No action



— The Poughkeepsie *Eagle* says of President Caldwell's resignation: "The utmost that has been said against him by those most opposed is that, under the adverse and difficult circumstances that have surrounded him, he has not proved to be the very best possible man for the position he has occupied. Surely, if this be admitted in its fullest sense, it carries with it no reproach. Nor can it be said that the management of Dr. Caldwell has been in any respect a failure. Under his Presidency Vassar College has not been suffered to decline. Its standard of scholarship, of moral standing, and of influence has been fully kept up. It has not suffered in reputation at home or abroad. There have been no scandals connected with its history, and no bickerings among the members of its faculty. The work done in all departments has been fully equal to that of any previous period, and the graduates who have received their diplomas from him have gone forth as well trained and furnished in accordance with their several capacity as any others of this or any similar institution of learning. At the same time we hope and trust that the change which is about to be made will bring new life and greater prosperity to Vassar College." June 28/5

#### VASSAR GEOLOGICAL RESEARCHES. 86 (FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 10.—Dutchess County, in which Vassar College is situated, has always been uncertain ground to the geologist. This is due partly to the much folded state of the rocks, but chiefly to the extensive obliteration of fossils by the force of heat. The rocks are chiefly shales, in many places altered, through which crop out ridges of limestone, traversing the county from northeast to southwest. More than forty years ago, Professor Mather, in the State Geological Report, assigned the rocks, in general, but with little fossiliferous evidence, to certain geological horizons, which in the main now prove to be correct, though later geologists have been inclined to deviate from his conclusions.

Within a few years a new departure has been taken, by the discovery and development of a large number of characteristic, and to a large extent remarkable, fossils. This result has been chiefly due to the activity of the geological department of Vassar College. Within a radius of a few miles five distinct geological formations can be recognized by their fossils, covering the entire range of the Lower Silurian. The village of Rochdale proves to be, beyond dispute, the richest known locality of calciferous fossils in the United States. These new revelations were opened in 1878 by the discovery of Hudson River fossils very near the college by Mr. T. N. Dale, then temporarily connected with the institution. The next spring Professor J. D. Dana, who had been studying carefully the stratification of the rocks in the county, in his able researches into the Facies question, discovered Trenton fossils near Poughkeepsie. Since that time a systematic and laborious survey of the field has been carried on by Professor William B. Dwight, who accompanied Professor Dana in the above mentioned trip, and who had just been called to the chair of natural history in Vassar College. Some of the results of Professor Dwight's labor of over six years have been the development of a large and very peculiar Trenton fauna, containing several new fossils, and as a whole having much stronger resemblance to the Canadian Trenton than any other in this country; the discovery of calciferous fossiliferous rocks, containing the most remarkable collections of orthocerata, brachiopods, and trilobites of this epoch in the United States; and the discovery very recently of fossiliferous rocks of the oldest era when life is known to have existed, the Potsdam period.

#### Nov. A ROMANCE OF VASSAR. 87

An Interesting Story of Love and Mathematics—A Professor Will Teach No More.

The climax in the pretty romance in which Miss Priscilla H. Braislin, the late Professor of Mathematics in Vassar College, was the heroine, was reached yesterday when she became the wife of Mr. Timothy Merrick, one of the best-known and wealthiest citizens of Holyoke, Mass. The marriage was very quietly solemnized at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon at the residence of the Rev. Edward Braislin, the pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church and brother of the bride, No. 306 St. James place. The Rev. Mr. Braislin officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. Dr. R. J. Adams, of Boston. No persons had been invited, except the immediate relatives of the contracting parties, and of these there were only a few who witnessed the ceremony. The bride, as described by an admiring friend, looked imposing and queenly in a pearl satin dress with flowing train, whose chief trimmings were white roses and lace. Her full wavy iron-gray or almost white hair was unadorned, except with a few flowers, and a diamond cluster pin shone in her breast. Her complexion was as bright and fresh, and her light blue eyes were as bright as some of the prettiest students in the Alma Mater of the mature bride could boast of. There were many beautiful and costly wedding presents, including the magnificent vase, a gift from the Vassar girls to their Professor of Mathematics. At the close of the ceremony there was a family banquet, and the happy couple took their departure early in the evening for Washington, where the honeymoon will be spent.

No person has been more closely identified with Vassar College than the bride of yesterday, and no one has made a stronger or more favorable impression. Professor Braislin alone shared with Professor Maria Mitchell the honor of having been continuously in the College since its organization in 1865, and for over ten years she had held the important place of Professor of Mathematics. Each graduating class has regarded Miss Braislin as the impersonation of their Alma Mater, and for very many years the interest in the favorite Professor has been heightened by the tradition, passed from class to class, that there was a sad romance in her life, and that just before her connection with the college she had been crossed in love. The man, it was said, who had alone gained her affections had for some reason broken off the engagement and married another lady. Whatever truth there might be in the story, the brightness and sunshine in which the college life of the Professor of Mathematics was ever enveloped proved that the episode, whatever it was, had not soured the heart of Miss Braislin or in any way lessened her sympathies with the young people who came and went through the classic halls of Vassar while she remained.

Of these hundreds of young people, none were of mere interest to Professor Braislin than two sisters, the daughters of Mr. Timothy Merrick, of Holyoke, who were in the class of '84. They were the daughters of Mr. Merrick's second wife, and their mother died in the winter of 1885, before the time of the graduation arrived. Strange to say, the college traditions fixed on the father of the Misses Merrick as the man who figured in Miss Braislin's early romance. At all events, the two young students from Holyoke became dearer and dearer to Pro-

fessor Braislin, and that the latter became very dear to their father has been pretty well established by the little ceremony which took place yesterday at her brother's house in Brooklyn. At the close of the commencement at Vassar last June, it was whispered that a vacancy was likely to occur in the chair of the Professor of Mathematics, but it was not until a few weeks ago, when the College was reopened, that it became generally known that in future Professor Braislin would only be a bright memory and inspiration in the history of Alma Mater. A committee was then appointed to prepare a wedding present, and the beautiful vase which Mrs. Merrick exhibited with so much pride yesterday was the result. Mr. Merrick was a fine-looking, well-preserved man of sixty. He is one of the wealthiest and most distinguished citizens of Holyoke, and is known all over the country as the head of the Merrick Thread Company. He has a family of seven children by his former wives, four sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Miss Tina Merrick, was present at the wedding. When the honeymoon trip is brought to a close Mr. and Mrs. Merrick will settle down at Elmwood, near Holyoke, where Mr. Merrick has a fine residence.

RESIGNATION OF MARIA MITCHELL, 882  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Jan. 11.—The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Vassar College were to-day surprised by the resignation of Professor Maria Mitchell, of the professorship of astronomy. She insisted upon her need of rest. They laid the resignation on the table, passed a resolution giving her an indefinite leave of absence and directed the payment to her of the entire salary of the professorship until the Board of Trustees at their June meeting shall take further action.

Feb. 4, 1888.

Prof. Maria Mitchell, Lynn, Mass.

The General Association of Alumni of Vassar joins with the Alumni Association of New York city and vicinity in sending to Prof. Mitchell their expression of love and loyalty to her, and their inexpressible regret that she was unable to be present.

MISS RICHARDSON, Secretary.



From the New York Sun, Feb. 5, 1888.

## Honoring Maria Mitchell.

VASSAR GIRLS DISAPPOINTED BY THE PROFESSOR'S ILLNESS. ANECDOTES OF HER AND A EULOGY AT THE ALUMNÆ REUNION—SHE FINDS IT HARD TO GET YOUNG AT SEVENTY.

When Vassar College opened its doors in 1865 to give American women a chance to get a collegiate education, Maria Mitchell was appointed the first Professor of Astronomy. She had been known to astronomers before that time, and in the twenty-two years that have passed since then her fame has grown. On August 1 last summer she was 69 years old, and though she came back to Poughkeepsie when the college semester began, she felt that she would not be able to finish her seventieth year with her eye at the college telescope. The long watches of the night, and the abstruse mathematical calculations of the day, had told on her strong frame, and when Christmas came she wrote her resignation.

The trustees declined to accept it, told her they would keep her as Professor of Astronomy, and that she might go away to rest until she should be sufficiently strong to take her work again. And then the alumnae decided to give her a reception at their annual meeting in the Hotel Brunswick. She promised that she would come. Over 1,000 invitations were sent out, and the reception was set for yesterday as the final event of the yearly meeting.

The Brunswick's largest saloon was filled in the afternoon with the invited guests and 250 graduates. But Dr. Maria Mitchell, LL. D., was not there. That was disappointing, but the news that the aged instructor was perhaps seriously ill was still more disappointing. President J. M. Taylor was the only man in the room. All talked about Miss Mitchell's sickness. At 3 P. M. the guests came. Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, wife of Dr. William B. Wood and President of the New York Alumnae Association, rose and said she had received a letter from Dr. Mitchell saying that she could not be present at the reception because of her ill health.

"Miss Mitchell is at Lynn with her sister," went on Mrs. Wood. "She writes me: 'I have noticed that the attempt to grow young again is at 70 not often a success. It goes to my heart to say that I cannot come to the reception in New York, but I am tired, and after, more than half a century am trying to rest.' To the alumnae she added: 'I have watched you even more than the stars. I rejoice in every good work done through you and in each onward step taken by you for the advancement of women.'"

Then Mrs. Wood read an eulogy upon the astronomer. Miss Mitchell was born at Nantucket in 1818. Her ancestors had been among the first Quakers who went to that part of the country. Her father was William Mitchell, a bank cashier, who had a penchant for astronomy, and in his house telescopes and astronomical apparatus were in nightly use. When she was 11 years old the

daughter recorded the instants of the beginning and the end of a lunar eclipse, her father looking through the glass, she watching the second hand of the chronometer. Fifty-four years later there was a similar eclipse, and, though then she might have stood at the glass herself, she preferred to celebrate the event of her girl time in 1829 by performing the service at the chronometer, while her students took her father's post.

Miss Mitchell went to school at Nantucket. When 18 she became librarian of the Nantucket Athenæum. For twenty years she kept the place, and now she says that in those times she laid the foundation of her attainments in astronomy and mathematics. Her duties as librarian were few, and she used the opportunity to solve the problems of space. Not until the stars had lost their twinkle in the early dawn did she for night after night leave her telescope to go to sleep. In 1847 came the discovery of the comet, which introduced the young astronomer to the older astronomers of the world. For the finding of that wanderer the King of Denmark gave her a gold medal. To this, most people think her reputation is due. But she says, "No. If any credit is due it is for the mathematical success of working out its orbit. This was difficult, and took a long time to accomplish." There are seven other comets which she has found, being in advance of other watchers in some cases by a few days, in others by only a few hours. Soon after 1847 Miss Mitchell went to Europe, gazed through the great telescopes, was feted by the wise men, and was a guest in England of Sir John Herschel and Sir George Airy, then Astronomer Royal at Greenwich. After her return, and when Vassar was founded she became its Professor of Astronomy. That she might study the heavens she did not marry. And her friends think that in any sphere she would have gone to the front as a woman remarkable in every way. Three institutions have given her the degree of LL. D., Columbia the latest. Could she now do any work, she would re-erect the telescope with which she was working when summoned to Vassar, and there take up again the study of double

stars upon which she was then engaged.

Her ancestry and her Nantucket ocean environment gave her a rugged nature, physical and intellectual. Tall and bony not masculine, and yet not wholly feminine, she presents a picture everywhere which forces attention. "Time," said Mrs. Wood yesterday, "has touched her face with many softening lines. The features are still irregular and unclassic, but a pure life, high thoughts, and noble purposes have written in eloquent language the evidence of a great nature." She dresses in the quiet Quaker garb, is like and unlike a Friend. Her character is not well rounded. It has square and some sharp corners. In the common meaning of the word, Maria Mitchell was not popular at Vassar. Her rooms were not crowded with students. She was not of that group of teachers who gave the college girls a taste of home, and who entered freely into close friendship with the students. But they liked her, and though one of them said yesterday: "She kissed me only twice in fifteen years," they revered

her with that awe which women have for one of their own kind far above them.

"When commencement time comes and 'good-byes' are heard everywhere, Prof. Mitchell never says the word. Instead she will invite you to visit her flower garden and help her strip some rose bush. It was in this way she spoke her farewells to the latest class of graduates. Almost the last time the young women of '87 were addressed as a class it was by Prof. Mitchell, and then she asked each of them to pay a final visit to the observatory garden and take with her a rose in memory of the college hill days.

"As many times as she went over the ground in astronomy, she never failed to study each day's lesson with each year's class. Her students could regularly count on having an easy and short lesson the day after faculty meetings. Attendance at these meetings she used to consider the biggest bore of all her college duties. She would say, 'I'll give you only a little to do for to-morrow, for I must go to faculty to-day, and I'll be too weary to prepare a long lesson myself.' In the early days of the college these meetings had more of a religious character than at present. They were usually opened with prayers and some passage from the Bible. Prof. Mitchell would always manage to get late for this part of the programme, and when the President requested her presence, she made future reference to the matter impossible by the remark that she was 'unable to pray to order.'

Even though her students always did themselves credit, she would not allow visitors to the classes unless she herself invited them. Once recently President Taylor was quite nonplussed when, on entering her class room in company with a distinguished college guest, she said: 'Now, girls, I hate company, and I know you don't want to show off. So you may be dismissed.'

Miss Mitchell lived in the observatory on the college hill. On the last Saturday before commencement the girls always had a "dome party" there with her, and to the air of "John Brown" they always sang a song called "Good Woman that she am." Here are some of the stanzas:

We are singing for the glory of Maria Mitchell's name,  
She lives at Vassar College, and you all do know  
the same,  
She once did spy a comet, and she thus was known  
to fame,  
Good woman that she was.

She leads us thro' the mazes of hard astronomy,  
She teaches us notation and the laws of Kepler  
three,  
Th' inclination of their orbits and their eccentricity,

Good woman that she be.  
Sing her praises, sing her praises, good woman  
that she were,  
For though Pope says 'tis human, she is hardly  
known to err,  
And from the path of virtue she never strayeth  
far.

Good woman that she were.  
Sing her praises, sing her praises, good woman  
that she is,  
For to give us joy and welcome her chiefest  
pleasure 'tis:  
Let her name be sung forever, till through space  
her praises whiz,  
Good woman that she is.

When the girls yesterday got through telling reminiscences of the absent professor, this telegram was sent:



—PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, who has held a professorship in Vassar College, ever since it was founded, in 1863, has tendered her resignation because she says she needs rest. The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees laid the resignation on the table, and gave Prof. Mitchell indefinite leave of absence, her salary to continue till the next annual meeting in June, when further action will be taken. Referring to the matter the *Springfield Republican* says:

At that time it is not unlikely the distinguished astronomer will be made professor emeritus. She is in her seventieth year, and she had gained high rank in her science forty years ago.

#### VASSAR ALUMNEE TO RESERVE MISS MITCHELL

The annual meeting of the New-York Alumne of Vassar at the Hotel Brunswick next Saturday will be one of exceptional interest. Papers are to be read by Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin and by Miss Mary A. Jordan, of Smith College. Miss Maria Mitchell, who has been professor of astronomy and director of the observatory of Vassar College since the opening of that institution, new nearly a quarter of a century, will be one of the guests. She has tendered her resignation to the trustees of Vassar, her strength not being equal longer to the work, but the resignation has not been accepted. The alumne expect to commemorate the last year of her connection with Vassar by raising the remainder of the \$50,000 for endowing the chair of Astronomy.

—Professor Hattie Allen, who has just assumed an important chair in the Medical Department of the University of Michigan, is only thirty years old and is a Vassar alumna.

## COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

### VASSAR COLLEGE.

#### CLASS DAY EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL AND AT THE CLASS TREE—BURNING THE RECORDS.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 21, 1881.

It was class day at Vassar College to-day, and three hundred pairs of bright eyes opened at the sound of the seven o'clock bell. The concert of last evening was the subject of general conversation at the breakfast table, and the performers really deserved the high commendations passed upon their efforts. The programme included Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," sung by Miss Curtis; an aria from "I Puritani," by Miss Nichols; "A Little Mountain Lad," by Roechel, sung by Miss Rollinson; an air from "Lucrezia Borgia," by Miss Van Benscotten, and one from "Robert le Diable," by Miss Walrath. The duets for the pianos were played entirely without notes, and were performed with expression and precision. Chopin's "Rondo, opus 1," was well played by Miss Littlefield. The same composer's "Valse Brilliant, A flat major," was rendered by one of the Japanese students with an unusual degree of discrimination in expression and care in execution. The meeting of the alumni of the old students took place in one of the parlors this morning. They return to the college every third year to hold these meetings and keep up their old friendships.

#### CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

This is the day that is given up entirely to the graduating class, and, as an air of mystery adds to the importance of an event, the order of exercises has been closely guarded by all except the heroines of the occasion. The *HERALD* was to be especially guarded against as "it would be up here by eight o'clock in the morning and then everybody would know all about everything." The tasteful programmes are small in size, surrounded with pink silk fringe tied with a cord and tassel of the same color and are printed in silver, the college colors being rose pink and silver gray. A picture of the lake where they have passed so many happy hours adorns the cover. The exercises of the day were to begin at three o'clock, and by two o'clock the chapel, where the first exercises were to take place, was opened by the officers. The platform had been decorated with evergreens and flowers. The guests were soon seated, the centre of the chapel being reserved by a pink and silver gray ribbon for the graduates. As the band commenced playing, "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," the ribbons were lowered

and the grand marshal, Miss Pratt, in her trained dress, formed her procession and marched down the aisle. Leading the president of the class—Miss Bryan—to the chair on the platform. They presented a beautiful appearance, as in preference to the conventional white dress they were mostly attired in mull, nun's veiling and similar inexpensive fabrics, and they have this year introduced the pale tints of blue, pink and fawn in their dresses. They wore their hair simply coiled low at the back of the head, and their only ornaments were natural flowers, mostly white, pink or red roses.

The first exercise on the programme was an oration by Miss White on the class motto, "*Non ratio sed usus*." The class history was next given by Miss Stockwell, the youngest member of the class.

Miss Shove next gave to each of her companions a prophecy as to their future, according to their characteristics shown at college, and with precision threw to each a rose and the prophecy on some unknown class precept.

After the conclusion of these exercises the assembly adjourned to the grounds, where they surrounded the tree under which these records of the class were buried, and the spade delivered to the juniors. The classes then marched to the tent spread around the tree, where a platform had been placed, and where the daisy-trimmed spade rested against the tree. The scene was one of great beauty as the girls and the visitors stood on the field, covered with nodding daisies. Mounting the platform Miss Lloyd presented the spade to the juniors in a pretty speech, to which a reply was made as the emblem was accepted by Miss Varnes. The records were placed in the box and sealed and buried in the ground. The spade used on these occasions is the original one with which Matthew Vassar first broke ground for this college. The burial concluded, the class song was sung, which is as follows:—

#### CLASS SONG.

MISS J. A. MEKKER.

College days for us are ending;

Once more, O '81, we meet

'Neath our elm, that o'er us bending

Casts its shadows at our feet.

How can we leave the home loved so well?

Dear Alma Mater, farewell, farewell!

Parted now are the paths we have taken,

Severed the tied that has bound us so long;

But one in purpose, our hearts awaken

With hope and confidence and courage strong.

What is our future? Who can foretell?

Dear Alma Mater, farewell, farewell!

Forward we go to the work set before us,  
Not in theory, in deeds, we confide;  
Thus with our motto ever o'er us  
Strong and faithful we must abide.  
Doing our best, we shall ever excel;  
Dear Alma Mater, farewell, farewell!

The plaza in front of the college is brilliant with electric lights to-night and hundreds of students and visitors are promenading around the band, from New York, which is stationed on the circle at the grand entrance. The parlors also are filled with distinguished guests, who listen to the music of the band and the singing of the glee club, under the leadership of Miss Shaw. It is estimated that there will be at least two thousand people at the dinner to be given after the conclusion of the commencement exercises to-morrow. The college girls are all attired in their loveliest costumes and are sauntering in the lawns, parlors and corridors with their happy escorts.

## COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

### Closing Exercises at Many Seats of Learning.

### PRIZES AND DEGREES.

### Interesting Programmes at All the Institutions.

### VASSAR COLLEGE.

The longed-for and dreaded commencement day has come and gone at Vassar College, and with its close the class of young ladies who have for at least three years been companions are scattered to the four quarters of the globe. Travel, society, teaching and home will engage their attention in the future; a few will continue still further the studies they have pursued, and the Greek, Latin, German and French they have acquired will be only the open sesame to perhaps greater attainments in art, science or literature. Their happy and buoyant natures scarcely realize that they are to be separated perhaps forever, and plans for the alumni reunion three years hence are already being made. The relatives and friends of the graduates have arrived in large numbers from different parts of the Union, and many of them yesterday and to-day are visiting the museums, art gallery and the complete laboratory building, which is a recent gift of the Vassar Brothers, nephews of the founders. The girls themselves are laughing and weeping by turns as they greet relatives and friends from whom they have been parted so long, and bid farewell to those companions who are already departing. The seniors are allowed to remain until to-morrow, but most will leave to-day. They enter with enthusiasm into every plan for the future, and with all their scientific training are still at heart full of girlish nonsense, and wish, as do many of the visitors as they traverse the long corridors, that the trustees would supply velocipedes as they have rowboats for daily exercise. All are in holiday attire, and although expensive dress is discouraged by the faculty, there are some very handsome toilets to be seen among the students. The majority, however, are clad in light and prettily designed costumes of inexpensive materials. Their manner has a simplicity and freedom from affectation which does not lack dignity and which is seldom seen in a school of young ladies. The teachers encourage naturalness and directness of purpose, of which this is a marked result.

#### ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

The trustees and their families, with those of the faculty and invited guests, reside in the college during the commencement season, and the place has the appearance at present of a large hotel at a fashionable watering place. Last evening they presented a picturesque appearance as they promenaded in their thin evening dresses, protected from the coolness of the air by shawls of Spanish lace or embroidered crape, and with handsome lace scarfs thrown over their heads. The gentlemen seemed to enjoy the occasion immensely, and formed little groups in the grounds or parlors with the young ladies. Those who were themselves students or graduates of other colleges compared notes with the young ladies. Even the lady students from



Japan received several of their own countrymen, students at Annapolis. After breakfast the carriages arrived in crowds with visitors from the boats, trains and those who had been staying at the Poughkeepsie hotels. In the office the telephone was in constant demand, and its tender was besieged with messages and inquiries about trains and staterooms. In the parlors the faculty were receiving the visitors, among whom are many distinguished persons, and Mr. Vassar might be seen with his brother greeting learned men whom he had met in different parts of the globe and conversing with them in German, French, Spanish or Italian.

At half-past ten the procession formed and passed down the aisle of the chapel, where the students and guests were already assembled. Dr. Caldwell, president of the college, led the line, dressed in the black silk robe and scholar's square cap. He was led to the centre chair on the platform by Rev. Dr. Lathrop. Following them were Messrs. Matthew Vassar, Jr., John Guy Vassar and the members of the Board of Trustees. The faculty and teachers followed, the ladies being led by Mrs. Ray, the lady principal, and Miss Professor Mitchell, director of the observatory. Then came the alumnae, and, last, the graduating class, led by Miss Curtis as marshal, attired in a handsome trained dress of white surah silk, trimmed with lace, and while the voluntary was being played by Professor Ritter they took their seats in the centre of the chapel.

#### THE ORATION IN LATIN, &c.

In this college no prizes of any description are ever given to the students, and the "honor" students of the class are those who take the leading parts in the exercises of the day. Yesterday they were Misses A. M. Abbott, Mary F. Penfield, Cora N. Glenn, Cora Van Benschoten, C. B. Barnum, Alida K. Fitzhugh, Annie L. Lyon, M. E. Burke, Helene S. Durand and Mary Lara Freeman. The oratio salutatoria was given by Miss Aletta M. Abbott, who wore a black brocaded silk with corsage bouquet of scarlet poppies. She thanked the trustees, faculty and teachers for the advantages enjoyed by herself and classmates, greeted the alumnae, and to her companions addressed a parting salutation. In an essay on "Dogmatism in Science" Miss Penfield spoke of their studies in language, literature and science as being but the groundwork for the investigation of the great truths of nature. She traced a simple theory to the stubborn dogma and said it might stand many tests, but could be entirely overthrown by one little impudent fact. Speaking of the opposition of science and religion, she said:—"Finite science sees but one atom of infinite truth and religion sees another. Each looks from a different standpoint; but the work of the infinite is too vast to be measured by our small wisdom."

Miss Cora N. Glenn, in white lawn, with embroidered flounces, delivered an address on "The Utility of the Study of Philosophy." The argument of her address was that philosophy should be studied, but that it was not well to philosophize. A song followed, sung by Miss Benschoten, a handsome brunette, in salmon silk trained dress. Miss C. C. Barnum, in a short dress of cream brocade and nun's veiling, trimmed with Spanish lace, next explained "The Province of Mathematics in the Curriculum." She spoke of the strengthening of the powers of endurance in extended intellectual work and the habits of precision of thought and the control gained by the will over the brain. By the practice of mathematical gymnastics mature minds are formed, and the weak, vacillating habits of thought of the uneducated were compared with the quick grasp of a new and difficult subject by a well trained mind.

#### THE DEBATE.

The debate which followed on "Is the Negro Doomed?" was listened to with interest. Miss Fitzhugh, taking the affirmative, said that when a superior and an inferior race are brought into contact in a land the inferior must succumb. The negro has been made by law our equal, but by nature he is our inferior. What is to be his fate? His vote is of value, especially as it is easily bargained for. Naturally indolent, belonging to the tropics, he has been forced by circumstances to become a workman. His inherited ignorance and inferiority in all mental endeavor, make it necessary for him to be pushed to higher intellectual development. The Caucasian, with his thousands of years of intellectual culture, must ever keep ahead of him. In Southern slavery he made no effort to break the bonds. Although his race far outnumbered the white population he did not move as captives of other countries have done to gain his freedom. He is without courage or independence.

Miss Lyon, an interesting blonde in white silk, handsomely trimmed with lace, began the negative argument. "Flat nosed, thick lipped, and, worst of all, thick headed, he is not promising," she said. Then she contended that the negro's sudden elevation to political life after one of slavery could not be expected to show immediate results of high culture. He is the American Big Boonanza. America is great in many things, but it taxes a God to make a man and an eternity to mould a character. Consider his inherited ignorance, his poverty. He has been called, derisively, "imitative." He is but the silhouette of the American people. Look at his condition twenty years ago, and mark the improvement to-day. There is a chance that the downtrodden race may one day become a powerful nation. We wrenched him from his past and are responsible for his future. He does not ask for material aid, but for recognition only.

Miss Burke, in white silk and Spanish lace, next delivered a well written essay on the "Papacy in the Fifth and Nineteenth Centuries," and Miss Durand, in white mull short dress, trimmed elaborately with lace, spoke of the "Emotional Element in Religion." A touching valedictory address was given by Miss Freeman, who wore a short dress of ivory white nun's veiling and Spanish lace. An address in Latin followed, by Dr. Caldwell, and the announcement was made that a new organ had been presented to the college by a New York lady, at which a generous burst of Vassar girl applause was given.

### MATTHEW VASSAR.

MATTHEW VASSAR, nephew of the founder of Vassar College, and treasurer of that institution since its foundation, died on the 10th inst., at Poughkeepsie, New York, aged seventy-two years. Mr. VASSAR was born in the old VAN KLEECK house, in the city where he died, in 1809. His father was JOHN GUY VASSAR, partner as well as brother of the late MATTHEW VASSAR, and his mother was a daughter of BALTUS VAN KLEECK. His father lost his life, when



THE LATE MATTHEW VASSAR.

MATTHEW was quite young, in attempting to save that of an employé in the brewery who had fallen into a vat. MATTHEW's education was obtained at the Lancaster School, Poughkeepsie, which stood where the Church Street Public School now stands. In 1826 he entered the employ of his uncle; and six years later, when his brother, JOHN G. VASSAR, became of age, both were made partners in the firm of M. VASSAR & Co., and continued as such until 1863, when they sold out and retired from business. He married in 1833 Miss MARY PARKER, a sister of JOHN G. PARKER, of Poughkeepsie. She died in 1851. In 1870 he married Miss IRENE BEACH, who survives him. He had no children, and, except his brother, leaves no very near relatives.

Mr. VASSAR held but two public offices in the course of his life—as trustee of the village of Poughkeepsie, and member of the Board of Education. He acted as treasurer of Vassar College without salary. He was an exceedingly cautious and sagacious financier, and accumulated a large fortune, which in his later years he made use of in works of benevolence. He was a friend and patron of the Old Ladies' Home in Poughkeepsie, and subscribed liberally to the erection of the new Baptist church, afterward giving \$5000 to pay off its debt. Two years ago the trustees of Vassar College desired to erect a new laboratory for the department of chemistry and physics. Mr. VASSAR forcibly op-

posed the proposition to go in debt for a part of the cost, and declared that if his brother would join him in it, they would pay for the whole. Accordingly the laboratory was built and equipped, and is one of the most complete in this country. In like manner the two brothers erected and endowed the Home for Aged Men, which is one of the most striking and elegant of the buildings for public purposes in Poughkeepsie.

Previous to his death Mr. VASSAR had purchased the site and perfected the plans for the building of the Vassar Brothers' Institute in his native city, which is to provide a building for scientific, literary, and artistic purposes. It is believed that such provision is made that all his purposes with reference to it will be carried out, and the institute will be completed as a monument to his memory.



# JOHN GUY VASSAR'S WILL PROBATED. NO CONTEST TO BE MADE—TWENTY-TWO LAWYERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 11 (Special).—The will of John Guy Vassar came up before Surrogate Hufcutt to-day for admission to probate. Twenty-two lawyers appeared, two as attorneys for the executors, four as guardians ad litem, and sixteen for legatees and heirs-at-law. At the start it was stated there would be no contest. The attorneys for the executors were Frank Hasbrouck and Homer A. Nelson, and Cyrus Swan represented Vassar College. Mr. Hasbrouck, B. M. Fowler and Frank Van Kleeck, the witnesses to the will and codicil, testified as to the signatures to those documents, and swore that when Mr. Vassar signed the papers his mind was sound and his physical health fair. All three testified that they saw Mr. Vassar append his signature. Then, on motion of Mr. Nelson, the will was admitted to probate. The estate is valued at about \$3,000,000. When the question of allowances to the lawyers came up, \$150 each was allowed to the four guardians ad litem, and \$50 each to the other lawyers. No allowances were made to the attorneys for the executors, but they will be well cared for. The three executors will receive fees to the amount of about \$28,000 each. No appraisers have yet been appointed.

A prominent lawyer said after the adjournment: "The will may yet get before the court, on the ground that the money bequeathed for an Orphans' Home cannot be expended legally to that end, as at present there is no such corporation; but, at the same time, there is a saving clause in the will which provides that moneys that cannot be expended legally shall revert back to the executors, who may in other ways carry out the expressed intentions of Mr. Vassar."

The Orthodox Friends Society, which has begun suit against the estate of M. Vassar, Jr., to recover \$6,000, seems to be divided in opinion as to the propriety of annulling the action of the society in receiving \$1,000 as a settlement. The members opposing the suit number fifteen or twenty.

## OBITUARY. MARIA MITCHELL.

Miss Maria Mitchell, one of the most noted Astronomers of the age died at Lynn, Mass., Friday morning. She was born in Nantucket, on the first day of August, 1818, and was the third in a family of ten children. William Mitchell, the father of Maria, was a man of studious habit and seized the time he could to study. At an early age Miss Mitchell became an active assistant of the Vassar Alumnae Association of the beginning of 1888, a jubilee reception was given to her father looking at the position as her strength was equal to the burdens of the ship. The trustees of the college, upon the table, position for more than a year. In 1847 she discovered a comet. She was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and has been elected to the presidency of the American Astronomical Association. Her remains were brought to Vassar College on Saturday and Sunday noon were interred at Prospect Hill cemetery, the services at the residence of Mrs. Macy being conducted by Prof. T. Vassar.

## MISS CECIL AND MISS ANDERSON.

The Young Woman Accused of Writing Disrespectable Things About the Actress.

LOUISVILLE, March 30 [SPECIAL].—A sensation was created in Louisville this morning by the publication of the New York story that Miss Sarah Cecil had instigated bitter attacks upon Miss Mary Anderson by making charges against the actress in letters to dramatic critics. The news was a shock to the friends of both ladies, as Miss Cecil is well known here and her home is in Danville, a city in the heart of the blue grass region.

She is connected with one of the most prominent families in the state and her elder sister is the wife of ex-Lieutenant Governor Cantrill, of this state while a brother is the son-in-law of United States Senator Whitthorne, of Tennessee. Her father, James Granville Cecil, at the time of his death, in 1884, was the wealthiest man in his section and left to his six children an immense landed estate and \$750,000 in cash. Sarah was educated at Vassar College and then studied for the operatic stage against the protestations of her family. Her nervous system was shattered and she has been growing worse so fast of late that a few days ago one of her brothers and the family physician sailed for Europe to bring her home. She is now in Paris.

A gentleman of this city says: "If Miss Cecil has written such letters she is certainly not in her right mind. I have known her from infancy and there never was a better, purer or sweeter girl. I have known for some time that her nervous system was shattered by overwork and her mind has probably become affected. In that case there is no telling how the sufferer's fancy might turn and I can see how Miss Cecil might have formed an aversion to Miss Anderson and fancied that the latter had injured her."

## For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Since the decease of Maria Mitchell, which occurred June 28, 1889, the press has teemed with mortuary eulogies of her work as a public woman and as an astronomer. Her many friends and relatives on the island of Nantucket, which we are proud to call the place of her nativity, have naturally been gratified to read these appreciative communications.

While her influence was widely felt in promoting intellectual progress generally, she was more especially solicitous to elevate young women by helping them to a "higher education." This interest was not confined to those under her tutelage at Vassar College, in which, for twenty-five years she filled the chair as professor of Astronomy; but outside of that noble institution, wherever she heard of a young girl student struggling to overcome obstacles in the path of learning, there her hand was stretched out to help.

Duty was her pole-star. Her voice, pen and purse were all brought under contribution in the line of educational work. And how many a well-to-do girl, in imminent danger of being lured into a life of frivolity, with all its attendant evils, must look back with grateful remembrance to the saving power of Miss Mitchell's observatory! There was engendered that inspiring enthusiasm which led them to seek their native thirst for excitement at the fountain of knowledge. This draught enhanced pleasure as well as the usefulness of their lives through all subsequent years.

There was a side of Maria Mitchell's character of which there has been no adequate recognition in the multiplied details of her career which have appeared in the papers—an attribute of love and tenderness, felt by all who knew most intimately—a heart quality which made an inestimable privilege to be counted among her personal friends. These understood the warmth and depth of her affectional nature. Her whole-souled generosity, and self-forgetfulness.

## SHERMAN HOUSE. HOTELS

Catalogue and photos furnished on application.

MARIA MITCHELL'S WILL.—The will of Maria Mitchell, the celebrated astronomer, whose death occurred at Lynn some weeks ago, was proven in the Probate Court in Salem, Monday. Her bequests, which relate to things of general interest, are as follows:

The gold medal given to the deceased by the King of Denmark, to Lydia Mitchell Dame, of Lynn, and on her decease to the eldest daughter of the sister of the testator, Eliza Catherine Dame. The composition medal from the Republic of San Marino is given to Frances Mitchell Macy of Nantucket. The diamond ring, the California ring, and all other rings belonging to Miss Mitchell are bequeathed to Frances Mitchell Macy of Nantucket. All her scientific books are left to Henry Mitchell of Brookline, Mass. All her manuscripts are bequeathed to Phebe Mitchell Kendall of Cambridge. To William Mitchell Barney of Lynn, Clifford Mitchell of Chicago, and William Mitchell Kendall of Cambridgeport she leaves her five-inch telescope, and also her telescope known as the "Comet Sweeper." She also bequeathed one undivided eighth part of the rest and residue of her estate to Vassar College, the interest and income to be devoted to furnishing education to any needy student who may require aid. The bequest is to found a fund to be known as the "William Mitchell Aid." By a codicil it is stipulated that this bequest shall not exceed \$1000. Her library is to be divided between Prof. Henry Mitchell, of Brookline, and Mrs. A. R. Dame, of Brooklyn. Her house in Lynn she leaves to her five oldest nieces and nephews, viz: Annie M. Payne, Frances M. Macy, Lydia M. Dame, Clifford Mitchell, and W. M. Barney. All the rest and residue of her estate is left to her brothers and sisters, share and share alike. The original will is dated Nov. 28, 1877. Alfred Macy of Nantucket is the executor named.

The slowness of the metamorphosis of the body. A chocolate similar to that of which imperceptibly deepened weeks they were of a chamois color. Denmark in recognition of her discovery. She was for employed by the Coast Survey at Nantucket on Nautical Almanac. She was next appointed professor of astronomy at Vassar College, a post which held until last year. Miss MITCHELL was in 1858 honored guest of Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, Sir GEORGE LEVERRIER and HUMBOLDT. She was the first elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was afterwards a member of numerous other societies. In 1852, Dartmouth conferred upon her the degree of LL.D., and Columbia College honored her with the same. She published numerous scientific works.



MARIA MITCHELL.

The names of women who have gained in art, in literature, and in advancing work are numerous and well known. Among them the name of Maria Mitchell is clear and conspicuous, like an even in the heavens she loved so well to study astronomy her name could be mentioned that of Caroline Herschel, and perhaps too much to say that during her life she was the most distinguished scientist of in this country.

She was born on the island of Nantucket August 18, 1818, where her father for years was cashier of the Pacific Bank. a member of the Society of Friends, he prepared for Harvard College when the 1812 broke out. This interfered with studies, and he became a teacher. Meanwhile he developed a fondness for astronomy, a long time devoted his leisure to that with a rude telescope, built for him by a maker. In later years he was able to furnish himself with a well equipped observatory, continued his researches until his death. In many years he made systematic determinations for the work conducted under the auspices of the United States coast survey, and his son Henry Mitchell, is to-day an assistant in the body.

Maria was one of the oldest children, and has been shown, inherited her fondness for science from her father. At first he was only teacher, and as a child she made rapid progress in her studies that she was able to assist her father in his investigations. Later she studied under Charles Pierce became his assistant in the school at Nantucket. While still a young girl her mother died and she was one of the older members of

she traveled from Paris to Italy.

During her absence abroad a fund of money was raised by the women of America, under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and on her return she was presented with a telescope larger than that owned by her father, and which was set up at Nantucket. Later, when her family removed to Lynn, Mass., the telescope was taken there.

In 1865, she was invited to fill the chair of astronomy at Vassar College, with charge of the observatory. This appointment she accepted, and removed to Poughkeepsie, where she continued in the active administration of her duties until January, 1888, when she tendered her resignation. This the trustees were unwilling to accept, and passed a resolution giving her an indefinite leave of absence, and directed the payment of her entire salary.

## MARIA MITCHELL MEMORIAL.

Association Formed to Purchase Birthplace of the Astronomer.



Nantucket, Sept. 22.—Members of the faculty of Vassar college are negotiating for the purchase of the property on Vestal street, known as the birthplace of Maria Mitchell, the famous astronomer, and if the property is secured an association will be formed, under the name of the Nantucket Maria Mitchell association, to preserve this historic landmark in the interests of Vassar college. The present owners of the property are immediate relatives of Maria Mitchell, and have given an option of \$1000 on the house and land to the society.

The house was built in 1790, and for 85 years has been owned in the Mitchell family. Miss Mitchell's father, William, first used the house for astronomical observations in rating the chronometers of the great Nantucket whaling fleet, and it was in the back yard that Maria Mitchell first made her scientific

observations. Miss Mitchell's library was left by will to her brother, Professor Henry Mitchell, who has now offered to donate it to the association if the property is purchased.

There is little doubt that the deal will be closed, as the present owners refuse to consider any proposal of purchase from other parties. The president of the Maria Mitchell association is Miss Mary A. Whitney, professor of astronomy at Vassar, with Mrs. Joseph Head, treasurer of the alumnae of Vassar, as secretary, and Miss Lucretia B. Justice treasurer. Messrs. Annie Barker Folger and Florence Bennett have been made members of the managing board.

It is proposed to convert the lower part of the house into a museum, with the upper story left for literary and astronomical uses in general. In fact, the purpose of the intending purchasers is to preserve the property for the benefit of all interested in Vassar college and astronomical research.



# JOHN GUY VASSAR'S WILL PROBATED. NO CONTEST TO BE MADE—TWENTY-TWO LAWYERS IN ATTENDANCE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 11 (Special).—The will of John Guy Vassar came up before Surrogate Hufcut to-day for admission to probate. Twenty-two lawyers appeared, two as attorneys for the executors, four as guardians ad litem, and sixteen for legatees and heirs-at-law. At the start it was stated there would be no contest. The attorneys for the executors were Frank Hasbrouck and Homer A. Nelson, and Cyrus Swan represented Vassar College. Mr. Hasbrouck, B. M. Fowler and Frank Van Kleeck, the witnesses to the will and codicil, testified as to the signatures to those documents, and swore that when Mr. Vassar signed the papers his mind was sound and his physical health fair. All three testified that they saw Mr. Vassar append his signature. Then, on motion of Mr. Nelson, the will was admitted to probate. The estate is valued at about \$3,000,000. When the question of allowances to the lawyers came up, \$150 each was allowed to the four guardians ad litem, and \$50 each to the other lawyers. No allowances were made to the attorneys for the executors, but they will be well cared for. The three executors will receive fees to the amount of about \$28,000 each. No appraisers have yet been appointed.

A prominent lawyer said after the adjournment: "The will may yet get before the court, on the ground that the money bequeathed for an Orphans' Home cannot be expended legally to that end, as at present there is no such corporation; but, at the same time, there is a saving clause in the will which provides that moneys that cannot be expended legally shall revert back to the executors, who may in other ways carry out the expressed intentions of Mr. Vassar."

The Orthodox Friends Society, which has begun suit against the estate of M. Vassar, Jr., to recover \$6,000, seems to be divided in opinion as to the propriety of annulling the action of the society in receiving \$3,000 as a settlement. The members opposing the suit number fifteen or twenty.

## OBITUARY. MARIA MITCHELL.

Miss Maria Mitchell, one of the most noted Astronomers of the age died at Lynn, Mass., Friday morning. She was born in Nantucket, on the first day of August, 1818, and was the third in a family of ten children. William Mitchell, the father of Maria, was a man of studious habit and scienced tastes, and throughout his busy career, the last being conferred at an early age Miss Mitchell was an active assistant of the Vassar Alumnae Association. At eleven years she was in New York, held in New York in the beginning of 1888, a jubilee reception was given to her father looking Miss Mitchell. She then resided in the city, as her strength was wholly in the school. The trustees of the college, upon the resignation of the late Professor of Mathematics, she was appointed to fill the position for more than a year. In 1847 she discovered a comet. She was a member of the American Association of Arts and Sciences, and has been elected to the presidency of the American Association of Women's Work. She also made an extensive collection of astronomical observations. Her remains were buried in the Prospect Hill cemetery, and services at the residence of Mrs. Macy being conducted by Prof. T. Vassar College.

# MISS CECIL AND MISS ANDERSON.

The Young Woman Accused of Writing Disrespectable Things About the Actress.

LOUISVILLE, March 30 [SPECIAL].—A sensation was created in Louisville this morning by the publication of the New York story that Miss Sarah Cecil had instigated bitter attacks upon Miss Mary Anderson by making charges against the actress in letters to dramatic critics. The news was a shock to the friends of both ladies, as Miss Cecil is well known here and her home is in Danville, a city in the heart of the blue grass region.

She is connected with one of the most prominent families in the state and her elder sister is the wife of ex-Lieutenant Governor Cantrill, of this state while a brother is the son-in-law of United States Senator Whitthorne, of Tennessee. Her father, James Granville Cecil, at the time of his death, in 1884, was the wealthiest man in his section and left to his six children an immense landed estate and \$750,000 in cash. Sarah was educated at Vassar College and then studied for the operatic stage against the protestations of her family. Her nervous system was shattered, and she has been growing worse so fast of late that a few days ago one of her brothers and the family physician sailed for Europe to bring her home. She is now in Paris.

A gentleman of this city says: "If Miss Cecil has written such letters she is certainly not in her right mind. I have known her from infancy and there never was a better, purer or sweeter girl. I have known for some time that her nervous system was shattered by overwork and her mind has probably become affected. In that case there is no telling how the sufferer's fancy might turn and I can see how Miss Cecil might have formed an aversion to Miss Anderson and fancied that the latter had injured her."

## For the Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

Since the decease of Maria Mitchell, which occurred June 28, 1889, the press has teemed with mortuary eulogies of her work as a public woman and as an astronomer. Her many friends and relatives on the island of Nantucket, which we are proud to call the place of her nativity, have naturally been gratified to read these appreciative communications.

While her influence was widely felt in promoting intellectual progress generally, she was more especially solicitous to elevate young women by helping them to a "higher education." This interest was not confined to those under her tutelage at Vassar College, in which, for twenty-five years she filled the chair as professor of Astronomy; but outside of that noble institution, wherever she heard of a young girl student struggling to overcome obstacles in the path of learning, there her hand was stretched out to help.

Duty was her pole-star. Her voice, pen and purse were all brought under contribution in the line of educational work. And how many a well-to-do girl, in imminent danger of being lured into a life of frivolity, with all its attendant evils, must look back with grateful remembrance to the saving power of Miss Mitchell's observatory! There was engendered that inspiring enthusiasm which led them to shun the pleasures of the world and devote themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. This draught enhanced pleasure as well as the usefulness of their lives through all subsequent years.

There was a side of Maria Mitchell's character of which there has been no adequate recognition in the multiplied details of her career which have appeared in the papers—an attribute of love and tenderness, felt by all who knew most intimately—a heart quality which made an inestimable privilege to be counted among her personal friends. These understood the warmth and depth of her affectional nature. Her whole-souled generosity and self-forgetfulness seemed to them something wonderful. She possessed a genius for that higher order of friendship of which only great souls are capable. Her personal friends, as well as her relatives near and dear, held her in so high regard and so keenly feel their loss, that they deem it a privilege to pay due homage to the union of learning and benevolence which caused her to cease to become so marked a character. Let us trust that Death, by relieving her of infirmities which prematurely cut short her life career in this world, will open up to her greater opportunities for service—for co-operation in the clearer light which shines in realms beyond our mortal ken. Her last days were very peaceful and happy. Fully realizing that her end was near, she calmly awaited the approach of death as a blessed angel of relief. Though her lips were dumb, her spirit seemed to say in complete resignation:

"I wait,  
Till in white death's tranquility  
Shall softly fall away from me  
This weary life's infirmity;  
That I in larger light, may learn  
The larger truth I would discern,  
The larger love for which I yearn."

A. G.

It was now approaching 6 o'clock, the closing hour. As the hands touched the hour Williams took his stand at the front entrance. No more customers were allowed to enter, and the clerks began putting their counters in order. In twenty minutes all the customers were gone. "Here is a woman who complains she has lost her pocketbook. It has a card marked 'Mrs. Johnson,' and \$50 in it." "Miss Downing has it," replied Williams. "I just took it from a thief."

## Correspondence of The Inquirer and Mirror.

Mr. Editor:

After the publication of the life of Maria Mitchell, while the interest in that work was still rife, one of William Mitchell's pupils recalled to mind the names of many contemporary scholars of that noted master. These names were written down at the time, and are now forwarded with a thought that perhaps the perusal of them might prove interesting to some of your many readers, amongst whom may be numbered descendants of these same scholars. Doubtless others of your correspondents can add to the list, which might possibly be committed to the care of the Nantucket Historical Association, if they have not already collected such a list:

- Sarah Alley,
- Lydia P. Alley,
- Mary Baker-Winslow (wife of Benjamin),
- Ann Baker-Winslow (wife of Shubael),
- David Baxter,
- Mary Baxter-Colburn,
- Barzillai Burdett,
- Mary Burdett-Folger,
- Eliza Ann Chase-McCleave,
- Phebe Ann Chase-Barnard,
- Charlotte Clasby, } daughters of Reuben
- Maria Clasby, }
- Mary Coffin, (daughter of Christopher),
- Mary Whippy Cushman-Brown,
- Peleg Bunker Cushman,
- Lydia Davis-Westgate,
- Mary Davis-Clarke-Barrett,
- Sarah Davis-Cathcart-Mitchell,
- Sarah Folger-Sherman, (daughter of Daniel Folger),
- Daniel Folger, jr.,
- Mary Folger-Myrick,
- Mary C. Fisher-Clark, (mother of town crier),
- Anna Gardner,
- Charlotte Harris,
- Amy Herbert,
- Mary Worth Hussey-Gardner-Vincent,
- Susan Harps-Albro,
- Maria Mitchell,
- Sallie Mitchell-Barney,
- Hepzibeth Mooers-Coffin,
- Hepzibeth Ray Myrick-Robinson,
- Elizabeth C. Pinkham-Crosby,
- Mary B. Pinkham-Plaskett,
- Charlotte Plaskett-Kelley,
- Eliza Randall-Chadwick,
- Ann Russell-Joy,
- Edward Russell,
- Eliza Wing Russell-Swain,
- Rebecca Russell-Weeks-Brown,
- Daniel Russell, jr.,
- Lydia Swain-Ramsdell,
- Sarah Swain-Bowles-Sweet,
- Delia Upham-Arthur,
- Elizabeth Worth-Goddard,
- Joseph Winslow,
- Mary Winslow.

These names represent only a few of many pupils of Friend William Mitchell. Of these, but a small proportion are living today. Even since the preparation of this list was commenced, one of the above-named scholars, Mrs. Hepzibeth Coffin, has passed on from earthly scenes. Thus continually are ending the school days here, to be replaced by the higher, broader lessons, of a better life.

MARY LIZZIE BROWN,  
NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Sept. 27, 1897.



MARIA MITCHELL.

The names of women who have gained fame in art, in literature, and in advancing woman's work are numerous and well known. Science has its followers among the gentler sex, but among them the name of Maria Mitchell stands out clear and conspicuous, like an evening star in the heavens she loved so well to study. In astronomy her name could be mentioned with that of Caroline Herschel, and perhaps it is not too much to say that during her lifetime she was the most distinguished scientist of her sex in this country.

She was born on the island of Nantucket, on August 18, 1818, where her father for many years was cashier of the Pacific Bank. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and was prepared for Harvard College when the war of 1812 broke out. This interfered with his studies, and he became a teacher. Meanwhile he developed a fondness for astronomy, and for a long time devoted his leisure to that science with a rude telescope, built for him by a clock-maker. In later years he was able to provide himself with a well equipped observatory, and continued his researches until his death. During many years he made systematic determinations for the work conducted under the auspices of the United States coast survey, and his son, Henry Mitchell, is to-day an assistant in that body.

Maria was one of the oldest children, and, as has been shown, inherited her fondness for science from her father. At first he was her only teacher, and as a child she made such rapid progress in her studies that she was soon able to assist her father in his investigations. Later she studied under Charles Pierce, and became his assistant in the school at Nantucket. While still a young girl her mother died, and she was one of the older members of the

family, much care of the home fell to her charge.

At the age of eighteen she was appointed librarian of the Nantucket Athenaeum, which place she held for twenty years, and it was her proud boast that she had regularly earned her salary from the time that she was seventeen years old. While filling this post, she continued her interest in astronomy, and all of her spare time was devoted to the study of the stars. She soon surpassed her father in the zeal and earnestness with which she made her researches. Besides many careful observations, she made a specialty of examining nebulae and systematically searched for comets. She discovered several small nebulae, and finally, on October 1, 1847, discovered a comet, now known as Miss Mitchell's. At first she could hardly believe that she had actually discovered a comet, and requested her father to send an inquiry to Cambridge. A few days later Father De Vico saw the same comet in Rome, and it was subsequently seen by astronomers in Kent and Hamburg.

Some years previous, Frederick VI., King of Denmark, offered a gold medal as a prize to any one discovering a telescopic comet. This medal was then given to Miss Mitchell, and also she was the recipient of a copper medal struck in her honor by the republic of San Marino, in Italy.

When the publication of the American Nautical Almanac was begun, she was employed in that work, and continued so engaged until after her appointment to Vassar College.

In 1858, she went to Europe, for the purpose of visiting the leading observatories of Great Britain and the Continent. While in England she was entertained by Sir John Herschel and Sir George B. Airy, the astronomers royal. Leverrier received her in Paris, and Humboldt in Berlin, where she also met Encke. In Rome she met Miss Bremer and became intimate with the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, with whom

she traveled from Paris to Italy.

During her absence abroad a fund of money was raised by the women of America, under the leadership of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and on her return she was presented with a telescope larger than that owned by her father, and which was set up at Nantucket. Later, when her family removed to Lynn, Mass., the telescope was taken there.

In 1865, she was invited to fill the chair of astronomy at Vassar College, with charge of the observatory. This appointment she accepted, and removed to Poughkeepsie, where she continued in the active administration of her duties until January, 1888, when she tendered her resignation. This the trustees were unwilling to accept, and passed a resolution giving her an indefinite leave of absence, and directed the payment of her entire salary until the board should take further action.

At that time one of her friends wrote: "Maria Mitchell is going from Vassar, yet leaves to the college more than she takes away. Her twenty-five years of influence have left indelible imprint upon the institution which she has helped to build up. She has not been conspicuous for administrative ability, and entirely lacks policy for successful diplomacy; but her sound common sense, her fearless frankness, her courage born of strong conviction, have always made her a power to be respected and feared."

Of her work at Vassar, one of her fellow members of the faculty has said: "When she entered the college council, it was like an ocean breeze sweeping through a superheated room. Her brief opinions, expressed in terse, strong English, swept aside the sophistries of expediency and vitalized the whole moral atmosphere. It is not known that she ever originated or directed to maturity any important policy of college affairs. Her genius was not adapted to the slow elaboration of detail, but the work of construction which was wrought by her associates bears throughout the whole fabric the mark of her sterling honesty. Indeed, she has incorporated so much of herself in the college she served, so much of her lofty character, her earnestness, her wide knowledge and sound learning, that she remains to it a vital force, even now that her personal presence is withdrawn."

On leaving Vassar she retired to her family in Lynn. A reception in her honor was made a feature of the alumni meeting of Vassar Association in New York City, but she was unable to be present and wrote: "I have noticed that the attempt to grow young is, at seventy, not often a success. It goes to my heart to say that I cannot come to the reception in New York, but I am tired, and after more than half a century am trying to rest."

The rest she sought for was not long in coming. Scarcely a year had passed, when on June 28, 1889, she died from disease of the brain, at her home in Lynn.

Miss Mitchell was the recipient of many honors. The degree of LL. D. was given her in 1853 by Hanover College and in 1887 by Columbia, also she had received the degree of Ph. D. She was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1850 joined the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which she was made a fellow in 1874. She was prominent in the movement tending to elevate woman's work, and was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Woman at the Syracuse meeting in 1875 and at the Philadelphia meeting in 1876. In late years her special studies were devoted to sun spots and the satellites of Jupiter. Her published writings were restricted to scientific papers, with the exception of a few poems contributed to a volume called "Sea Weeds from the Shores of the South-tucket" (1853). — *M. B. in Scientific*

called "Sea Weeds from the shores of the Pacific" (1853).—*H. B. in Scientific*

development and the broad opportunities for experiment are a fact in no other business. There is an ascension in the production of choice specimens of the pure breeds which no other pursuit usually afford.—Farm and Home.

Wherever has hunted eggs on a farm where the poultry had the run of the whole place appreciates Her Henship's love of secluded spots in which to deposit her fruit. Yet when a farmer or poultryman builds a chickenhouse he sometimes forgets this perfectly appropriate characteristic of his flock and, in exposing positions,

The oocyst, it has to perforate a corn husk, a corn plant has flowers, leaves, roots, and other distinct organs which fulfill a distinct and special purpose in building up the plant while a fungus consists of simple, minute threads which spread throughout the substance on which it grows, and form the fungus called mycelium, and from the fungus plant itself. The mycelium spreads throughout the plant tissue on which it grows, and at different periods it ripens a crop of spores. These spores are analogous to seeds and fulfill the same office.

**Stick to Dairymen.**

Hoard's Dairymen is daily in receipt of letters from persons in various parts of the country saying they are going out of dairyming until the prices of feed come down to a reasonable standard. It seems to Governor Hoard that these people take a superficial view of dairyming. It is not a business that any man can take up and quickly establish, but when once established it pays a better profit than any other branch of farming if the farmer knows his business.

The lack of profit this year on thousands of dairy farms is not so much the high price of feed as it is stupidity of keeping a lot of cows that are utterly unfit for the business.

Right amid all these high prices for feed, we know of herds of cows that are paying a handsome interest on the outlay. But they are managed by men of thought and intelligence. Such men do not despise knowledge and they use it when they require it. Think of the brain and ability of a dairy farmer in these times, who sells his skim milk



## MARIA MITCHELL DEAD.

THE ASTRONOMER'S LIFE CLOSES AT LYNN,  
MASS.

TROUBLED WITH A BRAIN DISEASE—HER EARLY  
SUCCESS IN THE STUDY OF ASTRONOMY

—A LONG CAREER AT VASSAR

Lynn, Mass., June 28.—Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, died at 9:30 this morning at the residence in this city of Mrs. Benjamin H. Currier. She had suffered with a disease of the brain, and had been failing for the past year and a half.

Miss Mitchell was born at Nantucket, Mass., on August 1, 1818. Her father was William Mitchell, an astronomer of note, and her mother was a member of the Folger family. They were Quakers. Mr. Mitchell was a teacher for several years, and early gave special attention to mathematics and astronomy. Becoming cashier of the Pacific Bank in Nantucket, he built an observatory on top of the bank building, and devoted all his leisure to the study of the heavens. His eldest daughter showed remarkable aptitude for the study of advanced mathematics, and was her father's assistant in his observations and computations. When she died this duty devolved on Maria, then eleven years old. While assisting her father she acquired her education under his tuition. Later she studied under Charles Peirce, and became his assistant in the school at Nantucket. When eighteen years old Miss Mitchell was appointed librarian of the Nantucket Athenaeum, which place she filled for twenty years. Her interest in astronomy was not relaxed while she held this post, but all her spare time was spent in the study of the stars. She soon surpassed her father in the zeal with which she prosecuted her work. She made many careful observations and devoted considerable time to examination of nebulae and the search for comets. Her efforts proved successful, and, besides finding small nebulae, on October 11, 1847, she discovered a comet, for which she received a gold medal from the King of Denmark and a copper medal struck by the Republic of San Marino, Italy. The discovery was also by several Europeans, but President Everett, of Harvard, proved conclusively that Miss Mitchell was entitled to the honor. This was the turning point in the young astronomer's career. It brought her encouragement, recognition from scholars and confidence in her own abilities. She contributed a paper of calculations upon this comet to the Smithsonian Institution.

When the publication of "The American Nautical Almanac" was begun Miss Mitchell was employed to do certain work for it, and this she continued until her appointment in 1865 as professor of astronomy at Vassar College.

Miss Mitchell went to Europe in 1858 and visited the principal observatories of Great Britain and the continent. She was the guest in England of Sir John Herschel and Sir George B. Airy, then Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, of Le Verrier in Paris, and Humboldt in Berlin. On her return from Europe Miss Mitchell was presented with a telescope, much larger than any owned by her father, by the women of America, through the exertions of Miss Elizabeth Peabody, of Boston. This was set up at Nantucket, but was soon after removed to Lynn, Mass., where Mr. Mitchell moved after the death of his wife. In 1865 Miss Mitchell was called to the place of professor of astronomy at Vassar College, which, with the post of director of the observatory, she retained until January, 1888. In her work she had the assistance of her father until his death in 1868. In 1888 Miss Mitchell offered her resignation, but the trustees refused to take any definite action. They granted her a long leave of absence, telling her to rest until she felt strong enough to resume work. She was invited her to a reception, and

Maria Mitchell has just died. With her has passed away one of the most remarkable women of the century. I remember the first time I saw her. The swishing of the woodbine against my window high up in the tall college building had waked me on a rainy June morning. I had wet my feet listening to the robins in the grass, when across the lawn from the round-domed observatory I saw a tall woman with white curls coming near. She wore a dress of plain black, with white collar and her complexion was browned as if by exposure, not to the stars, but the sun. She was not a handsome woman. Her features were irregular and her appearance conveyed the impression of rugged strength and independent purpose rather than the gentleness commonly supposed to be feminine. The most noticeable thing in her appearance was the direct, straightforward look which gave a unique charm to her eyes.

The lady with me egged Miss Mitchell on to repeat a remark which people had told of her making before. "Your umbrella's too small and you ought to get breakfast in your own room instead of taking a crenching, crossing the grounds to the dining hall on such a morning."

"And is my time good for nothing but egg boiling?"

The story has appeared in print, but it was an experience to see her straighten her figure as she asked the question.

Miss Mitchell, was not, in the usual acceptance of the term, popular at Vassar. Her standards were too high and she was too uncompromising in her horror at wasted hours. She had one trait in common with the Concord hermit, Thoreau; she did not need people, she seldom entered into sympathetic relations with the students. Yet the delicate girls who were removed from the beehive of the college dormitories to the quiet of an extra room or two under the roof of the observatory always found her most kind. She made her home in the observatory with the big telescope running up through the middle, space for recitation rooms and for a cosy domestic menage being found in the two stories of the wings on either side. Once a year she gave a dome party, when the girls vied with one another in original comic verses. Miss Whitney, who succeeded to her place in the girls' college a year ago, was her favorite pupil.

### VASSAR IN VACATION.

PREPARING FOR FOUNDER'S DAY—SOCIAL  
BARREN LEGACY.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 30 (Special).—A hundred students of Vassar College are at their homes today, enjoying the Easter vacation, but their absence is hardly noticeable, for nearly 200 are left behind to keep up the din and bustle of college life. It is the regular spring vacation, beginning on the 1st of March and closing on the evening of April 8. Preparations for the proper observance of Founder's Day are in progress, and will culminate on April the day of the observance. It is one of the most important days of the college year.

Social affairs at the college have been very pleasant during the past winter. Very recently the band gave a unique entertainment, some of the songs attaining much merriment. The Vassar College songs of the past year after year are novelties in their way, some of them have been published in book form for the edification of the students and their friends. It begins to look as though Vassar College will not get any money out of the (Gerard) estate. The lawyers have got hold of it, and the bequest is loaded down with legal questions and complications. There were motions made about it in as many courts in the last year, and it has come to be known as one of the "everlasting" cases that take anywhere from fifty to 100 years to settle, so that by the time the settlement will be so permanent that Vassar may not find one dollar of the estate left. The grounds about the college are in splendid condition, and when the spring foliage comes the surroundings will be charming.

There is some talk of reviving the regular spring excursion on the Hudson by the steamer Mary Powell.

It is doubtful if the idea will be carried out. These excursions were generally gotten up by the junior class as a compliment to the seniors, but finally the faculty thought they were becoming too expensive, and "sat down" on them.

MARIA MITCHELL.—A former Vassar student, on being requested to furnish some reminiscences of Prof. Mitchell, sends the following:

You have asked me to give to you some of the characteristic sayings of Professor Mitchell when I knew her as a frequent guest in my father's house, and during my life as a student in Vassar College. A short time before Charlotte Cushman's death, she, with her intimate friend, Miss Stebbins, the sculptor, was dining with Prof. Mitchell. They were all about to step into their carriage to go in town for Miss Cushman's rehearsals at the Opera House, where she played Meg Merrilees that evening. Miss Cushman, noticing the Parthenon-like old building on College Hill, said "What is that?" "It used to be a military school," said Miss Mitchell, "but last summer tried to be a hotel at \$5 a day." "Five dollars a day!" exclaimed Miss Cushman, "Jupiter Ammon!" "No, Jupiter Mammon!" said Miss Stebbins. "No, Jupiter Gammon!" quickly replied Prof. Mitchell.

On one occasion Prof. Mitchell related the following:

My niece was taken violently sick at the college, and I immediately telegraphed my sister at Lynn, Mass., to come on. The frantic mother seized her babe, a beautiful little thing, and without thought of preparation for the journey, rushed on to the college. She was absolutely a sight to behold. None of us Mitchell girls were ever accused of vanity of dress, but really this was shocking. We improvised some dresses, and made her presentable. The sickness proved a short one, and my sister returned home by way of Chatham, where she took the train to Boston, without change of cars. I accompanied her to Chatham and stood on the platform waving my handkerchief as my sister and her child passed out. She neglected some days to write me, and in my anxiety I dropped her a note saying: "Information is wanted of a badly-dressed, homely-looking woman, with a beautiful baby, last seen at the Chatham depot on the morning of—" My sister promptly answered me, saying: "The beautiful baby reached home safely. The last seen of the badly-dressed, and homely-looking woman was, she was standing on the platform at Chatham."

Dr. H. A. Tucker's  
Unparalleled Success  
1894

Girard who gave birds



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scribe for money, and the preachers who preach for money, have no employment in the island and so are not found there." This state of things held for a considerable time, and for the first half century of the Society's life there was little but a continuous harmony, and a rapid growth of all which the Society stood for. I heard an old ship captain, speaking of this period, pleasantly relate that on returning from a whaling voyage he ran in near the shore on First-day morning. The fog which was hanging around the island lifted just before meeting time, "and" said he, "taking my glass, I saw crowds going from every part of the island to the great meeting house near the centre, and could not keep from shouting for gladness at the inspiring sight."

In about the middle of the last century, an incident occurred that somewhat interrupted this harmony, and one which, in so simple an age, possessed a considerable local interest. Two elders of the meeting, brothers, fell out by the way; they could not hold their places in the meeting while living thus, and one of them took his large family and went from the then comparatively populous and cultured place down into the state of Maine, to the peninsula called Fletcher's Neck, and now known as Biddeford Pool. On a visit to the place, a few years ago, I was much surprised at finding in an ancient burying ground, many of the old Nantucket names, especially that of Hussey. Inquiry brought out the story as above given of the self-exiled elder, whose name was Hussey, and whose descendants originated a Friends' meeting in those parts.

There arose also about this time a more serious disturbance. There was in the meeting a minister, then in middle life, an ancestor of many of the since prominent families of the island, who had awakened the criticism of the more strict by a certain absence of formality, and an easy amiability and freedom of manner, which are still characteristic of his descendants. He is said to have been an eloquent preacher, which might possibly have contributed to the state of things, at any rate there was quite a "stir" raised, as an islander might say. One of the charges made against him was that he occasionally called on the Presbyterian minister. Another, that the coat he wore, the cloth of which, by the way, had been given him, was not exactly the approved color.

It is quaintly told that an Elder of the meeting, who sat by his side, would sometimes rise after he had preached and say, "This Friend is out of the truth, and you must not receive his testimony," and then at the close of the meeting the two would shake hands, and ride home together in pleasant talk. At length matters went so far that the case was taken to the Yearly Meeting, where the minister was entirely exonerated, and a minute was made appointing a committee to visit Nantucket. Monthly Meeting and see "that the ancient order of society is observed of rising and taking off the hat in time of prayer." From which it appears that some had carried their opposition so far as to keep their seats when our ministering Friend "appeared in supplication."

This visit of the yearly meeting committee ended, so far as is now known, the temporary uneasiness. With a large amount of solidity and dignity amongst Nantucket Friends, which often called forth the admiration of visitors, there has been from an early time a certain vein of over strictness, to which this disturbance bears witness, and which there can scarcely be a doubt has furnished one cause amongst others of the unprecedented decline there. There was a conscientious devotion to what Friends believed, joined with a beauty of character all would admire, but there was too little adaptability to changing circumstances,—a sincere zeal without sufficient toleration of unavoidable diversities, or recognition of all the needs of our human nature. Does not something of this lie at the bottom of the more general decline of a society of such unequalled agreement with primitive Christianity that that decline seems almost impossible to account for? It is preserved as a tradition, that when the dissatisfaction with the minister spoken of was at its height, a visiting Friend told the meeting in his public testimony that as a sign and witness against them "the Lord would send a famine of the Word." Whether prophecy or not, this has been singularly realized. It is doubtful whether there was ever a meeting of its size, in which for a hundred years there were so few ministers, especially amongst the men. The minister in question died in 1789. There have been since that time but three men ministers who continued to reside on the island, one of

whom never spoke, or but once or twice, except in meetings of business, after he was recommended. Exemplary, devoted, and in some cases able women, have mostly furnished the spoken word, and the number of even these, for the great size of the meeting, has been small. Of the large number of visiting ministers constantly coming to the island, there are various traditions and anecdotes preserved in the simple annals of the islanders, some of an amusing character. One I recall, told me by a valuable woman elder. It was quite impossible in the immense meeting-house to keep warm on a winter's day, with no other means of heating than a fire-place at either end. When a valuable, but bluntly-speaking and somewhat eccentric English Friend was on the island, there chanced to be a very cold meeting-day. It was the custom at that period for the women to carry foot stoves to meeting, and fill them

with coals before taking their seats. On this day it was so cold that several went during the meeting to refill their stoves. This disturbed our English Friend's sense of propriety, and at length she rose and said, "Friends, when I came to America I expected to find a hardy race of women, able to endure fatigue and cold, but I see it is not so, and I have felt since sitting with you in this meeting, that before I would disturb a religious assembly as this has been disturbed by going to the fire, I would come to meeting with my feet wrapped in sheep skins." Whereupon a woman arose, deliberately walked to the fire-place, put her stove on the hearth, not in an especially quiet manner, took the tongs and punched off a bed of coals, filled her stove, and walked slowly back to her seat as if to say to the rebuking Friend, "There's for thee." This was resistance to British interference in mild form. The remonstrating woman's name I have forgotten. It may have been an ancestor of our or your, Lucretia Mott, or a Starbuck, Macy, Mitchell, or Hussey, which names abounded; at all events it was a good story, and the saintly woman elder who told it vouched for its authenticity by saying, "I was at the meeting."

How well do I remember those huge fire-places with their roaring fires, and the foot-stoves too, the scorching odor of which, when the coals were over hot, pervaded the atmosphere of the meeting-house. That identical stove, if preserved, would bring now a fabulous price when the island blossoms out with summer visitors, anxiously seeking, not only shells along its shores, but any trace of those ancient times. One relic of the old meeting-house, still I believe in the possession of the family who had the best right to it, has a somewhat curious history. Quaker boys of that period, though supposed to be altogether proper, were much like the boys of to-day, and so it was found needful, with the large number in our meeting, to appoint Friends to "sit back" as it was called, to see that order was preserved. A Friend who was under appointment for this purpose sat one day in meeting leaning over his cane. The boys might have required just then not much watching, and there was a bare possibility of the Friend's being a little drowsy as Friends sometimes were then, and so leaning heavily, the cane chanced to rest on a knot in the floor, which gave way and allowed the cane to slip through. It was not considered worth while to have the general tear-up needful for its recovery, and it lay there for almost half a century in gathering dust, until the meeting-house was taken down, when it was recovered and returned to a son of the original owner. I have sat for hours and heard the groups of older people gathered around the open fires of an evening tell these old-time incidents, some of them trivial like this, some of them more weighty, but all possessing much of local interest, and touching chords that after the lapse of many years still vibrate with a deep, half plaintive melody. Books being less abundant a half century ago than now, the oral transmission of events was much more in use, and our fathers and mothers were at least more fluent, if not better conversationalists than we are. In the simple and exceedingly sociable habits of the Quaker islanders, the hoarded store of anecdotes formed a chief dependence for the evening's entertainment, and Friends' meetings, travelling ministers, with their differing peculiarities, their testimonies and prophecies, and similar topics, sometimes grave, and sometimes humorous, came in for a large share of talk. I cannot forbear relating a very singular incident I heard on one of these occasions,—one I would not relate were it not well vouched for. The phraseology will be understood by a "Friend." A couple were to "pass meetings"

as was then the phrase. The men representatives went into the women's meeting to inquire if the meeting was ready for R. M. to come in and declare his intention of marriage with H. M. A very old woman Friend was present who was troubled with constitutional lethargy, and who, by the way, was said to be something of a match-maker. Evidently rousing up from a half sleep at the entrance and inquiry of the Friends, she rose in the upper seat, and with much dignity said she thought the men Friends must be mistaken in the names, and that it was S. M. and L. B. who intended marriage, naming a couple who, probably, she had decided in her own mind would do well to marry. This threw the meeting into some confusion. The men Friends repeated their message, and the mother of the prospective bridegroom, a woman equal to an emergency, rose and said she thought the Friends were right, as she knew when she left home that morning that her son was intending to "pass meetings." This man and woman whom the worthy Friend in her half asleep sincerity published ahead of time, strangely enough were married not long after, and were for years among the most valued members of the meeting. CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

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## Recollections of Nantucket.

### NUMBER III.

Inhabitants of an old town, especially if it a seaport, and more especially still if it be on an island, are always marked by a strong individuality and the frequent presence among them of eccentric characters. Nantucket had its full share of these. Amongst the unique personages which memory recalls no one so often comes up as a venerable woman Friend whose most marked peculiarity was a stilted style of speech from which she never let herself down even in the most familiar intercourse, and which furnished much innocent merriment to the islanders.

In carrying out Friends' beautiful provision for their poor, Nantucket Meeting established a home for them, calling it with characteristic delicacy "Friends' Boarding House." Our Friend of the stilted speech, finding her little patrimony late in life nearly exhausted, became an inmate of this house, but still retained in a front room a little shop she had long kept. My way to school took me by this shop, and it was a favorite thing to step in with a cent or two on purpose to hear her quaint speech. One application always secured, as was the object in making it, the same reply—"Cousin Elizabeth, has thee any Jews' harps?" "No child, nor no other harp that the Israelites used for diversion or devotion." How would Philadelphia store-keepers get on, if they took as much time and care to answer a two-cent customer, or were as careful to "bear testimony" against instrumental music. Another inmate of the Boarding-house once stepped into the little shop, saying "Has thee seen my scissors, Elizabeth?" "No, Miriam, and I should not be willing to go before a magistrate under a solemnity and affirm that thee was ever the rightful owner of a pair of scissors." The most notable example of her speech, however, that memory recalls, was addressed to some young women who occupied the same room with her while attending yearly meeting. She wished them to stop talking, that she might go to sleep, and instead of expressing her wish as most would, she said, "Now girls the time for retiring has fully arrived, and it is my desire that silence may pervade the apartment, until Sol again ascends the heavens, unless some emergency should call for articulation." Judging from these specimens of our friend's quaint style, one might fancy her lacking in capacity, but such was not the case. She had read quite extensively for the times, and had served acceptably as clerk of the monthly meeting. I have often wondered if in the minutes of the meeting her peculiarities are apparent. Use large words she must, and if the saying be true, "He who makes the world laugh is a benefactor," certainly man a Nantucket tea-party, one of the island's a most lost arts, has pleasantly cherished his memory.

In the writer's boyhood there remained one other house on the site of the old town besides the solitary one which is still left. Standing entirely alone, without fence or tree near, old and half decayed, it had attached to it a bit of homely romance that invested it with a certain interest to the islanders. It was occupied by three maiden sisters in advanced years when I knew them. Like many at that period they held a highbrow membership amongst Friends, and



though ignorant and rustic to the last degree and exceedingly peculiar, they had done nothing to forfeit their birthright, and were supported by the meeting. The touch of romance is, that their mother, who was of an old Friends' family, was when young sought in marriage by a young man whose affection she returned, and who was in every way suitable, except that he was not a member of the meeting. On this ground her parents refused their consent. The young woman, as the story goes, disappointed, and careless of her future said "she would marry the first member of the meeting that came along, even if he was a simpleton," and the first who came was almost that, and she kept her resolve, probably to bitterly repent of it in the long after years when she was slowly dragged down to his level. "What was fine in her becoming coarser day by day." At last the mother who always kept some hold on the better life of her father's family, went wearily to her rest, and the three sisters, who had become well known throughout the island and were often visited because of their peculiarities, lived on remote from the town, as uncultured and as much the children of nature as could consist with the respectability which their Quaker blood, dress and language helped them never to entirely lose. After they grew old and the house became unfit for occupancy, Friends were anxious to have them move to a more comfortable one nearer town. At length a house that would meet this condition came into possession of the meeting, and after great persuasion the sisters were moved into it. Their care-takers left them at night apparently comfortable in their new quarters. The next morning going to see how they were getting on, they found to their utter surprise that they had moved back to their old home in the night, carrying everything they could by hand. After this no further attempt was made to move them, their invariable reply when spoken to on the subject was "Why, we was well enough off last winter, and we are only a year older now."

Of the accumulation of years their simple logic took no account.

after standing a moment in silence, said, "Oh, that the daughters of America might see the women of Nantucket." To those who remember the meeting-house in which this was said, it requires but little effort of the imagination to see the large body of plainly-dressed women that drew forth the remark.

Friends from abroad were frequent in visits during these years. In William J. Allinson's interesting journal of Rebecca Jones mention is made of a large delegation to the island from Philadelphia in the summer of 1801, and the holding of many interesting meetings.

Rebecca Jones speaks of her old friend, Sarah Barney, "who met her with much gladness." This was a worthy, dignified elder, still remembered by a few who had a small gift in the ministry, and was held in much esteem on the island. She was unmarried, lived alone, and kept, like Rebecca Jones, a little shop. It is told half seriously, half humorously, that at meal-time she would set out her small table, put on the few dishes she required, and wait for Providence to provide the food. That providence was the family of the Quaker merchant and elder, William Rotch, who lived near, and whose wife was a sister of Sarah Barney. The little table I saw a few years ago in Newport, it having been given to a branch of the Gould family. The house of William and Dorcas Brown is well remembered, "where," says Rebecca Jones, "I stayed and wrote, while our young ministers had gone seven miles out on the island to an appointed meeting to which my spirit was not bound." This house, together with that of Sarah Barney and a large number of others associated with the early history of the Society, was burned in the great fire of 1846, which swept away nearly all of the historic buildings of the town. Amongst these was the house of a somewhat famous person, who is made a character in a historical romance, the scene of which is laid on the island and of which she is the heroine. Most for which she was noted had more connection with political and commercial than religious life, and so in an article of this kind little more than an allusion to her would be fitting. Like most of any standing, she was a member of Friends' Society, as was her husband, whom she so eclipsed as for him to be little spoken of. My impression is that late in life she lost her membership by financial irregularities and complicity in smuggling. By a shrewdness and business capacity few of either sex manifest, she gained great influence in the war of the Revolution.

A young couple, evidently newly married, landed upon this peaceful isle of Nantucket one day not long ago, and wandered about the ancient town in search of a summer boarding place. At last they came upon a large comfortable looking house, unpretentious but homelike in appearance, which they made up their minds would do admirably.

"I think this is a charming place, Edwin," frittered the bride. "Suppose we inquire here."

"Yes, my angel," replied Edwin. "I hope all the rooms are not taken; I see no sign in the window."

Tripping lightly up the steps, the "angel" knocked loudly at the door, and, presently, in response to the summons, a stout, matronly looking woman made her appearance and asked what was desired.

"Your rooms are not all occupied, I hope?" said the bride, interrogatively.

"No ma'am. They was all full till a week ago, when old Mrs. Simpson was buried. She had Bright's disease and a room to herself, and since she died it has been vacant."

"May I ask what you charge for the room, with board, by the week?"

"Law, ma'am," exclaimed the woman with grave astonishment. "We don't charge nothin' for rooms, nor for board either. This here is the Nantucket poorhouse."

From the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.

## Recollections of Nantucket.

### NUMBER IV.

It is said of a noted minister of New York Yearly Meeting that when looking forward to a visit to Friends of Nantucket he had a singular dream, which in substance was, that he found himself seated in a room on the island for a religious opportunity with a Friend's family. The room and its furnishings were all remarkably plain, and the family exemplary in appearance. After sitting awhile in silence with his mind turned inward, he saw the door open, and an apparition appeared which he was told was the Prince of Darkness, who had a home there. The appearance of the room remained with him while the immediate impression of the dream faded. He went to Nantucket, entered upon a general visiting of families, and came in course to the house of the couple referred to in the closing parts of our last article. After sitting a few moments with the family, in silence, he said: "This is the room I saw in my dream, into which the Prince of Darkness entered;" and went on, having, as Friends used to say in their journals "some close work." Let each dispose of this story as he may see fit. Are we any of us so disposed to set bounds to the spiritual world or to the spirit's revealing as to say that the consecrated, spiritual-minded minister could have had no inward revealing of the real state of things which as yet had not come to outward observation? During some repairs many years after to the home of the noted woman, a large closet was found with no means of entrance except by removing a panel. This secret closet was thought to have been used as a repository for smuggled goods. The Society by about 1820 had begun to show unmistakable signs of numerical decline. The town had greatly increased in population and commercial importance. Intercourse with the outside world was much more frequent. Fashion had come in with wealth, and Friends, though still numerous, no longer held the balance of power. The writer has no means at hand of verifying dates, but near the year 1830 the monthly meeting for the Northern district, established in 1790, was reunited with the original monthly meeting of Nantucket. The summer of 1832 is marked in the annals of the Society by a religious visit of Hannah Backhut of England, who spent most of the season on the island. It was the year of the first appearance on this continent of the Asiatic cholera. There were at the time several vessels running between New York and Nantucket, and much anxiety pervaded the island. No doubt this affected the minds of the people, and the English Friend held several large and deeply interesting meetings. Immense assemblies of that summer, hushed and awed by the cloud hanging over the country, and by the eloquent utterances and impressive tones of the speaker, seemed a fitting farewell to the ancient meeting-house, which was soon after abandoned for a new building, after having been occupied just one hundred years. About this time occurred the most marked event in the history of the society since its rise; the great upheaval known as the Hicksite "separation." It was only the outermost wave of this movement that touched the shores of Nantucket, after it had passed over most of the yearly meetings. While the portion of Society I designate as Hicksite, for distinction only, was in some yearly meetings the larger body, it found in New England Yearly Meeting but little organized life. In Nantucket alone was there held a monthly meeting, which was connected with New York Yearly Meeting, and ceased to exist as an organization after about twenty-five years. I was too young when these events were beginning to darken the hitherto serene horizon of Quakerism to be able to speak of them with accuracy. I can do little more now than give a child's impressions, some of them however so clear and deep that they may not be far out of the way. One impression is very vivid, that of the secret prejudice that largely existed towards those who were spoken of as "Separatists," "Troublers in Israel" and the like.

The separation on the island came about through the visit of a former resident who was at this time a minister of a meeting that was connected with the Hicksite division. The visit was a social one to his relations. The Friend came to meeting, and although not taking the seat of a visiting minister, towards the close of the meeting rose and commenced

George C. May's  
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The pleater bonnet.

With buoyant step he homeward s  
Nor seemed on common earth to t  
While softly to himself he said,  
"At last I've won it;  
Next year come 5th month I shall  
That pleater bonnet!"  
— H. S. W.



speaking, upon which an elder gave the usual signal for the closing of the meeting and most of the people left.

Those who were in sympathy with the minister kept their seats, and after the noise of the departing multitude had subsided, he spoke a while longer. This was only an occasion for the bursting forth of long pent-up feelings, of the gradual gathering of which we children had known nothing. Soon commenced the unhappy business of bringing complaints to the meeting against those who by keeping their seats on that day had, as was alleged, shown a lack of respect to the authorities of the meeting, and had identified themselves with the other body. Quite a company were disowned and set up a meeting. How strikingly in contrast is the impression I received of these events at that childish period of my life with what later years have brought me to feel. Years in which the views and principles for which the Hicksite Friends stood, have not only come to be believed in by me, as the substance of early Friends' position, but as the truest embodiment of Christian truth on the points which they embrace.

This Hicksite meeting which was connected with New York Yearly Meeting has long since ceased to exist, and the meeting-house has been removed and turned into a summer hotel. The old monthly meeting which went with what are known as Wilbur Friends has now nearly ceased also. Their large house was removed to the mainland a few years ago. Another small body connected with what is known as the Gurney portion of New England Yearly Meeting had almost no members left, and the small meeting-house they built is closed except when some traveling minister of their order wishes to hold a meeting.

One who has in his heart the sentiment for the religion and home of his fathers, or one who sees in Quakerism, as once represented in Nantucket, a high form of religious and social life, can but feel a shadow come over his spirit as he walks about the island amongst the monuments of departed glory. If a close observer he will still detect signs, especially in the plainness of the older dwellings, of the former beautiful Quaker life; nor will he fail to see too, in a certain pleasant frankness and familiarity, traces of the old-time spirit of hospitality. But all this is now fading, and giving place to the people and customs of the period.

There is a somewhat curious legend which comes to my memory that may be a not unfitting conclusion to these recollections. At the time of the settlement of Nantucket by the whites there were about three hundred Indians on the island. They were a peaceful, inoffensive race, with whom, almost without exception, the most harmonious relations were maintained. More easily than was usual with the Aborigines of the country they adopted the manners of the whites, and erected, in different parts of the island, several English built dwellings and four English built meeting-houses.

In 1763, in the Eighth month, a disease broke out amongst them which swept them away with the exception of a few, and destroyed them as a people forever. Whether the sickness originated with the natives was not ascertained. Some thought it came from a brig from Ireland, which was cast ashore on the island, one of the crew of which, who appeared to have a fever, died at a house where many Indians had resorted. Soon after, the disease broke out amongst them and spread with great rapidity. The whites were at first cautious in approaching the sick, fearing the disorder would spread amongst themselves, but they soon found that the natives only were affected. They then rendered them all the assistance in their power. The sickness continued until the 16th of Second month, 1764, when it ceased as suddenly as it commenced. I remember hearing an old inhabitant tell of an interesting incident of this sickness. Her father's farm was near a house occupied by Indians, all of whom were taken with the disease. She went with her mother to a little run of water which may be seen to-day, with food suitable for the sick, putting it on the near side of the stream, then retreating and shouting to the Indians to come and take it. That small house, out of which the inmates all died, was moved into town. It was always to me an object of interest, and occasionally I would saunter by it in a leisure hour. On my last visit to the island, I found it had gone the way of many of the old landmarks, and a heap of bricks and stones only remained. Thus by a mysterious sickness, which to-day

would be better understood and possibly prevented, the existence of this island tribe of natives terminated, and their lands went to strangers. The curious legend connected with the sickness is, that about the time it commenced the bluefish, which were then taken in abundance, suddenly disappeared from the waters of Nantucket. One of the Indian prophets said this disappearance was a sign of the extinction of their race; adding, "when we are gone, and the houses of the red men are laid low, the bluefish will return; then let the Quaker look out for his inheritance, that it become not the stranger's, as has ours."

I remember when it was told through the island that the bluefish, which are now abundant, had returned, and at that time there was no Indian left of unmixed blood.

Much pathetic interest gathers around this chapter of island history. The houses of the red men have long since been gone; the race exists only in memory. The Quaker inhabitants, once the chief owners and rulers of the island, have also passed away, and their inheritance gone to the summer sojourner of changed dress, speech and manners. "The stranger has taken possession."

As I occasionally visit the island, and its traditions are revived by standing on what always seems like "classic soil," there is ever a halo hanging over the days that are gone.

A friend used to say to me when we had spent an evening in recalling Nantucket life, "Let us go henceforth where we will, we shall never find the peculiar charm of the Nantucket of our earlier years," and this is a testimony often borne.

In the palmy days of Friends, education, while never to much extent becoming classic, was advanced and general on the island, each monthly

meeting sustaining a school. Few people ever

#### THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS.

EDITH A. EISENER.

A chain of islands bathed in purple haze  
Thro' all the glory of long Summer days,  
So fair they look, while peacefully  
Glides by the blue and flowing sea.  
Around the shores the breezes blow,  
Murmuring clear and soft and low  
An old rhyme made in the long ago—

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

The hills are green 'neath the Summer sky,  
And the long bright days pass slowly by;  
The water lilies with golden hearts  
Bloom in cool ponds where wee fish darts,  
And birds sing softly and sweetly there,  
Sweeter than ever they sing elsewhere,  
And the old rhyme trills on the balmy air,

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

Old Indian names the islands bear,  
For the red men built their wigwams there  
In the long ago, and they lie asleep  
'Neath the low mounds where grasses creep;

The salt spray flies o'er the old, old graves,  
While the rhyme is sung by the breaking waves,

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

Cuttyhunk Light.

#### PENIKESE.

BY EDITH A. EISENER.

Thou liest lonely, Penikese,  
Bathed in ever restless seas;  
Dost thou miss the brighter dawn  
Of the days long past and gone,  
When with Nature hand in hand  
The great master trod thy strand,  
And his students in thy nooks  
Studied Nature, and not books?  
Vanished now the buildings tall  
With his mottoes on the wall.  
Now the sea-birds build and nest,  
Rear their young upon thy breast,  
And the master lies at rest.

Cuttyhunk, Mass.

their poor, Nantucket meeting established a one for them, calling it with characteristic delicacy "Friends' Boarding House." Our Friend the stilled speech, finding her little patrimony in life nearly exhausted, became an inmate this house, but still retained in a front room little shop she had long kept. My way to

And so it was that the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid, fireplaces of stone erected, from which the smoke of wood fires ascended through board chimneys large enough in these days for a steamer of 300 tons. The old clinker-built roofs were taken off and replaced on the rafters, side by side, and covered with shingles, to discourage the rain and the wind from trying to become so familiar with the interiors. Old ~~was~~ or shape. brought ~~up~~ that they admitted the ~~that~~ instead kept the ungentle zephyrs at respectful distance. Old doors that had been retired from active service on land, and others that had floated ashore from wrecks on Bass Rip or "Old Man's Back," began new careers of usefulness. They were hung at the portals often on wooden hinges and made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons". Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of cord line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent it from slipping

few them. Like many at that period they held a thrifty membership amongst Friends, and



The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

NAUTICAL PHRASEOLOGY

"To Windward"—Toward that point from which the wind blows.  
 "To Work to Windward"—To make progress against the wind by tacking.  
 "To Tack"—To turn a ship by the sails and rudder against the wind.  
 "Leeward"—That point toward which the wind blows.  
 "By the Head"—When a ship is deeper in the water forward than aft.

“Off and On”—Coming near the land on one tack, and leaving it on the other.  
 “Starboard”—The right side.  
 “Port”—To the left side. This term is used to put the helm to left, instead of the word starboard, to make a distinction from the affinity of sound in the word starboard.  
 “Stand On”—To keep in the course.  
 “Turning to Windward”—Tacking.  
 “To Wear”—Turn round from the wind.  
 “Running”—Sailing directly before the wind or with it.

From an old manuscript recently brought to light, it appears that on the 25th. of the Fifth month, 1822, the population of Nantucket was. 7,266, composed of 1,423 families, with 911 dwelling-houses. At this time there were 36

THE PLEATER BONNET.

He stood beside the open door,  
With face that, flushed at every pore,  
When, scanning all the meeting o'er,  
(Deep stillness on it;) 11  
He spied a little maid who wore  
A pleater bonnet.

Sedately, though with conscious smile,  
He took his seat upon the aisle;  
(That preacher talked an endless while,  
Once he begun it.)  
At last they slowly outward file,  
Broadbrim and bonnet.

His heart, beneath his new drab coat,  
Seemed leaping upward to his throat.  
He thought "It was for her I wrote  
That pretty sonnet."  
Yet silent did they homeward tote,  
He and the bonnet.

They reached the gate; he talked of ships;  
Then suddenly he kissed her lips,  
As from a hive the wild bee sips  
The sweet upon it.  
Then, breathless, through the doorway  
slips

With buoyant step he homeward sped,  
Nor seemed on common earth to tread,  
While softly to himself he said,  
"At last I've won it;  
Next year come fifth month I shall wed  
That pleating bonnet!"

H. S. WYER.

and Ralph, I have just received communication from a lawyer in Detroit. He says his client was the girl who stole the dress. He wants damages to sue. It smells like business to me. Investigate it to-morrow. If it is true we will pay liberally; if not, I won't pay a cent if it costs thousands to defend a suit. Here are the names and addresses."

ally as their eyes met. "I said Mr. Wilson, 'I do a little quiet investigating here and there with a scheme he wants in mind. It sounds a little fishy, a tad to know just how things stand. I am not too tired see me at my place at 8 o'clock.'"

Wilson would like to see a cash girl as he walked and entered another office, where he met a partner of the firm, sat back in his chair and seemed to be a board of sympathy. The two men, for both seemed to be a board of sympathy.

dropped it out of her hand  
picked up by Cash 85. It is  
now waiting for her to claim  
ed Mr. Williams, calmly,  
dependent nodded and

her. Her brow was covered with beads of perspiration, and she was evidently out of breath. She was evidently out of breath.

Gordon, who had been  
and whose father sha  
honors of Greyport w  
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hand some the Univer the doctor lawyer in the clergy recently to church with Gordons h grave, rese impress of

of Littleton, N. H., who visited the  
out. When a caller knocked—he was  
rarely so formal—the latch was lifted  
from the inside by pulling the string.  
A ship's hatch that had been washed on  
the beach from a wreck was sometimes  
placed before the door. An old hog-  
head was put at the corner of the house  
to catch the rain water that fell on the  
roof. At meal time man and wife, and  
perhaps son and daughter, sat on rude-  
or made three legged stools before a  
wide board fastened with hinges on the

About 80 tons of provisions have been  
from Chicago to the starting locked  
miners at Spring Valley, Ill.  
The Austrian infantry has been incre  
branch of the addition of 8000 men, raising  
forty-three regiments of cavalry have  
reduced to the extent of 86 men each.  
The semi-annual dividends payable in  
just foot up \$4,092,979.  
It is charged that one reason why  
United States is not properly represented  
the Paris exposition is because of the in  
said to have intrenched himself behind  
much red tape and hampered his assistants  
the discharge of their duty.  
Secretary Rusk does not comprehend  
reason for the low price of good agricultural  
land in Virginia, and proposes to make  
investigations.

unto her. He had to accede to further demand.

At last, on the other end of the main room there was tacked an extension generally with a shed roof. It became what is known in Nantucket parlance as "the porch," why, no one knows, elsewhere in the wide world where the English language is spoken, it is called a kitchen. To it was carried tables and dishes, and cooking utensils which had slowly increased in number and variety, and their places in the dining room were taken by a bureau, some chairs, a more elaborate table, and other articles of furniture, always useful and sometimes ornamental. If further accommodation were needed, and it generally was, the last addition was extended to front or rear, as space was available; or if not, the roof over the attic room was raised two or three feet and made high enough for one to stand upright under the peak. Sometimes an old boathouse was utilized for an extension, or a barn in the Town taken down and brought on Nantucket carted on "the installment plan" to the Bank and put together again as part of the house.

their united  
with skin scoriating pore-penetrating  
soil-searching and scurf-scattering  
soap that was to maintain cleanliness  
the household for another year.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen of Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the



speaking, upon which an elder gave the usual signal for the closing of the meeting and most of the people left.

Those who were in sympathy with the minister kept their seats, and after the noise of the departing multitude had subsided, he spoke a while longer. This was only an occasion for the bursting forth of long pent-up feelings, of the gradual gathering of which we children had known nothing. Soon commenced the unhappy business of bringing complaints to the meeting against those who by keeping their seats on that day had, as was alleged, shown a lack of respect to the authorities of the meeting, and had identified themselves with the other body. Quite a company were disowned and set up a meeting. How strikingly in contrast is the impression I received of these events at that childish period of my life with what later years have brought me to feel. Years in which the views and principles for which the Hicksite Friends stood, have not only come to be believed in by me, as the substance of early Friends' position, but as the truest embodiment of Christian truth on the points which they embrace.

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As I occasionally visit the island, and its traditions are revived by standing on what always seems like "classic soil," there is ever a halo hanging over the days that are gone.

A friend used to say to me when we had spent an evening in recalling Nantucket life, "Let us go henceforth where we will, we shall never find the peculiar charm of the Nantucket of our earlier years," and this is a testimony often borne.

In the palmy days of Friends, education, while never to much extent becoming classic, was advanced and general on the island, each monthly

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#### THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS.

EDITH A. EISENER.

A chain of islands bathed in purple haze  
Thro' all the glory of long Summer days,  
So fair they look, while peacefully  
Glides by the blue and flowing sea.  
Around the shores the breezes blow,  
Murmuring clear and soft and low—  
An old rhyme made in the long ago—  
"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

The hills are green 'neath the Summer sky,  
And the long bright days pass slowly by;  
The water lilies with golden hearts  
Bloom in cool ponds where were fish darts,  
And birds sing softly and sweetly there,  
Sweeter than ever they sing elsewhere,  
And the old rhyme trills on the balmy air,  
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Old Indian names the islands bear,  
For the red men built their wigwams there  
In the long ago, and they lie asleep  
'Neath the low mounds where grasses  
creep;  
The salt spray flies o'er the old, old graves,  
While the rhyme is sung by the breaking  
waves,

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Cuttyhunk Light.

#### PENIKESE.

BY EDITH A. EISENER.

Thou liest lonely, Penikese,  
Bathed in ever restless seas;  
Dost thou miss the brighter dawn  
Of the days long past and gone,  
When with Nature hand in hand  
The great master trod thy strand,  
And his students in thy nooks  
Studied Nature, and not books?  
Vanished now the buildings tall  
With his mottoes on the wall.  
Now the sea-birds build and nest,  
Rear their young upon thy breast,  
And the master lies at rest.  
Cuttyhunk, Mass.

#### AN OLD NANTUCKETER

their poor, Nantucket meeting established a one for them, calling it with characteristic delay "Friends' Boarding House." Our Friend the stilted speech, finding her little patrimony in life nearly exhausted, became an inmate of this house, but still retained in a front room little shop she had long kept. My way to

And so it was that the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid, fireplaces of stone erected, from which the smoke of wood fires ascended through board chimneys large enough in these days for a steamer of 300 tons. The old clinker-built roofs were taken off and replaced on the rafters, side by side, and covered with shingles, to discourage the rain and the wind from trying to become familiar with the interiors. Old <sup>wood</sup> or shape. brought <sup>down</sup> that they admitted the <sup>the</sup> <sup>into</sup> the ungentle zephyrs at respectful distance. Old doors that had been retired from active service on land, and others that had floated ashore from wrecks on Bass Rip or "Old Man's Back," began new careers of usefulness. They were hung at the portals often on wooden hinges and made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons". Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of cord line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent it from slipping new them. Like many at that period they held a bright membership amongst Friends, and



NAUTICAL PHRASEOLOGY.

"To Windward"—Toward that point from which the wind blows.

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"Stand On"—To keep in the course.

"Tacking to Windward"—Tacking.

"To Wear"—Turn round from the wind.

"Running"—Sailing directly before the wind, or with it.

From an old manuscript recently brought to light, it appears that on the 25th. of the Fifth month, 1822, the population of Nantucket was, 7,266, composed of 1,423 families, with 911 dwelling houses. At this time there were 36

THE PLEATER BONNET.

He stood beside the open door,  
With face that, flushed at every pore,  
When, scanning all the meeting o'er,  
(Deep stillness on it;) lks  
He spied a little maid who wore me  
A pleater bonnet. 16

Sedately, though with conscious smile,  
He took his seat upon the aisle;  
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Once he begun it.) m-  
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His heart, beneath his new drab coat,  
Seemed leaping upward to his throat.  
He thought "It was for her I wrote  
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Yet silent did they homeward tote,  
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They reached the gate; he talked of ships;  
Then suddenly he kissed her lips,  
As from a rose the wild bee sips  
The sweet upon it.

Then, breathless, through the doorway  
slips  
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With buoyant step he homeward sped,  
Nor seemed on common earth to tread,  
While softly to himself he said,  
"At last I've won it;  
Next year come Fifth month I shall wed  
That pleater bonnet!" ne

H. S. WYER.

# 'SCONSET ITEMS.

## The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

### Number 1.

The visitor who knew Siasconset previous to 1880 and should visit it now would be surprised to note the difference in the appearance of many of the old cottages. The changes in some cases have altered the general view of its streets. Some of the structures retain their original shapes, but others have been altered by their owners in the effort to give to them modern ornamentation and appearance, or to enlarge them. In these the marked individuality of the little fishermen's dwellings is wholly lost.

The "Sconset Exchange," owned by Capt. Henry Coleman, and the little old house on the east side of Broadway, next south of "Eagle Cottage," purchased in 1888 by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy, of New York, seem never to have been changed since 'Sconset's prehistoric times, except that Mr. Macy has had the house reshingled. The "Saints Rest," owned by Capt. William Baxter, "of blessed memory," for years used as the post-office, where inside on the arrival of the steamboat express Mrs. Almy, the postmaster, assorted and distributed the mails, while outside the males and females assorted and distributed one another, to their ephemeral delight, Mrs. Aaron Coffin's little house on Broadway, the "Martin Box," with its many wings and warts; Fred. Willett Folger's odd shaped little structure on the west side of Shell street, between the pump and the Ocean View House, and Mrs. Sarah Clark's on the west side of Centre street, the second north of the pump, are but little altered from their condition fifty years ago. Mr. Davis's little house, "Nauticon Lodge," "Sunnyside," now belonging to the widow and daughters of Capt. Charles P. Swain; "The Barnacle," Mrs. Cathcart's, next to the south'ard; "Big Enough," the property of Mr. Henry Paddack, nearly opposite the foot of Main street; the house owned by Capt. George H. Brock, now occupied by Mrs. Martin and her son, Dr. Frank Martin, whose annual visits to Siasconset long ante-date the thought of its becoming a popular seaside resort; Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's, next north of the old post-office; "Eagle Cottage," the property formerly owned by that same inevitable Capt. William Baxter and now belonging to Edward Abbott Lawrence; "Heart's Ease," on Centre street, owned by Capt. Edward B. Hussey and for years the summer home of Mr. J. Ormond Wilson and family; "Castle Bandbox," belonging to Mrs. Coggeshall, the last named the newest of the old fishermen's cottages and built in 1814 remain in substantially the same shapes they have had, some of them for more than a century, though improved in their interiors and made more comfortable for their inmates. "High Tide," Mrs. Harrison Gardner's little house next north of "Casa Marina," has been enlarged by slightly raising the height of the attic in the main part and by additions on the ground level, and "Meeresheim," Mrs. Sharp's odd shaped house, (next north of the pump, views of which have been preserved in so many photographs) once owned by that same Captain Baxter, who was a bloated land and house monopolist until he reformed have also been altered in their exteriors, but in none have the distinctive characteristics of 'Sconset architecture been departed from.

But in many houses one can find scarce any semblance of the primitive dwellings in which they began. Some of the oldest have been removed to other lots and put up in new shapes. Others have been increased in their proportions by putting a story on the "warts" or by projections covered with shingles laid on in shapes fantastic enough to satisfy the longings of the most ardent admirer of incongruous house building.

The best idea of the appearance of ancient 'Sconset can be had from pictures printed from negatives taken by Josiah Freeman, the photographer of Nantucket twenty odd years ago and from others taken by Kilburn brothers,

of Littleton, N. H., who visited the out. When a caller knocked—he was rarely so formal—the latch was lifted from the inside by pulling the string. A ship's hatch that had been washed on the beach from a wreck was sometimes placed before the door. An old hog's-head was put at the corner of the house to catch the rain water that fell on the roof. At meal time man and wife, and perhaps son and daughter, sat on rude or made three legged stools before a wide board fastened with hinges on the

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their united efforts in scouring the soil-searching and scurf-scattering soft soap that was to maintain cleanliness in the household for another year.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen at Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the isl-



speaking, upon which an elder gave the usual signal for the closing of the meeting and most of the people left.

Those who were in sympathy with the minister kept their seats, and after the noise of the departing multitude had subsided, he spoke a while longer. This was only an occasion for the bursting forth of long pent-up feelings, of the gradual gathering of which we children had known nothing. Soon commenced the unhappy business of bringing complaints to the meeting against those who by keeping their seats on that day had, as was alleged, shown a lack of respect to the authorities of the meeting, and had identified themselves with the other body. Quite a company were disowned and set up a meeting. How strikingly in contrast is the impression I received of these events at that childish period of my life with what later years have brought me to feel. Years in which the views and principles for which the Hicksite Friends stood, have not only come to be believed in by me, as the substance of early Friends' position, but as the truest embodiment of Christian truth on the points which they embrace.

This Hicksite meeting which was connected with New York Yearly Meeting has long since ceased to exist, and the meeting-house has been removed and turned into a summer hotel. The old monthly meeting which went with what are known as Wilbur Friends has now nearly ceased also. Their large house was removed to the mainland a few years ago. Another small body connected with what is known as the Gurney portion of New England Yearly Meeting had almost no members left, and the small meeting-house they built is closed except when some traveling minister of their order wishes to hold a meeting.

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Much pathetic interest gathers around this chapter of island history. The houses of the red men have long since been gone; the race exists only in memory. The Quaker inhabitants, once the chief owners and rulers of the island, have also passed away, and their inheritance gone to the summer sojourner of changed dress, speech and manners. "The stranger has taken possession."

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EDITH A. EISENER.

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Dost thou miss the brighter dawn  
Of the days long past and gone,  
When with Nature hand in hand  
The great master trod thy strand,  
And his students in thy nooks  
Studied Nature, and not books?  
Vanished now the buildings tall  
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Now the sea-birds build and nest,  
Rear their young upon thy breast,  
And the master lies at rest.

Cuttyhunk, Mass.

#### AN OLD NANTUCKETER

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And so it was that the rude structures came to be more comfortable. Floors were laid, fireplaces of stone erected, from which the smoke of wood fires ascended through board chimneys, large enough in these days for a steamer of 300 tons. The old clinker-built roofs were taken off and replaced on the rafters, side by side, and covered with shinglez, to discourage the rain and the wind from trying to become familiar with the interiors. Old shape brought about that they admitted the fresh air, and the ungentle zephyrs at respectful distance. Old doors that had been retired from active service on land, and others that had floated ashore from wrecks on Bass Rip or "Old Man's Back," began new careers of usefulness. They were hung at the portals often on wooden hinges and made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons." Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of cord line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent it from slipping

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When, scanning all the meeting o'er,  
(Deep stillness on it;) 1  
He spied a little maid who wore  
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Sedately, though with conscious smile,  
He took his seat upon the aisle;  
(That preacher talked an endless while,  
Once he begun it.)  
At last they slowly outward file,  
Broadbrim and bonnet.

His heart, beneath his new drab coat,  
Seemed leaping upward to his throat.  
He thought "It was for her I wrote  
That pretty sonnet."  
Yet silent did they homeward tote,  
He and the bonnet.

They reached the gate; he talked of ships;  
Then suddenly he kissed her lips,  
As from a flower the wild bee sips  
The sweet upon it.  
Then, breathless, through the doorway  
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The pleater bonnet.

With buoyant step he homeward sped,  
Nor seemed on common earth to tread,  
While softly to himself he said,  
"At last I've won it;  
Next year come fifth month I shall wed  
That pleases bonnet!"

H. S. WYER.

The fishermen's cottages at 'Sconset were not put into their completed shapes by those who began them. In the wildest day dreams of future magnificence in which their projectors indulged, the thought never occurred to them that, in time, the structure that any one of them reared, might assume proportions so vast as to cover four or five hundred square feet of Nantucket's meagre soil, or that a super-imposed half-story addition might split the passing clouds. For the beginning of each of the ancient dwellings was but a single room—a rude boarded enclosure used for shelter at night and in stress of weather by the fishermen who came hither from the town. It was without a floor. The roofs were of rough boards overlapping one another. Narrow bunks served as beds. A pot, a kettle, a "skillet" and a "spider" made of iron sufficed for cooking utensils. Meals were cooked out of doors over wood fires, the pot being suspended to a sapling, supported by crotched sticks driven into the ground, and the "spider" for frying fish and meat, and the "skillet" for stews, were placed on the live coals underneath. Their food was cooked as only men can cook, and as women would hate themselves if they thought they were capable of doing it so badly. So for years it went on.

Now and then the wives of the fishermen, daring the perils of navigation over the wild moors, came to the bank for a visit of a day or two and to take pot-luck in the primitive habitations of their husbands. The experience was novel and even pleasant. In these times we know that tramping in the mountains and camping out under a tent, or even a bark or bough shanty is a pleasant episode to delicate and refined women, and that, in such an experience, the most dyspeptic among them take kindly and even ravenously to fried salt pork, fish and potatoes, topped over with flap-jacks and washed down with coffee without milk. And when the women came to the Bank, the premonitory symptoms of neatness and order became manifest in the dwellings. Slowly the idea made its way through the masculine skulls, that women were a desirable element at the scene of their labors, to lighten their cares and give to their dwellings the attribute of home life amid rude surroundings, and that, far better than a visit of a day or two, would be a stay prolonged through the fishing season.

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About 80 tons of provisions have been  
 from Chicago to the starving locked  
 The Austrian infantry has been incre  
 by the addition of 8000 men, raising  
 branch of the service to a war foot  
 reduced to the extent of 88 men each.  
 The semi-annual dividends payable in  
 just foot up \$3,002,979.  
 United States is not properly represente  
 the Paris exposition is because of the in  
 cious management of Gen. Franklin, w  
 said to have intrenched himself being  
 much fed up and hampered his assist  
 the discharge of their duty.  
 Secretary Rusk does not comprehend  
 reason for the low price of good agricult  
 land in Virginia, and proposes to make  
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 A charter has been granted the Cha  
 Company corporation of Boston, mainp

unto her. He had to accede to a further demand.

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Those who were in sympathy with the minister kept their seats, and after the noise of the departing multitude had subsided, he spoke a while longer. This was only an occasion for the bursting forth of long pent-up feelings, of the gradual gathering of which we children had known nothing. Soon commenced the unhappy business of bringing complaints to the meeting against those who by keeping their seats on that day had, as was alleged, shown a lack of respect to the authorities of the meeting, and had identified themselves with the other body. Quite a company were disowned and set up a meeting. How strikingly in contrast is the impression I received of these events at that childish period of my life with what later years have brought me to feel. Years in which the views and principles for which the Hicksite Friends stood, have not only come to be believed in by me, as the substance of early Friends' position, but as the truest embodiment of Christian truth on the points which they embrace.

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One who has in his heart the sentiment for the religion and home of his fathers, or one who sees in Quakerism, as once represented in Nantucket, a high form of religious and social life, can but feel a shadow come over his spirit as he walks about the island amongst the monuments of departed glory. If a close observer he will still detect signs, especially in the plainness of the older dwellings, of the former beautiful Quaker life; nor will he fail to see too, in a certain pleasant frankness and familiarity, traces of the old-time spirit of hospitality. But all this is now fading, and giving place to the people and customs of the period.

There is a somewhat curious legend which comes to my memory that may be a not unfitting conclusion to these recollections. At the time of the settlement of Nantucket by the whites there were about three hundred Indians on the island. They were a peaceful, inoffensive race, with whom, almost without exception, the most harmonious relations were maintained. More easily than was usual with the Aborigines of the country they adopted the manners of the whites, and erected, in different parts of the island, several English built dwellings and four English built meeting-houses.

In 1763, in the Eighth month, a disease broke out amongst them which swept them away with the exception of a few, and destroyed them as a people forever. Whether the sickness originated with the natives was not ascertained. Some thought it came from a brig from Ireland, which was cast ashore on the island, one of the crew of which, who appeared to have a fever, died at a house where many Indians had resorted. Soon after, the disease broke out amongst them and spread with great rapidity. The whites were at first cautious in approaching the sick, fearing the disorder would spread amongst themselves, but they soon found that the natives only were affected. They then rendered them all the assistance in their power. The sickness continued until the 16th of Second month, 1764, when it ceased as suddenly as it commenced. I remember hearing an old inhabitant tell of an interesting incident of this sickness. Her father's farm was near a house occupied by Indians, all of whom were taken with the disease. She went with her mother to a little run of water which may be seen to-day, with food suitable for the sick, putting it on the near side of the stream, then retreating and shouting to the Indians to come and take it. That small house, out of which the inmates all died, was moved into town. It was always to me an object of interest, and occasionally I would saunter by it in a leisure hour. On my last visit to the island, I found it had gone the way of many of the old landmarks, and a heap of bricks and stones only remained. Thus by a mysterious sickness, which to-day

would be better understood and possibly prevented, the existence of this island tribe of natives terminated, and their lands went to strangers. The curious legend connected with the sickness is, that about the time it commenced the bluefish, which were then taken in abundance, suddenly disappeared from the waters of Nantucket. One of the Indian prophets said this disappearance was a sign of the extinction of their race; adding, "when we are gone, and the houses of the red men are laid low, the bluefish will return; then let the Quaker look out for his inheritance, that it become not the stranger's, as has ours."

I remember when it was told through the island that the bluefish, which are now abundant, had returned, and at that time there was no Indian left of unmixed blood.

Much pathetic interest gathers around this chapter of island history. The houses of the red men have long since been gone; the race exists only in memory. The Quaker inhabitants, once the chief owners and rulers of the island, have also passed away, and their inheritance gone to the summer sojourner of changed dress, speech and manners. "The stranger has taken possession."

As I occasionally visit the island, and its traditions are revived by standing on what always seems like "classic soil," there is ever a halo hanging over the days that are gone.

A friend used to say to me when we had spent an evening in recalling Nantucket life, "Let us go henceforth where we will, we shall never find the peculiar charm of the Nantucket of our earlier years," and this is a testimony often borne.

In the palmy days of Friends, education, while never to much extent becoming classic, was advanced and general on the island, each monthly

#### meeting sustaining a school. Few people ever THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS.

EDITH A. EISENER.

A chain of islands bathed in purple haze  
Thro' all the glory of long Summer days,  
So fair they look, while peacefully  
Glides by the blue and flowing sea.  
Around the shores the breezes blow,  
Murmuring clear and soft and low,  
An old rhyme made in the long ago—  
"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

The hills are green 'neath the Summersky,  
And the long bright days pass slowly by;  
The water lilies with golden hearts  
Bloom in cool ponds where wee fish darts,  
And birds sing softly and sweetly there,  
Sweeter than ever they sing elsewhere,  
And the old rhyme trills on the balmy air,  
"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

Old Indian names the islands bear,  
For the red men built their wigwags there  
In the long ago, and they lie asleep  
'Neath the low mounds where grasses  
creep;  
The salt spray flies o'er the old, old graves,  
While the rhyme is sung by the breaking  
waves,

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

Cuttyhunk Light.

#### PENIKESE.

BY EDITH A. EISENER.

Thou liest lonely, Penikese,  
Bathed in ever restless seas;  
Dost thou miss the brighter dawn  
Of the days long past and gone,  
When with Nature hand in hand  
The great master trod thy strand,  
And his students in thy nooks  
Studied Nature, and not books?  
Vanished now the buildings tall  
With his mottoes on the wall.  
Now the sea-birds build and nest,  
Rear their young upon thy breast,  
And the master lies at rest.

Cuttyhunk, Mass.

#### AN OLD NANTUCKETER

their poor, Nantucket meeting established a  
one for them, calling it with characteristic de-  
cency "Friends' Boarding House." Our Friend  
the stilted speech, finding her little patrimony  
in life nearly exhausted, became an inmate  
this house, but still retained in a front room  
little shop she had long kept. My way to  
tool took me to this little shop.

And so it was that the rude structures  
came to be more comfortable. Floors  
were laid, fireplaces of stone erected,  
from which the smoke of wood fires  
ascended through board chimneys  
large enough in these days for a steam-  
er of 300 tons. The old clinker-built  
roofs were taken off and replaced on the  
rafters, side by side, and covered with  
shingles, to discourage the rain and the  
wind from trying to become so familiar  
with the interiors. Old door shape.  
brought about that they admitted the  
the breeze, the ungentle zephyrs at  
respectful distance. Old doors that  
had been retired from active service on  
land, and others that had floated ashore  
from wrecks on Bass Rip or "Old  
Man's Back," began new careers of  
usefulness. They were hung at the  
portals often on wooden hinges and  
made to swing outward, never in-  
ward. First they were fastened with  
wooden "buttons". Then a wooden  
latch was put on the outside and fitted  
into a wooden catch. On it one end of  
a bit of cord line was fastened, and  
through a little hole in the door it was  
passed inside and a knot tied on the  
other end to prevent it from slipping  
new them. Like many at that period they held a  
bright membership amongst Friends, and



### NAUTICAL PHRASES

He never saw a submarine  
airplane or blimp  
a motor truck or tractor  
a patent milk can  
while we see this every day  
He saw nor on electric light,  
typewriter or telephone,  
Victrola or a megaphone,  
an auto car or a motor car  
Electric fan or fountain pen  
Radio player or X-ray  
an incubator or separator  
an elevator or percolator  
He never heard the sound  
of a RR running underground.  
He did not know how S.O.S  
was a wireless signal of distress  
He never saw a movie shown  
or listened in on a radio  
He did not sitting by his fire  
hear a S. F. Choir

They reached the gate; he talked of ships;  
Then suddenly he kissed her lips,  
As from a rose the wild bee sips  
The sweet upon it.  
Then, breathless, through the doorway  
slips

With buoyant step he homeward sped,  
Nor seemed on common earth to tread,  
While softly to himself he said,  
"At last I've won it;  
Next year come fifth month I shall wed  
That pleases bonnet!"

handsome Ned Gordon, who had been the University, and whose father shared the aristocratic honors of Greyport with the doctor and clergyman, being the only lawyer in the town.

The clergyman was a bachelor of nearly forty years of age, who had come recently to Greyport to preside over the church where the Woodstons and Gordons had each a pew. He was grave, reserved man, whose face bore impress of sorrows and cares common to all turned in and stopped at a desk who stern but handsome woman was but

of Littleton, N. H., who visited the  
out. When a caller knocked—he was  
rarely so formal—the latch was lifted  
from the inside by pulling the string.  
A ship's hatch that had been washed on  
the beach from a wreck was sometimes  
placed before the door. An old hog-  
head was put at the corner of the house  
to catch the rain water that fell on the  
roof. At meal time man and wife, and  
perhaps son and daughter, sat on rude-  
or made three legged stools before a  
wide board fastened with hinges on the

About 80 tons of provisions have been  
 from Chicago to the starving locked  
 miners at Spring Valley, Ill.  
 The Austrian infantry has been incre  
 branch of the service to a war foot  
 reduced to the extent of 86 men each.  
 The semi-annual dividends payable in  
 gust foot up \$3,092,972.  
 It is charged that one reason why  
 United States is not properly represente  
 the Paris exposition is because of the in  
 clous management of Gen. Franklin, w  
 said to have intrinched himself behind  
 much red tape and hampered his assista  
 the discharge of their duty.  
 Secretary Rusk does not comprehend  
 land in Virginia, and proposes to make  
 reason for the low price of good agricultu  
 A charter has been granted the Cha  
 Company corporation of Boston, mainpi

unto her. He had to accede to a further demand.

At last, on the other end of the main room there was tacked an extension, generally with a shed roof. It became what is known in Nantucket parlance as "the porch," why, no one knows, for elsewhere in the wide world where the English language is spoken, it is called a kitchen. To it was carried table, and dishes, and cooking utensils, which had slowly increased in number and variety, and their places in the dining room were taken by a bureau some chairs, a more elaborate table, and other articles of furniture, always useful and sometimes ornamental. If further accomodation were needed, and it generally was, the last addition was extended to front or rear, as space was available; or if not, the roof over the attic room was raised two or three feet, and made high enough for one to stand upright under the peak. Sometimes an old boathouse was utilized for an extension, or a barn in the Town taken down and brought on Nantucket carts on "the installment plan" to the Bank and put together again as part of a house.

their united  
with skin scoriating pore-penetrating  
soil-searching and scurf-scattering soft  
soap that was to maintain cleanness in  
the household for another year.

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Much part of chapter of red men has exists only tants, once island, ha heritance changed stranger l

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A friend an evenin go hencef the peculi earlier ye borne.

In the p never to yanced an

meeting s T

A chain Thro' al So fair t Glides b Around Murmur An old n

The hill And the The wat Bloom i And bir Sweeter And the

Old Indi For the In the lo 'Neath creer The salt While t wave

Cutty

BY EDITH A. EISENER.

Thou liest lonely, Penikese,  
Bathed in ever restless seas;  
Dost thou miss the brighter dawn  
Of the days long past and gone,  
When with Nature hand in hand  
The great master trod thy strand,  
And his students in thy nooks  
Studied Nature, and not books?  
Vanished now the buildings tall  
With his mottoes on the wall.  
Now the sea-birds build and nest,  
Rear their young upon thy breast,  
And the master lies at rest.  
Cuttyhunk, Mass.

a hundred things out from wh  
+ entan  
nem came his way at all.

I got it up, make me four lists  
I name the things that I have  
missed -

He saw a land with faction bri  
With a load too heavy for some  
He saw the war clouds purpled

He heard the snuffling of  
The storm, San Lu

He knew no power on earth could  
A land 1/2 free + 1/2 slave.

In his time war + bloody strife  
He strove to save the nation's life.

Resolved the Union must not  
But stand with all men free

His hope + courage sorely tried  
But - the nation lived + thrived

made to swing outward, never inward. First they were fastened with wooden "buttons". Then a wooden latch was put on the outside and fitted into a wooden catch. On it one end of a bit of cord line was fastened, and through a little hole in the door it was passed inside and a knot tied on the other end to prevent it from slipping. In advanced years when I new them. Like many at that period they held a bright membership amongst Friends, and



# 'SCONSET ITEMS.

The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

NAUTICAL PHRASE  
 "To Windward"—Toward  
 which the wind blows.  
 "To Work to Windward"—  
 res against the wind by tackin  
 "To Tack"—To turn a ship  
 rudder against the wind.  
 "Leeward"—That point to  
 wind blows.  
 "By the Head"—When a sh  
 the water forward than aft.

what awful cost - what  
 price was paid -  
 what bitter sacrifices made,  
 Ask of these men writ foot-  
 steps slow  
 whose heads are white as  
 winter snow -  
 Will they in R.R. writ  
 pride & merit  
 The day star saw Van Lue  
 Collins best,  
 Lincoln - the name we all  
 revere  
 Lincoln - the name we know  
 & dear  
 Grant Champion of Liberty  
 The great man of his century

They reached the gate; he talked of ships;  
 Then and only he kissed her lips,  
 As from a wild bee slips  
 The sweet upon it.  
 Then, breathless, through the doorway  
 slips  
 The pleater bonnet.  
 With buoyant step he homeward sped,  
 Nor seemed on common earth to tread,  
 While softly to himself he said,  
 "At last I've won it;  
 Next year come fifth month I shall wed  
 That pleater bonnet!"  
 H. S. WYER.

turned in and stopped at a desk whe  
 stern but handsome woman was dus  
 impress of sorrows and cares conan  
 grave, reserved man, whose face bore  
 Gordons had each a pew. He wa  
 recently to Greyport to preside over  
 church where the Woodstons and  
 forty years of age, who had come  
 The clergyman was a bachelor of ne  
 lawyer in the town.  
 the doctor and clergyman, being the o  
 the aristocratic honors of Greyport  
 the University, and whose father sha  
 handsome Ned Gordon, who had been

of Littleton, N. H., who visited the  
 out. When a caller knocked—he was  
 rarely so formal—the latch was lifted  
 from the inside by pulling the string.  
 A ship's hatch that had been washed on  
 the beach from a wreck was sometimes  
 placed before the door. An old hogs-  
 head was put at the corner of the house  
 to catch the rain water that fell on the  
 roof. At meal time man and wife, and  
 perhaps son and daughter, sat on rude-  
 or made three legged stools before a  
 wide board fastened with hinges on the

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 further demand.  
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 room there was tacked an extension,  
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 down and brought on Nantucket carts  
 on "the installment plan" to the Bank  
 and put together again as part of a  
 house.

their united  
 with scoriating pore-penetrating  
 soil-searching and scurl-scattering soft  
 soap that was to maintain cleanliness in  
 the household for another year.  
 In time, the affairs of the fishermen at  
 Siasconset improved under another in-  
 fluence. The whale fishery from the isl-



The ashes from the fires were a valuable factor in the household economy, and were carefully treasured. Babbitt, and Higgings, and Colgate and Pear were unthought of soap creating possibilities within the womb of time. Commodities brought from the "Continent" cost money, and a great deal of money for a "Sconset fisherman to pay. Nothing was purchased if something responding to the want could be made at home. On the Bank, toilet soap was unknown. A piece cut from the common yellow soap had to suffice the wooden lather box, when, on Sunday morning, armed with a razor of an uncertain quality, but an always certain dullness, the fisherman, with reckless movements shaved in a week's growth of beard and gashed his face in half a dozen places. Hard soap, at all times, was sparingly used. The homemade article answered nearly every purpose. The ashes that had been saved were put into a leach set up out-of-doors, and water was poured over them. As it percolated the mass it absorbed the potash and slowly dripped from the bottom into a tub. The refuse grease from the kitchen that had for months been accumulating, was tried out, and then an event important, as well in its social as in its economical aspects, took place on the Bank. A friendly neighbor was called in to aid the thrifty housewife. They lifted their gowns from over their quilted petticoats and pinned them around their waists and put on heavy aprons. Thus attired, they filled a kettle out of doors with the lye and grease, and a day was consecrated to boiling soap. With sticks they vigorously stirred up the thickening mass, and as they watched the boiling bubbles, in the loving confidence of womanly converse they discussed in subdued tone the private affairs of their neighbors until each had learned all that the other knew, and

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world's better understood and possibly more vexing, the existence of this island tribe of natives terminated, and their lands went to strangers. The curious legend connected with the sickness is, that about the time it commenced the bachelors, which were then taken in abundance, suddenly disappeared from the waters of Narraganset. One of the Indian prophets said this disappearance was a sign of the extinction of their race; adding, "when we are gone, and

AN OLD NANUCKETTE

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 the rudder against the  
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 wind blows.  
 "By the Head,"  
 the water forward

'SCONSET ITEMS.

of Littleton, N. H., who visited the out. When a caller knocked—the waiter rarely so formal—the latch was lifted from the inside by pulling the string. A ship's hatch that had been washed on the beach from a wreck was sometimes placed before the door. An old hog-head was put at the corner of the house.



## The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

### Number VI.

In time, the affairs of the fishermen at Siasconset improved under another influence. The whale fishery from the island had increased in extent, until over eighty sail of vessels were going from Nantucket to distant seas and returning after absences of two, three, and sometimes four years, laden with unctuous wealth. Officers and sailors alike would visit 'Sconset for pleasure trips, or for protracted stays. At least, two taverns were maintained with entertainment for man and fodder for beast, for choice old New England rum was dispensed over their bars at three cents a drink, and the prohibition party, as a factor in local or national politics, did not exist as a disturbing element between man and his appetite. A bowling alley and billiard saloon were found to be paying investments. Young men from the town, sailors and others, stowed themselves with their sweethearts into box carts, and rode out at night for a social time and returned home, sometimes in the small hours of the morning. Between the profits of the spring and fall fishing, and the patronage from the town, old 'Sconset was near its zenith.

Main street, as now located did not exist. From near Philip's Run (the dark waters of which have been confidently prescribed to hundreds of confiding strangers by Capt. William Baxter as a certain cure for corns,) the road deflected to the northward and passed over the hill to the village near the site of George C. Macy's little white cottage, across rears of the lots on which now stands the Atlantic House, and the residences of Mrs. Brooks and the Starbucks, and then curved to the southward and ended near the house now owned by Mrs. Swain, and called the "Anchorage." It was later that the broad Main street was projected and opened. On either side of it, prosperous islanders began building residences for temporary occupancy, and 'Sconset became to Nantucket what Newport is to New York, and Atlantic City to Philadelphia. Following the traditions of house-building on the Bank, most of them put up their structures in sections, and in time, they assumed comparatively pretentious proportions.

The ever restless waves have a peculiar fascination, especially for those who have never seen waters larger than navigable streams or small lakes. But the Nantucket family was born within sight of the sea, and many of its members had been tossed upon its bosom. The surf beating on the shore had no charms for them. They preferred a situation whence they could see vehicles, from the aristo-

night. be sta  
vocation in dism  
their predecessors  
H. Gibbs, an act  
years was thus en  
destruction. At l  
to him, and for se  
season to the Ban  
subsistence by fish  
Jones, the only  
sold his tools to G  
went to Providenc  
er of a century f  
then came back, a  
in 'Sconset with  
in his possessio  
Jones did not  
nothing for a car  
it without help,  
he did not earn a  
farmed and fisher  
and he sheared h  
and sold the wood  
eggs and tried to  
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## The Houses on 'Sconset Bank.

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

### Number VIII.

#### Broadway, East Side.

The first house north of the bridge, "Svargaloka," belonging to the estate of Elijah Alley, occupies the site of an old house brought from Sesachacha early in the century, but which was subsequently removed.

On the site of Mr. H. K. White's residence there stood until 1884, a little cottage called by him the "Woodbine," and which he purchased in 1879 and there resided with his family during the summers for several seasons. It was in 1881 taken down and removed to the corner of Grand Avenue south of the gulley, and there put up and enlarged and sold to Mr. Isaac Hills. It is now called "Thornycroft." The original building was brought from Sesachacha in sections by Owen Parker about 1820 and put down on the lot. But Owen found he had a white elephant on his hands. A house in sections affords no shelter and he said he didn't know how to put it up and couldn't afford to hire anybody. The neighbors said they would help if anybody would show them how. Old Capt. Joy (the father of Edward) was selected to take charge and in a day or so willing hands had put up a residence for Owa and his family.

Mr. Henry Paddack's cottage, "Big Enough" was owned by Abijah Swain and stood in its present position in 1814. In 1884 it was enlarged by extending the bedrooms to the southward, but the alteration has not interfered with its characteristic appearance as a 'Sconset house. It is always admired both in its exterior and interior.

"Casa Marina" had its beginning in one of the most picturesque of the little fishermen's houses. Standing opposite the foot of Main street, was the first of the old dwelling of the strict 'Sconset type to be seen. It was owned by John Russell, and stood in its present place in 1814. A few years since, it was remodeled and extended, and there is scarce anything left to remind one of its original form. Freeman and Weyer have excellent views of it taken years since, when the double board fence was in its front. It is now owned for many years by "Aunt Sarah Coleman" who was particularly apt her household goods. Her plate and cups and saucers were marked by filing notches on their edges. A perpendicular ladder led into the little five-foot attic, and

clergyman of New York.

years since. Capt. Wilber states the beginning of the house dates far back to the eighteenth century. When, years since, he was making some alterations, he found behind a double beam four copper cents of the year 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803 and an old Spanish coin with the pillars of Hercules, and 6 1-4 cents, and which was a common coin in the early part of this century.

The house of Capt. George H. Joy next north, was owned by Seth Joy in 1814, and Capt. Joy thinks that it was built by Seth's father. It had its origin in a fishermen's shanty, though lacks the "warts" in the front.

Mr. Riddell's house, "London Town" had a similar origin. But it has been tended by a second story "wart," extensive changes have been made in and without, and the fishermen's stage is no longer seen. It belongs to 1814 to Griffin Barney.

Next to the north is the house belonging to Mr. Frank Mitchell—"Mizzent." It was modernized before 1879. The boards had taken the place of shingles. But inside, the joists supporting the second floor show its origin in a fishermen's house. In 1814 it was occupied by Capt. Joy's father when he was building "Cabin Box" on Shell street.

The "House of Lords" was a typical 'Sconset house of a larger size, and was built by Gershom Drew. It stood in its present position in 1814. It was sold to Capt. Brown Gardner to the present owner, who caused it to be enlarged and it no longer has any resemblance to the quaint structure from which it was changed. It was purchased by Capt. Gardner after his return from California some time in the fifties for twenty-five dollars and four quintals of cod fish. In it, for years, the fishermen met at night during the season and swapped lies in reference to their experience on shipboard.

"Nonantum," in 1879, when purchased by its present owner, was a modest one story structure with a wartless front. It was built by Barzillai Folger and was owned by him in 1814. It was always called "Barzillai's" house.

"Columbia Cottage," belonging to Mrs. Cash is more than a hundred years old. It was built by Benjamin Bunker who died forty years ago at the age of 90.

The little house next to the north, and now owned by Mr. Cromwell G. Macy of New York, is very old, and has probably been changed less within and without than any of the old houses on the Bank. Last year it was re-shingled. In 1814 it was owned by Eben Gardner. Previously it was held by him and Tristram Pinkham together, but Eben so prospered that he wanted a house to himself, and he proposed to Tristram to name a price at



## The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank,

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

### Number IX.

Broadway, West Side.

The white clapboarded house surmounted by a Nantucket "walk," belonging to Mrs. Lucretia M. Folger, situated on the corner of Main street, had its beginning in an old house that was purchased early in the century by Capt. Peter Chase. It was a two storied structure, and in a photograph taken by Freeman many years ago, a portion of the old building stands in the foreground to the left. It was very dark with dilapidated shingles, and it canted over to the westward. Capt. David Chase, son of Peter, who recently died at the age of 94, told Capt. Joy the manner in which his father had obtained possession of the property. Capt. Peter was engaged in the East India trade and probably about the time of the last war with Great Britain was on the Island. His wife wanted a home at

oldest part are the trunks of young trees.

In the corner of the principal room is an ancient clock that has marked the hours for four or five generations. Mrs. Cary, the mother of Mrs. Baxter, for years used the building for a public house. For years before 1883 when the post office was established, it was used for the distribution of the mail matter brought from town by Capt. Baxter, who, as he came over the hill on Main street, tooted his horn and the event of the day was the gathering of the people at the window to await their mail matter, and for each letter or paper received, one whole cent went into the coffers of the grasping old mariner! And yet there are those who boldly assert that he did not get rich!

The old barn in the southwest corner of the lot is probably what is left of a house once owned by an old man named John Beard.

### ROOMS TO LET AT SIASCONSET.

MRS. Robie will have a few rooms vacated Aug. 29th, and will keep her house open to guests till October 1st,

## The Old Houses on 'Sconset Bank,

BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

### Number X.

Broadway, West Side.

Mrs. Eliza Mitchell's white house next north of the old post-office was owned in 1814 by Latham Gardner, who had lands to the westward, back of Capt. Robert Pitman's place on the hill. The land was covered with entangled brush and had to be ploughed by means of a tackle to get the necessary power. The highest part of the house is probably the oldest, for in it are doors swung on wooden hinges. It is very old. In it Capt. Joseph W. Clapp, Collector of the port of Nantucket by grace of President Cleveland and the Senate of the United States, has for a time, the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, abused the Republican party and quoted scripture and Dr. Watts with a vigor that has aroused the ire of his political antagonists and excited the admiration of orthodox believers by reason of his pious erudition!

The little house owned by Mrs. Aaron Coffin is very old and probably better than any one on the Bank illustrates the gradual growth of a 'Sconset fisherman's cottage of the oldest shape. It was built by Obadiah Folger and its

So you have passed through another annual town meeting and no blood shed. The nearest you came to it appears to have been some weeks beforehand, when the con and the pro of the sewage question got by the ears in the columns of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR. But their barks were worse than their bites. If you were to meet a genial, jocund gentleman walking down Nantucket Main street of a pleasant morning, whose countenance looked to be at peace with all mankind, why that's the con of the sewage question. On the other hand, if you meet a fine looking individual, with a firm, athletic step, who would turn aside to give a grasshopper his share of the sidewalk, that is the pro of it.

It is the nature of pros and cons never to come together. They are like two derelicts at sea; but get them onto some other question, and they will eat from the same plate.

I see there is talk of remodeling the old Methodist church for a court house. It would make a good one, but wouldn't you be most afraid some of those old time servers there, would rise up and take a hand in the proceedings? In a previous edition of your paper, you mention the name of one of the old-time clerks of that church, one Dr. Oliver Cromwell Bartlett. A little lady at Nantucket who can remember a bit further back than I can, and who has given me much interesting knowledge of

ancient Nantucket, has told me she well remembered this gentleman, that he was strikingly fine looking; and when mounted on his horse, as was the custom of the doctors of that time, when making their daily rounds, he was as fine a figure as there was to be seen. And indeed he ought to have had some presence, if for nothing more than the name he bore. On looking up one of my own ancestry, recently, I find that this old-time clerk of the Nantucket Methodist church referred to, was the great-grand-son of John and Priscilla Alden.

I wonder if many of your readers know to what a slight circumstance they are now enabled to look upon that same church edifice, really a fine building:—It was, in fact, due to the wind shifting a half point on the night of July 12, 1846.

While stopping in the White Mountains a few years ago, I met Commodore John Goldsboro, of the U. S. Navy. Incidentally learning that I knew something about Nantucket, he told me this story:—"In '46, the night of the great fire at Nantucket, the two vessels under my command were anchored in Nantucket harbor. All hands had turned in, when the watch gave the alarm of fire! and surely the whole heavens seemed ablaze. I ordered my men ashore, and we went directly to the Pacific Bank as Messrs. M. & C. were then the only

### NANTUCKET'S JAIL.

An Uncrowded, Well-Ventilated Place, Run on Liberal Principles.

The Nantucket jail and its present single inmate have just been inspected by a Legislative Committee of fourteen members. The inspection occupied three days, and while engaged in the performances of their duties it became obligatory on the Committee to fish and employ sail boats in the harbor in order to get views of the jail from various points. The Committee ascertained that a few years ago the jail was for months tenanted only by a rooster and ten hens. The year after that the only inmate complained that unless something was done to keep out the sheep he wouldn't stay there. In 1869 two medium class New Yorkers were confined there for making a disturbance. They complained that it was not a comfortable jail, and that unless it was put in better repair they would never visit Nantucket again.

The Nantucket people themselves give a liberal construction to the term "confinement." It is not etiquette for a prisoner, if one of their own people, to show himself by daylight on the main street. One lady, placed there temporarily for the public convenience and safety, used to go out to "day's washing." A former jailer, feeling blue and lonesome one rainy evening, sent for a quart of rum, and shared it with his sole charge, the town bruiser, who was in, as usual, for licking his man. The rum operating belligerently on the prisoner, he turned to and licked the jailer, then went down town, found another man, licked him, and was eventually rearrested and carried back.

The committee heard these and other stories concerning the history of the Nantucket jail, and would be occupied in hearing them yet had they but remained, as all the old inhabitants of the island have stories of their own concerning this jail which they are willing to pour into strangers' ears. The committee, however, scented the danger and fled the island. They concurred in the opinion that Nantucket, from its insular position and the peculiar fraternalism that exists among its people, does not require a jail or a jail discipline such as exist on the main land, because, even if a man breaks jail here, he is, if anything, worse off than before, being known to everybody in this limited area, and outside of Nantucket there being no towns or villages but those of Coakata, Coakata, Wanacommet, Telankimo, Quidquill, Lachacha, Podris, Wanackmamack, Pochnek, Maddequot, and the islands of Tuckernuck and Muskeget. It is far more comfortable to remain at the jail, conform to the simple regulations there, and take such liberty as Nantucket public sentiment allows him.



cratic chaise to the democratic cart, as they passed from and to the town, and salute their occupants. So, building went on, until about 1845, when 'Seonset had reached the fullness of its growth, with some sixty odd houses, of which near 50 were the little fishermen's cottages in their final forms, and which were the nucleus of what has now reached nearly 200 sea-side homes. They still remain on the Bank, though some of them have been so metamorphosed that their primitive form would not be suspected.

But from other parts of the Island buildings have disappeared by the thousand. When the whale fishery ceased to be profitable, the prosperity of the Island received a blow from which it did not begin to recover for more than a generation. The islanders had put their trust in ships' bottoms. The bottoms fell out. To remain, was for thousands to tempt starvation, unless they preferred suicide. The town authorities objected to either mode of exit, because, disposing of the cadavers would increase the taxes of those who could afford to live! There was no alternative but to leave the island. The population diminished from over 9000 in 1840 to less than 3000 in 1879. Houses were deserted. Some went into decay and ruin. Others in time were taken down and their parts transported to the mainland and sold as second hand material or were set up again for occupancy. One was taken as far as Westchester County, N. Y., and put together far from its site near the waves that wash Nantucket shores.

The angel of destruction had unfolded its wings and nearly all the carpenters left the island. The few who remained had the hope that the tide of adversity

Mrs. Almy, the postmistress, in her girlhood days, many a time climbed the ladder into the little attic.

Next north is the house of Mrs. Harrison Gardner. It was owned by Charles Nichols and stood there in 1814 and was sold to Charles Mitchell before 1820. Within nine years it was twice enlarged, and each enlargement made it even more 'Seonsety in appearance than before. It was occupied in 1880 by Judge Northrup of Syracuse and his family, and his experience was told in a charming little book, published the next year called "Seonset Cottage Life," now out of print.

George C. Gardner's house is the next to the north. It is a large one, without blinds, and for three seasons has not been occupied by reason of the advanced years of Mrs. Gardner. It was built by Mr. Gardner's grandfather, Prince Gardner. In the kitchen is the fireplace which was photographed by Wyer, and from which picture so many drawings have been made and printed. The house was in existence as far back as 1814.

At that time there was to the north, where Mr. Gardner's small barn now is, another house. It belonged to Jonathan Chase. It was known as the "Headache House," because of its incurable smoky chimney.

Capt. George Wilber's house, with the name "Dexioma," in Greek letters over the door, and occupied by the Misses Wheeler, was owned in 1814 by Stephen Hussey. The south half is over a hundred years old. It was conveyed by him to Sylvanus Ewer, the grandfather of Rev. Dr. Ferdinand Ewer, the distinguished ritualistic

which he would buy or sell. The suggestion came so sudden that Tristram asked until Saturday to make up his mind. Saturday came and Tristram said that he thought his share was fairly worth a quintal and a half (150 pounds) of fish. At that price it was sold. It has since changed hands at prices way up in the hundreds. The house is well worth an inspection. It is not now occupied. Its interior can be seen by looking in the rear windows. It has a little attic reached by cleats nailed to the partition, and has two little bedrooms about 8x6 feet at the south end.

"Eagle Cottage" was in its present place in 1814. In 1879 Capt. William Baxter was inclined to sell it for \$200 including its furniture, but on second thought he changed his mind, and four years after he disposed of it for \$900.

The beginning of Mr. Crosby's store was a stable, and was brought from Sesachacha by Elisha Clark. Subsequently Cromwell Barney added the second story on the south end. For two or three years before his store was built, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby used to come from town and occupy the upper portion on Sundays and keep their horse in the barn, which was a part of the building to the north. At last Mr. Crosby saw that there was trade enough in the place to warrant a store, and he enlarged the south end and 'Seonset started in its wild career as a great commercial centre!

The last house to the north on Broadway, belonging to Mrs. George Richardson, was brought from Sesachacha by Reuben Joy, a cousin of Capt. Joy's father. It was used as a public house, and was kept by Rachel Paddock, the widow of Jonathan Paddock, and a Quaker woman.

On the edge of the Bank, in the rear of Crosby's store were two quaint old

houses, both of which have been enlarged, adding a second story. The one on the south, Mrs. McCleave's, was brought from Sesachacha by Nicholas Meader, between 1814 and 1820. It was a very old house. The one to the north, owned by Mr. Crosby, was also brought from Sesachacha about the same time by George Meader, the son of Nicholas. In 1879, by additions, it had assumed an incongruous form, it being an open court to the west, with a wall to the east at the northern end.



'Sconset. Capt. Peter had no money to spare for a house, but he had a quantity of tea and he said if she could buy a home with tea she could do so. She thought she saw her opportunity. The house was then owned by Eunice Cole, or Coffin (for she had been married twice) who kept a small store in Town. Mrs. Capt. Peter told her son David, then a boy, to put the horse in the cart and drive her to Eunice's house. He did so and Mrs. Chase asked Mrs. Coffin if she would sell her house at 'Sconset and she said she would. and a

price was agreed upon if she would take the pay in tea to which she agreed and the sale was made

"Nauticon Lodge," now owned by Mr. Davis, is also a very old structure. Over its door are the figures 1735, but Capt. Joy thinks it is much older. It was owned by Obed Coffin, then a very old man, and then about 1815, by his son-in-law, Jonathan Colesworthy. It is built and arranged in accordance with the strict 'Sconset type. A few years since its bedrooms were extended in length.

The next house now owned by the heirs of Gorham Colman, is without doubt the oldest on the Bank. It was first owned by Michael Coffin, who employed several Indians to fish for him during the season, while he remained ashore to do the cooking. Michael was the great-grandfather of Capt. Edward C. Joy now in his 84th year. The house is as it has appeared as far back as human memory can go, except that, within, it was at some time lathed and plastered. Its rough and ragged shingles, the depressions in the roof and the uneven floors tell of its antiquity. In its battered front door are three worn out key holes. Within are large fire places leading into a heavy chimney. The house is claimed to have been built in 1675, and before a building had been erected on the site of the Town. In 1814 it was owned by Jonathan Upham.

But probably older was "Rose Cottage," a little four room house that was on the lot next north. It was taken down in 1881 by Capt. Charles H. Rule. It was a squatty, tumble down structure, but each year was occupied in the summer, and in the fishing seasons. In 1814 it stood in the same position and was owned by Benjamin Paddack. It had been twice removed from the edge of the Bank. It was so small that the change of site was easily effected, by rolling it on spars. There is a tradition it was once an Indian wigwam, but Capt. Joy discredits it.

The next house belongs to Capt. William Baxter. Views of it have been taken by the hundred. It has a double history. The smaller portion is near 200 years old, and was brought from Sesachacha. It was owned by Uriah Swain, the grandfather of Mrs. Baxter. The higher portion was built about a hundred years ago, and the building was in its present position in 1814. Its exterior illustrates the completed 'Sconset house of the large size. The interior has been little changed, except to put on lath and plaster and paper, but its rude beginning can be seen in the exposed beams overhead, some of which

high to the peak of the little bedrooms were then. Then it was extended a few feet to the northward, and when old Aunt Folger saw it she was so startled by its proportions that she said it was a "perfect rope walk." Then an extension containing two rooms was made to the westward and still later an old boat house was moved and added to the east side, the wide door of which is flush with the street. It is one of the quaintest cottages on the Bank. Nearly a hundred years ago it was called the "Martin Box" and was occupied by Henry Barnard a great uncle of Mrs. Hanaford.

"Clifton Cottage" is another of the old houses, but it has been enlarged by putting on a half story. It was built by George Folger, about 1818. George sent his son Philip to oversee the building. Philip said he knew nothing about the business and hence had an easy time.

"Nonquit," Capt. Charles C. Mooers', is another of the oldest houses enlarged by a second story which was recently extended to the front. In 1814 it was owned by Obed Mitchell.

"Felicite," formerly owned by Capt. Charles McCleaye, and recently sold by him to Richard E. Burgess is a two story house with gable flush with the street, and a wing extending to the north. It was a very old house in 1814, and then or soon after was owned by John Emmett. The second story was added about 20 years ago.

"Sans Souci," the last house on Broadway and owned by Mrs. J. H. Belcher has a singular history. It was originally erected in Trader's Lane in Town, and was a part of a duck or twine factory. The kitchen was a boat house, belonging to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Belcher's grandfather and the bricks in the chimney were in the British Ship, Queen, when she came ashore on the island. A portion of the house was taken to Madequet and thence brought to 'Sconset. It was moved here in 1814. It was the first house on the Bank to have its height increased by a second story. In 1879 it had 13 windows, no two of which were alike.







## "He's a Brick."

Plutarch, in his life of Argesillaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally king of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Argesillaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

## LADIES' DRESSES.

Miss Phelps answers the question, "What to wear?" by describing with exceeding sharpness what is worn, as follows:

"The girl of the period, sauntering before one down Broadway, is one panorama of surprises from top to toe. Her clothes characterize her. She never characterizes her clothes. She is upholstered, not ornamented. She is bundled, not draped. She is puckered, not folded. She struts, she does not sweep. She has not one of the attributes of nature nor of proper art. She neither soothes the eye like a flower, nor pleases it like a picture. She wearies it like a kaleidoscope. She is a meaningless dazzle of broken effects."

She sums up the whole matter in this confession:

"For myself, I confess that I never feel thoroughly ashamed of being a woman, except in glancing over a large, promiscuous assembly, and contrasting the comparative simplicity, solidity, elegance, and good sense of a man's apparel, with the affectation, the flimsiness, the tawdriness, the ugliness, and the imbecility of a woman's."

## LIGHT THINGS.

"What is lighter than a feather?"

"The dust that blows in summer weather."

"What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"

"The wind that blows the dust away."

"And what is lighter than the wind?"

"The lightness of a woman's mind."

"And what is lighter than that last?"

"Ah, there, my friend, you have me fast!"

[Electrical Review.]

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## SOME INTERESTING DATES.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates, and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Postoffices were first established in 1404; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing-press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood-engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories. Henry VIII. of England finally, and forever, broke with the pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyola founded the order of the Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the University of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1560; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* in 1573; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590, — these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century. — *Rev. Lyman Abbott, in Sunday Afternoon.*

## NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met when they were girl and boy,  
Going to school one day;  
And "won't you take my peg-top, dear?"  
Was all that he could say.  
She bit her little pinfore,  
Close to his side she came,  
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,  
When ten swift years had flown;  
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
But that is yours alone.  
And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
And called her by her name.  
She blushed and said, "No! thank you, Tom,"  
But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,  
Have brought them care and joy,  
She has the little peg-top still  
He gave her when a boy.  
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
"I've never brought you fame;"  
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,  
You have loved me all the same."

—Angular writing is now very fashionable with ladies whose epistolary efforts consist of invitations and their replies. If you receive a particularly square-shouldered, two-words-to-

Miss Tinling is one of the late arrivals at the Macqueen, her registry dating from 9:26 yesterday morning. She is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tinling, who, strange to relate, she has never met before. The young lady is very reticent, but from her father we learn that her coming was not an entire surprise, and that it is her intention to make quite a lengthy visit. She weighed ten pounds but will undoubtedly increase her avoirdupois under the benign influences of a Montana climate. 8.15.87

## The Farthold Statute.

From the New York Independent, Oct. 28.  
The land that, from the rule of kings,  
In freeing us, itself made free,  
Our Old World sister, to us brings  
Her sculptured Dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,  
Uplifted by the toil-worn slave,  
On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful, to thee  
Once more a debt of love we owe;  
In peace beneath thy Fleur-de-Lis,  
We hail a later Rochambeau.

Ride, stately symbol, holding forth  
Thy light and hope to all who sit  
In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
With watch-fires from thy torch uplift!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
Trace on mid-air th' Eternal will  
In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
A lightning flash the wretch to smite,  
Who shields his license with thy name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,  
OAK KNOLL, Oct. 22, 1886.



# CLASSIC COSTUMES.

1893  
GREEK PLAYS IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

In Tunic and Sandal Vassar Gives  
"Antigone" in the Original—A  
Performance of Extraor-  
dinary Interest.

New York, May 18.—After twenty-six years' struggle to maintain the old Hellenic idea of education—"culture for culture's sake"—fair Vassar is about to crown its efforts by the presentation of "Antigone" in the original Greek.

Performances will be given in the opera house of Poughkeepsie on the evening and afternoon of both May 26 and 27.

The keynote to the undertaking is educational; the main object is to give prominence to the Greek department of the college.

Probably this rendition of the play will be the most historically accurate, the most classically pure, since the days of Sophocles himself.

The moving mind is Miss Abbey Leach, professor of Greek at Vassar for the last seven years. In the cast, setting and interpretation of the drama, Prof. Leach has eschewed preconceived ideas of Greek art and Greek drama as preserved by history, sculpture and painting. She has been guided solely by the excavations made at Athens in the last five years—excavations which radically upset the traditional idea of the Greek theater.

Herein does the "Antigone" of Vassar invite the scholastic interest of the world.

Harvard college inaugurated Greek drama in 1883 by a rendition of "Oedipus." Three years later the University of Pennsylvania gave the "Eucharines of Euripides." It was reserved for a woman's college—Smith—to give (in 1887) the first portrayal of "Electra" in the original Greek. It evoked the plaudits of the classical professors of Harvard and Yale, and established the efficiency of the Greek department at Smith.

English versions of three Greek plays have also been cleverly presented—"Antigone" by society people at New Haven and Boston, "Electra" by Prof. Franklin Sargent's dramatic school at the Lyceum theater in New York, and later at Harvard. These plays, both in the Greek and the English, were set in accordance with the traditional idea of Greek unity, symbolism and costuming.

"Antigone" in the original finds its first presentation at Vassar.

Sophocles appeals more directly to modern sympathies than most of the Greek poets. He deals more with human characters and less with gods and goddesses. To him is attributed landscape and scenic

ter, where he has labored with all the love of the artist and the scholar to make the play what he confidently expects it will be—the finest Greek presentation the modern world has yet seen. "It was simply delightful to work with those girls," said Prof. Sargent, speaking of the educational benefits to be derived from the training involved in a Greek play. "Their finely disciplined minds yielded like plastic clay. They grasped every suggestion and responded effectively."

It was interesting to watch as the rehearsals progressed the triumph of mind over matter. Many of the cast never had any previous dramatic experience. The Queen, for instance, when she first came on the stage was bad, very bad. I took her aside and in five minutes put her through some bodily exercise that will serve her for a life-time, as to the carriage of her body and the effect of gesture to betray power or lassitude. She responded in a moment, and that night she had an opportunity to put it to practice at a reception when she entered the room a veritable queen. So wonderfully has she grasped the conception of the character that in the last rehearsals she was radiant and I followed her with admiration. Many didn't know how to walk or dispose of their limbs."

"Delsarte then," we interposed, "has not taken effect at Vassar?"

"No," said Prof. Sargent, "the trouble in all the colleges lies there. Elocution and delsarte do not receive the attention, have not the position in the curriculum they deserve. Eventually they will. The whole cast of 'Antigone' is remarkable and all do surprisingly well," he continued. "The 'Creon' of Miss Bartlett is impressive. She has a magnificent contralto voice and the lines roll magisterially. The 'Antigone,' Miss Slade, is a vocalist, and she is able to give a fine intonation. 'Isonee' is the ingenue, the dainty and poetic. The best role in the play is that of 'Haemon,' the prince, a handsome, dashing, vigorous character. Miss Macauley plays 'Eurydice,' the queen charmingly. Miss Macauley is of the theatrical Macauley family of Louisville, Ky. The best elocutionary work falls to the messengers. The role of the guard is as near comedy as the classic drama reaches."

"The weight of the whole play devolves upon the chorus. All old men who interpret to the audience the import of the parts enacted."

"Every movement by the leading characters is prescribed and laden with symbolic meaning; at the same time latitude for individual expression is given. But not a character makes a movement that is not studied. Every fold of the drapery has its meaning—bespeaks grief or joy."

Mendelssohn's "Antigone" music has been adapted for the chorus, and will be sung with a full orchestral accompaniment. The intoning has been carefully studied.

"Twelve hours a day," said Prof. Sargent, "the chorus has worked over and over, line after line, pose after pose. The work is simply tremendous."

"To what good," was asked, "is all this

190.

CEREMONY

Poughkeepsie evening at the School of Ritter. On the evening of the reception by Mrs. James Fessenden Lucy Elizabeth B.

Wednesday

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Penn Yan, N.

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Hart, Albion

Adams, Mass

Florence Wel

son, Memphis

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Frances King

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Emily Eugen

Muerman, Cle

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Elida Rebecca

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Sketches and Data Furnished by Franklin H. Sargent and by W. H. Antigone, Final Scene, Based on Day, the Scenic Artist.

effect. He was manager and actor as well as playwright.

Of his 113 plays, "Antigone" is conceded to be his masterpiece.

The play, as is well known, centers about Antigone, who goes to her doom because of her deep love for her brother. The king, Creon, has forbidden any one, under penalty of death, to bury Polyneices. Antigone, his sister, buries him, having first vainly sought to enlist the help of her sister, Isonee. She is discovered and brought before the king. She fearlessly avows her deed. By his order she is entombed alive, and hangs herself in her rock-hewn tomb, where her lover follows her and ends his life.

Proficiency in Greek was Professor Leach's first consideration in assigning the cast; physique and dramatic ability secondary. As the elective course prevails at Vassar the best Greek scholars are not confined to any class—Sophomore, Junior or Senior. There are thirty-nine students in the cast. The only male is the guide—Master Taylor, the son of Vassar's president. The part of "Antigone" is taken by Miss Slade of Quincy, Mass. Creon will be taken by Miss Bartlett of Providence, R. I. Isonee by Miss Van Syckel of Flemington, N. J.; Haemon by Miss Presbrey of Providence, R. I.; Eurydice by Miss Macauley of Louisville, Ky.; Terresias by Miss Cooley of Plainfield, N. J.; Guard by Miss Mathes of Memphis, Tenn.; First Messenger by Miss Jolliffe of San Francisco, Cal.; Second Messenger by Miss Tryon of Cambridge, Mass.; Leader of the Chorus by Miss Berry of Forestville, N. Y. Members of the chorus, Misses Barnes, Bennett, Cumming, Crayton, Curtis, Fletcher, Hemans, Kirchner, Learned, Mabie, May, McCarty, Morgan, Myers, Parker, Pratt, Rudmann, Sanders, Simmons, Smith, Twitchell, Utter, Weeks, Welch, White, Wood. Attendants are Misses Enos, Chater, Jones, Waite, Mann, Warner, Turner, Douglas, Morgan and Taylor.

Vassar decided to give a Greek play a year ago. In December last Prof. Leach sought the advice of Prof. Sargent, of the New York Dramatic academy, who so successfully rehearsed the girls at Smith in "Electra."

College authorities, no less than the laity, have no conception, until fully embarked into it, of the labor and expense involved in the preparation of a Greek play.

The cast selected, Prof. Leach summoned to her aid Greek professors from Harvard, Amherst and various other colleges. One renowned expert drilled the cast in the rhythm of the Greek verses; another instructed in the intonation and expression; while another propounded the meaning of Sophocles. Perfect in the lines as erudite Greek professorship could make them, the cast was then turned over to Prof. Sargent. For the past two months he has made two or three trips weekly to Vassar's charming little thea-

ter. Time is taken of course from regular studies."

"Much good in many ways," was the quick response. "More Greek has been learned by the students since this play began than during all their previous study. I have observed that when I ask them to repeat a passage they often explain here and there by inserting Greek words. Greek is henceforth to these girls a living language."

"My own experience substantiates this assertion. I was so poor a Greek scholar at Harvard that to pull through the last year Anglo-Saxon had to be substituted. Subsequently I became professor of elocution at Harvard and took charge of the Greek play. I learned more Greek than I ever did in my college course. So practical was the knowledge of the language thus gleaned that when I went to Athens I was able to talk with the natives."

"A Greek play requires the collegiate atmosphere. Only the highest cultured audience can appreciate it. Still, it is surprising to observe the interest with which the long speeches of some of the characters hold the attention."

Prof. Leach has sacrificed what are known as the "dramatic essentials" in her heroic effort to be true to the classic purity of Sophocles.

As Athens' excavations prove conclusively that the Greek theater had but a single flat stage, and not an upper stage for the chorus, as heretofore believed, "Antigone" will be presented on a flat stage.

All is open. A curtain was unknown to the Greeks.

One scene suffices for the whole action of the play. There is no change of costumes.

The principal characters enter from the middle of the stage in the rear, while the chorus comes in at the sides.

"It is the finest setting I have ever produced," said William Day, who designed the scenery and costumes, as he has for every Greek play given in this country, except the one at Harvard college, which was the work of Frank Millet.

"It has been such a pleasure to work with and interpret the ideas of intellectual people who have given years to the study of this subject. It is a mutual exchange of knowledge."

"The simplicity of the setting," continued Mr. Day, "is in keeping with the ideas I have always tried to follow out in my Lyceum scenery. The palace is white marble, with a portico of Ionic pillars. The floor is a large circle of inlaid yellow, red and black mosaics. A white marble altar stands in the center. A frieze of honeysuckle and lotos in gold, red and blue encircles the walls. Beyond the fluted columns are great distance effects, so that when the chorus enter they look like ants creeping along a country road."

"After all the spectacular effects of modern stage-setting, which makes the play itself subordinate, and which is all

The robes of the female characters are of crepe de chine. "Antigone," a brunette, wears black and silver; "Isonee," a blonde, is in cream and silver; "Eurydice" wears white and gold, while "Haemon's" costume bespeaks the splendor of a prince. The chorus wear long beards, as does the king.

The one departure from the original is the digit stockings which supplement the bare legs and feet inseparable from the traditional sandals which have been reproduced with great care by a New York shoemaker. Fillets, hair-dressings, girdles, all are classically beautiful.

The cost of the play is \$500, all much short of \$500,000, and all much close to the mark. The demand for the play is so great that the college has decided to make the play a life-time production. The college has decided to make the play a life-time production. The college has decided to make the play a life-time production.

It is to be made a permanent part of the college's educational work. The college has decided to make the play a life-time production. The college has decided to make the play a life-time production. The college has decided to make the play a life-time production.

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## "He's a Brick."

Plutarch, in his life of Argesillaus, King of Sparta, gives us the origin of the quaint and familiar expression. On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that though only nominally king of Sparta, he was yet ruler of Greece—and he had looked to see massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defense of the town; but he found nothing of the kind. He marveled much at this, and spoke of it to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for defense. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Argesillaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plains where his army was drawn up in full battle array, and pointing proudly to the serried hosts, he said:

"There, thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick!"

## LADIES' DRESSES.

Miss Phelps answers the question, "What to wear?" by describing with exceeding sharpness what is worn, as follows:

"The girl of the period, sauntering before one down Broadway, is one panorama of surprises from top to toe. Her clothes characterize her. She never characterizes her clothes. She is upholstered, not ornamented. She is bundled, not draped. She is puckered, not folded. She struts, she does not sweep. She has not one of the attributes of nature nor of proper art. She neither soothes the eye like a flower, nor pleases it like a picture. She wears it like a kaleidoscope. She is a meaningless dazzle of broken effects."

She sums up the whole matter in this confession:

"For myself, I confess that I never feel thoroughly ashamed of being a woman, except in glancing over a large, promiscuous assembly, and contrasting the comparative simplicity, solidity, elegance, and good sense of a man's apparel, with the affectation, the flimsiness, the tawdriness, the ugliness, and the imbecility of a woman's."

## LIGHT THINGS.

"What is lighter than a feather?"  
 "The dust that blows in summer weather."  
 "What's lighter than the dust, I pray?"  
 "The wind that blows the dust away."  
 "And what is lighter than the wind?"  
 "The lightness of a woman's mind."  
 "And what is lighter than that last?"  
 "Ah, there, my friend, you have me fast!"  
 —[Electrical Review.]

## SOME INTERESTING DATES.

Dates are generally dry reading; but there is sometimes a significance in the mere grouping of dates, and the reader will find such significance in an attentive consideration of the following events, all occurring, he will observe, within the limits of a little over a century: Postoffices were first established in 1464; printed musical notes were first used in 1473; watches were first constructed in 1476; America was discovered in 1492; the first printing-press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Luther was summoned before the diet of Worms in 1521; Xavier, the first great missionary of modern Christianity, planted the cross in India in 1526; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood-engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1530, the germ of all the busy wheels and looms of ten thousand future factories. Henry VIII. of England finally, and forever, broke with the pope in 1532; Ignatius Loyola founded the order of the Jesuits in 1535; Calvin founded the University of Geneva in 1537; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; Torquato Tasso wrote in 1560; religious liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572; Cervantes wrote *Don Quixote* in 1573; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Kepler, Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590, — these are some of the more important headlands of European history within a single century. — *Rev. Lyman Abbott, in Sunday Afternoon.*

## NO, THANK YOU, TOM.

They met when they were girl and boy,  
 Going to school one day;  
 And "won't you take my peg-top, dear?"  
 Was all that he could say.  
 She bit her little pinafore.  
 Close to his side she came,  
 She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"  
 But took it all the same.

They met one day, the self-same way,  
 When ten swift years had flown;  
 He said, "I've nothing but my heart,  
 But that is yours alone.  
 And won't you take my heart?" he said,  
 And called her by her name.  
 She blushed and said, "No! thank you, Tom,"  
 But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years,  
 Have brought them care and joy,  
 She has the little peg-top still  
 He gave her when a boy.  
 "I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,  
 "I've never brought you fame;"  
 She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,  
 You have loved me all the same."

—Angular writing is now very fashionable with ladies whose epistolary efforts consist of invitations and their replies. If you receive a particularly square-shouldered, two-words-to-

Miss Tinling is one of the late arrivals at the Macqueen, her registry dating from 9:26 yesterday morning. She is on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Tinling, who, strange to relate, she has never met before. The young lady is very reticent, but from her father we learn that her coming was not an entire surprise, and that it is her intention to make quite a lengthy visit. She weighed ten pounds but will undoubtedly increase her avoirdupois under the benign influences of a Montana climate. 8.15.87

## The Fartholdi Statute.

From the New York Independent, Oct. 28.  
 The land that, from the rule of kings,  
 In freeing us, itself made free,  
 Our Old World sister, to us brings  
 Her sculptured Dream of Liberty.

Unlike the shapes on Egypt's sands,  
 Uplifted by the toll-worn slave,  
 On Freedom's soil with freemen's hands  
 We rear the symbol free hands gave.

O France, the beautiful, to thee  
 Once more a debt of love we owe;  
 In peace beneath thy Fleur-de-Lis,  
 We hail a later Rochambeau.

Ride, stately symbol, holding forth  
 Thy light and hope to all who sit  
 In chains and darkness! Belt the earth  
 With watch-fires from thy torch uplift!

Reveal the primal mandate still  
 Which Chaos heard and ceased to be,  
 Trace on mid-air th' Eternal will  
 In signs of fire: "Let man be free!"

Shine far, shine free, a guiding light  
 To Reason's ways and Virtue's aim,  
 A lightning flash the wretch to smite,  
 Who shields his license with thy name.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,  
 OAK KNOLL, Oct. 22, 1886.



## A DAY FOR WEDDINGS.

MANY LOVING COUPLES MADE  
HAPPY YESTERDAY.

The Fleming-Vedder, Richardson-Fill,  
Cox-Emery and Other Marriages—  
Five Bridal Couples in One Car.

There was a brilliant wedding last evening at the residence of Col. V. Vedder, Paymaster United States Army, retired, 1111 Massachusetts avenue, when his only daughter, Miss Belle, was married to Col. Robert I. Fleming. The ceremony was performed at half-past six p. m. by Rev. Rush R. Shippen, of All Souls' Church. There were no bridesmaids or groomsmen. The happy couple stood beneath a large floral bell made of white carnations and edged with white rosebuds and lilies of the valley. The clapper was of purple violets. The bell was suspended from the ceiling at the intersection of four bands or arches made of white chrysanthemums and smilax. The end of the parlor behind the bride and groom was banked from the floor to the ceiling with palms and ferns, forming a wall of living green. Baskets of rare roses stood on the table, piano, etc. The bride wore a rich white satin dress, full court train, corsage cut V-shape and heavily trimmed with duchesse and round point lace. A veil, with orange blossoms, and a pendant and bracelets of diamonds, the gift of the groom, completed the toilet. In place of the usual bouquet she carried a single white rose. Only a few intimate friends were invited to the ceremony. A reception followed from 7 until 10 p. m., which was largely attended. The supper tables were spread in the dining-room, where hangs a large portrait of Abraham Lincoln. The Vedders are second cousins of the great were Judge Cox, Mr. R. C. Fox and daughter, Mrs. Gen. Cutter, Judge and Mrs. Bentley, Chaplain and Mrs. Van Wyck, Senator Morgan and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Willard and Mr. Henry Willard, Dr. and Mrs. Shippen, Mrs. Ware,

### THE OLD TIME FRIENDS.

Mister "Soldier of the Legion," you are dying  
in Algiers,  
And the boy upon "the burning deck" is shed-  
ding bitter tears,  
And we're getting closer—closer to the Hohen-  
linden light,  
And we really fear that curfew's going to ring  
again tonight.

Sir John Moore will be buried in his ancient  
soldier's coat,  
While not a drum is beating, and we hear no  
funeral note,  
And Mary, known to all the girls so very long  
ago,  
Will lead us out that "little lamb" whose  
"fleece was white as snow."

And Cato will tell Plato that he reasons very  
well,  
While Hamlet on the future in soliloquy will  
dwell,  
And we'll hearken on the hilltops, and we'll  
listen in the glade  
To the wonder and the thunder of the charging  
"Light Brigade."

But come, old friends, and lead us to the  
meadows far away,  
For the boys who rang the curfew once are  
getting old and gray,  
And death, the reckless ranger, is thinning  
out the line,  
But in dreams they drift to Bingen—to "Bin-  
gen on the Rhine!"

—Boston Traveler.

## A CENTURY'S WORK.

The Centennial Anniversary of the College  
of Physicians.

An Eloquent Address by Dr. S. Weir Mit-  
chell, the President, Followed by a Recep-  
tion—A Loan Exhibition of Por-  
traits of Former Presidents.

The celebration of the centennial anniver-  
sary of the founding of the College of Physi-  
cians began last night with a meeting at As-  
sociation Hall, an address by Dr. S. Weir  
Mitchell, the distinguished president of the  
body, and a large and brilliant reception af-  
terwards at the college building. Incidental to  
the reception there was a loan exhibi-  
tion of portraits of deceased former presi-  
dents of the college and other distinguished  
medical men and objects of medical interest.  
A large and representative audience was  
gathered in the cosy hall at Fifteenth and  
Chestnut Streets when Dr. Mitchell, accom-  
panied by Vice-President Packard and the  
other officers of the society and the associate  
fellows who will to-day receive their degree,  
ascended the platform. The President's "cen-  
tennial badge" was fastened with a gold pin to  
the lapel of Dr. Mitchell's coat. It was of  
purple silk with the seal of the college stamped  
upon it in gold. As the President stepped for-  
ward he was very cordially greeted.

In a clear, agreeable and well-modulated  
voice he gave in outline a history of the so-  
ciety, with a bright and interesting bits of  
biography of some of its many distinguished  
members of the past. He was applauded with  
a heartiness which testified that his hearers had  
thoroughly enjoyed the scholarly discourse.

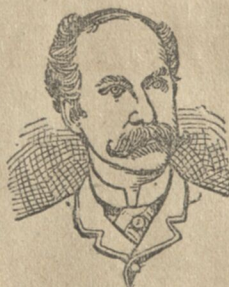
At the end Dr. Mitchell and his associates  
and the whole audience walked round to the



Dr. Alfred Stille.

college building. Dr.  
Mitchell, Dr. Alfred  
Stille, Dr. S. W. Gross,  
Dr. I. M. Hays and  
Dr. J. Ewing Mears,  
who constituted the  
committee of direc-  
tion, had been busy  
all afternoon at the  
office with the best  
results. The whole  
house, from the  
ground floor to the  
superb hall of the  
Mutter Museum on  
the top floor, was  
gay with ropes of  
laurel and gilded  
pots of blooming  
plants. Though the  
attendance was so  
large, the arrange-  
ments were so perfect that there was no crowd-  
ness and everything went with perfect smooth-  
ness.

The portraits and  
the other articles in  
the loan exhibition  
were hung on walls  
or shown in cases in  
the various rooms.  
Among the por-  
traits were those of  
John Redmon, Wil-  
liam Shippen, Adam  
Kuhn, Thomas  
Farke, Thomas T.  
Hewson, deceased  
former presidents of  
the society. Among  
the others were  
those of Edwin A.  
Atlee and John  
Light Atlee, the  
former owned by  
Mrs. R. N. Downs and the latter by the college;  
Franklin Bache, owned by the American  
Philosophical Society; John Rhea Barton,  
owned by Mrs. Edward S. Willing; Phineas  
Bond, one of the first physicians to the Pen-  
sylvania Hospital, owned by Mr. Travis Coch-  
ran; Thomas Cadwalader, physician to the  
Pennsylvania Hospital from 1751 to 1777, owned  
by Dr. Charles S. Cadwalader; Nathaniel  
Chapman, owned by the University of Penn-  
sylvania; Abram Chovel, one of the founders  
of the College of Physicians, owned by the col-  
lege; John Redmon Cox, owned by Miss Cox;  
George Glentworth, another founder, owned  
by Mrs. Caroline Glentworth, of Newark, N. J.;



Dr. S. W. Gross.

Samuel D. Gross, owned by the Jefferson Med-  
ical College; William Harvey, owned by Dr. S.  
Weir Mitchell; Edward Jenner, the great  
teacher of vaccination, owned by Dr. William  
H. Webb; Michael Leib, one of the incorporators  
of the college, owned by Thomas S. Harrison;  
John K. Mitchell, owned by Dr. S. Weir Mit-  
chell; John Morgan, founder of the School of  
Medicine in the United States, owned by Mrs.  
Amelia C. Shields, of Sewicklyville, Pa.; Thos.  
D. Mutter, founder of the Mutter Museum,  
owned by the college; George W. Norris, owned  
by Dr. Wm. F. Norris; J. Rodman Paul, owned  
by Mr. J. R. Paul; Benjamin Rush, owned by  
Miss C. M. Rush, and three others, owned by  
Dr. A. W. Biddle; Samuel Paul Griffiths, an-  
other of the founders of the college, owned by  
the college.



Dr. J. Ewing Mears.

Among the objects of distinctively medical  
interest were the  
watch and cane  
of Dr. Benjamin  
Rush; an original  
prescription by  
Dr. John Hunter,  
the father of Eng-  
lish surgery; some  
curious old tickets  
for lectures at the  
University of  
Pennsylvania in  
the early days,  
printed on the  
backs of playing  
cards; an engraving  
of the Penn-  
sylvania Hospi-  
tal when that in-  
stitution was first  
founded, with the  
farm about it and  
a large number of various old-fashioned surgi-  
cal instruments. The fine fire proof hall of  
the museum itself attracted a great deal of no-  
tice, and the superb graystone fireplace and  
mantel, that was described in detail in THE  
PRESS on Sunday, called forth endless expres-  
sions of admiration.

### PROMINENT VISITORS PRESENT.

Among those present were: Chief Justice  
Mercer, of the Supreme Court; Judge Reed,  
George W. Childs, Mr. and Mrs. Morton P.  
Henry, Dr. Cadwalader Biddle, Mr. and Mrs.  
George Tucker Bispham, Dr. and Mrs. A. L.  
Wistar, Ex-Governor Henry M. Hoyt, Mr. and  
Mrs. William Henry Rawle, George Junkin,  
Miss Fisher, Collector and Mrs. John Cadwala-  
der, Miss Fanny Wharton, William Henry  
Lex, Dr. Robert Cruice, Joseph G. Rosengarten,  
R. M. Cadwalader, Professor MacAllister,  
United States District Attorney Val-  
entine, Samuel Dickson, John Samuel,  
Dr. Joseph Hearn, the Rev. E. D. Baker, the  
Rev. Dr. Samuel Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. J.  
Dundas Lippincott, Mrs. Henry Whelen, Mrs.  
Crawford Arnold, Dr. and Mrs. William Hunt,  
Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Norris, Dr. Chadwick and  
Mrs. Chadwick, of Boston; Mrs. R. L. Ashburst,  
Mrs. J. M. DaCosta, Mr. and Mrs. James Rawle,  
Dr. Thomas Biddle, Dr. William Pepper, Dr.  
and Mrs. H. Earnest Goodman, Miss George,  
Mr. Frank Etting, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Mc-  
Connell, W. Heyward Drayton, Alexander Bid-  
dle, Professor and Mrs. George F. Barker, Miss  
Rush and George Q. Horwitz.

### TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

To-day at noon a meeting of the college will  
take place at the college building, Northeast  
corner of Thirteenth and Locust Streets. Dr.  
Alfred Stille, a former president and fellow  
since 1842, will make an address giving his  
remembrances. The honor of associate fellow-  
ship will then be conferred upon Dr. W. H.  
Draper, of New York, a son of the  
great chemist, Dr. R. Howard Palmer,  
of Montreal; Dr. Hunter Maguire, of Rich-  
mond, president of the American Surgical As-  
sociation; Dr. G. C. Shattuck, of Boston; Dr. T.  
Gaillard Thomas, of New York; Dr. D. W.  
Cheever, of Boston; Dr. J. C. Whitaker,  
of Cincinnati; Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Mil-  
waukee; Dr. H. P. Bowditch, of Boston,  
and Dr. D. W. Yandell, of Louisville.  
All of the gentlemen who have been chosen for  
the honor are expected to be present to receive  
the degree in person, except Dr. Reeve, of Day-  
ton, and Dr. Yandell, of Louisville, who are ill.  
After the conferring of degrees Dr. J. M. Da  
Costa will deliver an address of welcome and  
appropriate replies will be made.

The celebration will close with a dinner in  
the assembly room of the Union League to-  
night, at which Dr. Mitchell will preside. Be-  
sides the resident fellows of the college there  
will be present at the dinner from other cities  
Dr. Fordyce Barker, New York; Dr. John S.  
Billings, United States Army; Dr. Traill Green,  
professor of chemistry at Lafayette College,  
and the new associate fellows.



An Interesting and Scholarly Discourse on  
the College.

A full summary of Dr. Mitchell's eloquent address follows:

"We are met this evening to commemorate the hundredth birthday of the oldest medical society in America which is not a state organization. One hundred years ago the grave and kindly man whose portrait hangs above me at our meetings, met the Fellows of this ancient college as their first president.

"The history of any profession in connection with the progress and growth of a new country is of the utmost interest, and of no profession is this more true than of ours. The bar, the army, the navy, and, in other lands, the church, have distinct natural relations to the Government, but the physician has none, and in monarchical countries this fact has served to create for him annoying social limitations which are but too slowly fading as communities grow into intelligent disregard of feudal traditions.

"But in New lands, peopled by the self-selection of the fittest, the physician is sure to take and keep the highest place, and to find open to him more easily than to others wealth, social place, and, if he desire it, the higher service of the state. Nowhere was this more true than in this city. In New England the clergy were for a long time dominant. In New York then, as now, commercial success was the surest road to social position. South of it was the landholder, who ruled with undisputed sway. But in this city—I may say in this State—from the first settlement until to-day the physician has held an almost unquestioned and somewhat curious preeminence. His record and character of "the remarkable group of physicians, the friends and co-religionists of Penn." Edward Jones, Thomas Wynne, Thomas Lloyd, Griffith Owen, "deputy-governor under Penn, president of Council, Keeper of the Great Seal," and their immediate successors were briefly sketched as completing the first century of medicine in Pennsylvania.

THE ORIGINAL FOUNDERS OF THE COLLEGE.

"It would seem that the college was organized some time in 1786. The first meeting of which we have a minute took place on January 2, 1787.

"On that 2d of January, 1787, in the evening, in a little house used by the University, and known as Surgeons' Hall, on Fifth Street, South of Library, assembled a portion of the notable group of men who then constituted the college. By the dim light of candles, for which we have found the modest bill, clad after the fashion of the day, some in Quaker dress and some in knee-breeches, silk stockings, and low shoes with buckles, most of them carrying, I fancy, the good headed cane, and the meditative snuff-box, some with queues or powdered wigs, a fading fashion, were John Jones, William Shippen, Jr., Adam Kuhn, Benjamin Rush, Thomas Parke Gerardus Clarkson, Samuel Duffield, James Hutchinson, William W. Smith, Andrew Ross, William Clarkson, James Hall, William Currie. The full roll of fellows and junior fellows in January, 1787, adds the names of John Rodman, John Morgan, George Glentworth, Abraham Chovet, Benjamin Say, Samuel Powel Griffiths, Benjamin Duffield, John Morris, John Carson, John Foulke, Robert Harris. Before our charter was obtained in 1789 there were added Nathan Dorsey, John R. B. Rodger,

THE GREATEST PHYSICIAN OF THIS COUNTRY.

After sketches of the other founders, the speaker described "the vivid and emphatic personality of Dr. Benjamin Rush:"

Look at his portrait by Sully in our hall. It has the scholar's hands, the largely modeled head, the contemplative blue eyes of the observer, the nose and chin strong, firm and level, and a trace of the too critical tendencies of the mouth, and the lines of the lips, with a general expression of tranquil benevolence, a face like the man's life and character, full of dissimilars, with a grand total of good. He was a statesman, a scholar, an army surgeon, a punctual and careful physician, an actively religious man, a far-seeing and courageous philanthropist, and a sanitarian far in advance of his day. These are what I might call four careers. When timid men fell out of the Continental Congress he was elected to that body, that he might sign the Declaration of Independence, and was the only physician whose name is on that energetic arrangement of the Crown. He criticised Washington with his usual courage and with a severity in which at that time he was not alone, and, although later in life he somewhat relented, he never quite forgot the bitterness. As regards the patriotism of Rush there can be no doubt. Let me add, as a thoughtful physician, that no one can read what he wrote—and I have read most of it—without a strong sense of his sagacious and intelligent originality and admiration of his clear and often fervid style. He has been called the American Sydenham. He was not, as I see it, so great a physician, but, taking his whole career—and both were earnest republicans—Rush was the larger personage, and surely, next to Franklin, the greatest citizen of Pennsylvania.

THE HEROIC WORK OF THE COLLEGE IN  
YELLOW FEVER.

After speaking briefly of Caspar Wistar, Jr., with "a face thoughtful above and below alive with promise of genial companionship," "at 16 on the battlefield at Germantown," as an old man founder of the "Wistar parties," "Decorous, suave, honorable and courteous, he forgot nothing but injuries," the speaker took up the relation of the college and its members to public affairs, displayed in advice in all affairs of health and quarantine to the city, State and General Government, "but in epidemics, to the physician his battlefield." After speaking of "the calm, good sense of the letter of public advice which the college addressed to the Mayor," at the approach of the pestilence of 1793, and "the quiet councils, the talk as to treatment," with which the members prepared for the terrible ordeal in this year, Dr. Mitchell said:

ear, Dr. Mitchell said: "To speak of this awful Summer is to speak of a population degraded by the very insanity of fear. The rich died first, and at last almost all who could go. In round numbers, Philadelphia had 6000 houses and 49,000 souls. Some 3000 houses were closed. Twelve thousand persons fled to the country. Carey says 17,000. Of those left behind, 10,000 took the fever, and one-third of these died. Before this appalling high-rate, all but a rare few gave way. The churches were shut; most of the weekly papers ceased to appear. For the laborer there was no work. At last family ties were broken, men fled from their dearest, whole families deserted the bed where the father lay dying, nurses were hardly to be had, and still the sombre death-cart went its nightly round with its negro driver, and in answer to the dreary cry, 'Fetch out your dead,' corpses were lowered from open windows on to the cart, backed up on to the sidewalk, or were carried out in haste to be put across the shaft of what was called a chair, and hurried away for swift burial."

-There were physicians who fled from this more deadly horror, but in the thick of it I find no names of our Fellows. Through all of these sad years we find always ready, always dutiful, the best of the men whose lives I have sketched. None failed us. Surely this is a record to look back upon with that pride which nourishes good example, the man who has suffered, and regret, careers cut short, and yet desire to preserve their remembrance.

"Nor could humanity resign  
Each hour which bade her heart beat high,  
And blazoned duty's stainless shield,  
And set a star in honor's sky.

THE HERITAGE OF THE COLLEGE PRESERVED.

"Meanwhile the battle as to contagion and importation and bleeding and emetics and calomel raged with a fury of personalities for which it is difficult to account, leading to the formation of the short-lived Academy of Medicine. These virulent intellectual duels ceased by degrees. Our early years produced a few notable essays, but as I look forward over our minutes up to 1820 the papers are fewer. In some years there is not one. Often there is no quorum. It is difficult to explain the intellectual inactivity of the college in these years. It was rather paresis than paralysis, inertness than want of power. But why did we survive at all? We were saved, I fancy, by that which preserves the vitality of families—great traditions which nourish pride and the conservative power of property.

PROSPERITY RETURNS TO THE COLLEGE

"We met first on Fifth Street. In 1791 we carried ourselves and our modest library—one case of books—to the Philosophical Society rooms, whence we journeyed to the Mercantile Library building, then on Fifth Street, and in 1854 to the little house on Spruce, within the hospital grounds. The debates used to be sharp in those days. There was Wood in the chair, most courteous of men, gently formal, and of ever ready kindness to younger physicians; a peace-making presence when the too positive Condie was raging in debate, and Charles Meigs, with his poetic nature and talk of singular freshness, was spurred to sharp reply, and Hodge grew graver and yet more sedate, and Bach sat ready to drop with deliberate slowness of contradiction on the inaccurate. You

will forgive my gossip. I should like to believe that our Juniors have reason to look up to us as we did to these men. A crown seemed as remote to me then as the chair which, by your grace, I now hold.

"We owe our present home chiefly to the liberality of George B. Wood, to George Fox, and to the unceasing efforts of Isaac Hays. In 1855 our building fund, by careful nursing, had grown to \$16,000. Our first large accession came from Wood. In the same year, Thomas Dent Mutter offered to give us his museum and to leave us an endowment of \$30,000, on condition of a fireproof shelter. Gift after gift from Dr. Wood followed—not less than \$10,000 in all, and in 1863 we moved to our present hall, to which we have put of the added hall and story containing the new office and plans. The gift of Dr. Mutter at once grew into importance by the addition of Mutter's gift, and is now one of the most valuable and interesting collections in America. The library, which owed its first gift and legacy of books to John Morgan, now numbers nearly 38,000 volumes and some 20,000 pamphlets, and is second in America only to that in Washington.

'I like to think of the book-loving men to whom we owe this collection. Morgan, the scholarly; Hays, editor for fifty-three years of the best medical journal the world has seen; McCreton Stille, too early dead, with his half-used store of varied learning; Wood, Boston, Muttet, Gross, the great surgeon; Hodge, the anatomist; the best of them, that I call the modest scholar, who once said to me in his odd way: 'I like the men who are like books, and that is why I like Samuel Lewis.'

[illegible]

There has not been offered the leadership of the Government in the House of Commons, but that will naturally revert to him after the present lead of Mr. W. H. Smith. Lord Salisbury has assured Lord Hartington that he is trying, with some hope of success, to overcome the reluctance of the Conservatives to accept Lord Hartington as prime minister.

Sometimes think God sends us what we cry  
 And sigh for years, in vain;  
 To show how poor the things we pine for,  
 And how replete with pain.  
 The heart can know no greater sorrow  
 Than comes with the confession,  
 That all the weary years of waiting,  
 Were better than possession.



### WHILE I LIVE BE TRUE.

Make me no vows of constancy, my friend,  
To love me, though I die, the whole life long,  
And love no other till thy days shall end—  
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;  
I would not reach out of my quiet grave  
To bind thy heart if it should choose to go—  
Love should not be a slave.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,  
If, after dark, my soul should linger here;  
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,  
Love's presence, warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully  
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe  
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me,  
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead  
The praises which remorseful mourners give  
To woman's graves—a tardy recompense—  
But speak them while I live.

Forget me while I die! The violets . . .  
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,  
Nor miss thy tears; e'en Nature's self forgets,  
But while I live be true!

### A PUZZLE.

Suppose a man and girl were married,—and which is, of course impossible,—that at the time of the hy-menal contract the man was thirty-five years old and the girl five, which makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten years old; this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they live until she is fifteen, the man being forty-five, this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old, this makes the man sixty, only twice as old. And now, as we have not the time to work it out, perhaps some one will be good enough to tell us how long they would have to live to make the girl as old as the man.

### A FEW HANDY THINGS TO KNOW.

If all men were to pay as they go, there would be less going and more paying.

A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks.

In using cloves for pickles or preserves the blossom end should be removed, as this darkens the liquid with which it is cooked.

If roses are wilted before they can be placed in water, immerse the ends of the stalks in very hot water for a minute or two, and they will regain their pristine freshness.

A little bag of mustard laid on the top of the pickle-jar will prevent the vinegar from becoming moldy if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled.

Sometimes the lampwick obstinately refuses to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side while the other runs up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form, and give an even flame when lighted.

### FALLING IN LOVE.

The Surest Guide for the Ultimate Happiness of Races and Individuals.

Short men as a rule prefer tall women, while tall men admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction towards one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of falling in love, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course, we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities; instinct works far more intuitively than that; but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human institutions, love at first sight.

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these, our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go; marriage for rank may go; marriage for position may go; but marriage for love, I believe and trust will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the voice of Nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—*Grant Allen, in Fortnightly Review.*

READING.—But there is great reason to fear that, what with the newspapers, the magazines, and the art galleries, and the museums and theatres, and facility with which we can get other people to gossip with us when we are both idle and lazy, the number of those who can or ever do read a book—even a novel, even a poor novel—is rapidly declining. In fact, we fear that any one who inquired among his friends, outside the professor and professional literary men, would find that the number of those who now ever read a serious book of any kind is exceedingly small, and that those who read even novels is growing smaller. Most men who have not kept up the habit of reading, in fact, go to sleep over a serious book almost immediately, and throw down a novel after a few pages, if the plot does not thicken rapidly, or the incidents are few. The thoughtful novel, such as George Eliot's, filled with reflection and speculation, would fare much worse now, even coming from an author of her powers, than it did thirty years ago. The newspaper is fast forming the mental habits of this generation; and, in truth, even this is getting to be too heavy, unless the articles or extracts are very short. The reader begins more and more to resent being asked to keep his attention fixed on any one subject for more than five minutes. In short, any one who flatters himself during the busy years of an active career, when he does no reading but newspaper reading, that he is going to become a reader of books at a later period when he gets more leisure, may rest assured that he is greatly mistaken. When leisure comes, he will find that a serious book will tire him or send him asleep in ten minutes, just as a dumb bell would tire a long-unused arm. To be able to read continuously for long periods, at any time of life, just as to be able to row or walk or ride, one must keep in practice year after, by doing more or less of it every day or at least every week. The man who finds that he shrinks from a book and longs for a Sunday paper, may feel assured that he is mentally "out of condition."—*The Nation*







# ocate.

T.

subtile alpaca and bombazine or cassimere, and a cashmere shawl wrapped deftly around the whole by a subtle artificer in Balmoral castle.

Simultaneously with their entrance the steward's sagacious and supple mongrel of the canine species leaped toward the monomaniacs from his sinecure position on the squalid mattress of the matron's office bedstead. Usually docile but hungry, the dog was always fertile in resources and apt to make an opponent of every aspirant for the penitentiary. Its sudden and sonorous howls, unlike the soft sighing of the wind on the subsidence of a storm in the forest, were indicative of splenetic wrath worthy of a virago. With lamentably indecorous pathos the men shouted, "Begone to the antipodes, the horizon, or the zenith," and directly fled into the International Museum, the door of which opened immediately at their peremptory demand.

Now that the epoch of their ominous ordeal was past, with jaunty air and hypocritical railery the scathless villains made inquiry of a courteous adult agriculturist for a catalogue of the curiosities in the museum. According to placards and advertisements its sale was obligatory in this alleged venue. "Brethren," said he, "the robust and florid florist yonder has one on a salver."

They purloined a volume, and, although it lacked a preface, its contents were indisputably and without pretense not an incomparable romance. It gave the apparent area of the mall in Berlin; named the cognomen of him who wrote a biography of the Magi; took cognizance of the process of lithography

connected with sovereignty, and the irrevocable precedents of parliamentary law in precedent ages; illustrated by the process of lithography the obsequies of Clive Newcome's wife's patronizing parent; dilated on the acoustic facilities required for the extempore patriotic vocables of the enervated juveniles in the Legislature; exposed abstractly the leaven of error in the seven sacraments of Rome; recited the project of a sanguine but covetous financier to avoid the disaster of a deficit, and to increase the increase of assets in the national finances; expatiated, with the philanthropic research of a vehement allopathist, on the futile vagary of a homeopathic practitioner to use nauseous quinine and morphine, powdered under a pestle, as a restorative or a preventive of nausea in erysipelas, bronchitis, or scrofula; but it said nothing about the ratio of rapine or of a recreant and lenient police to the squalor of wan communists, or whether another presentation would quash the indictment against them which had been already interdicted.

Among the specialties to be seen in the suite of rooms in the museum there were the following: A breeches Bible; an old bellows; a piece of a gallows that had been made from an acclimated elm; the score of a new pianist's burlesque quadrille tune; some aerated bread; a stuffed dromedary; a bottle of Worcestershire sauce; the daguerreotype of a buoy; meerschauts; clapboards; a greasy tarpaulin; the helm, a sliver of the bowsprit, and the boatswain's whistle from the brigantine *Calliope*; the lapel of the vizier's coat and the visor of his deaf coadjutor's cap; a bestial satyr made of caoutchouc; some tepid and volatile tartaric acid to kill coral insects; a plaited seine; the slough of a snake which the college provost and the provost marshal had killed in the lime-kiln, near the great Slough of Despond; some bitumen for fuel; microscopes; a sardonox or alabaster column from arctic and hyperborean Asia; all the apparatus of telegraphy; carbines for cavalry; platinum; a dish of carrot soup with a sixty carat diamond in the bottom; pincers; coffee; an onyx like an orange; a camelopard with engorged jugular and abdomen; quoits made of resolvable pyrites from a meteorolite, which were notable as having been thrown with

## A PRONUNCIATION TEST.

A great many pronunciation tests have been written and printed. Some have been useful; others have not been.

The Rev. William Durant, a cultivated Presbyterian minister, lately prepared the following collection of words more or less used in reading and conversation.

He is a neighbor of the editor of *The Christian Advocate*, and has printed this only in a local paper which circulates in the suburb of New York where he lives. I have read it carefully and think that it contains most of the words, in general or frequent use, which persons are likely to mispronounce. Whoever can pronounce these words correctly will seldom be caught in a serious mistake. I place it here that young Ladies and Gentlemen who read this paper may have both profit and amusement from it. Procure a Dictionary when you are at home or in a social company, and set one of your number to reading. Whenever a pronunciation is criticised turn at once to the Dictionary, and if there has been an error let the next one begin to read at the place where the first broke down, and so on till the whole is read. Thus you will master the pronunciation of the words according to the Standard Dictionary and have a great deal of diversion in the reading:

Last Tuesday, fortnight, the blasphemous and sacrilegious Aaron Cromwell, alias Endymion Disraeli, entered the ornate legislative hall of Cincinnati. He will be remembered as the slothful but servile secretary and ally of the alien Italian minister extraordinary, accredited to the isolated and hospitable Hawaiian islands. Having inveigled an idle ruffian, a brigand from Palestine, in the onerous scheme, he bade him fasten a tiny pristine idol with gum-arabic beneath the corridor of the cupola, near the roof. The figure of this false god had been encased, with much ceremony, in cerements of

## COLUMBIA."

Sung in Independence Saturday.  
Columbia," written  
es, will be sung in  
ring the exercises of  
y are as follows:

and!  
born band,  
in Freedom's cause,  
in Freedom's cause,  
ar was gone  
alor woe,  
our boast,  
t cost,  
prize,  
e skies.

be,  
liberty.  
a joined,  
shall find.

ores around,  
ave found!  
who once were foes!  
who once were foes!  
rens have gained  
e unchained!  
new-born,  
ous morn,  
athers signed  
ver blind!

heaven shall burn,  
ades return,  
ling sun  
ill are One.

of steel,  
a crimson seal,  
names shall read!  
names shall read!  
that led,  
r all—was shed.  
children's debt,  
or forget  
n key  
Liberty!

heaven shall burn,  
s return,  
g sun  
are One!

ad free,  
to seat  
at still pursue!  
at still pursue!  
a zone to zone,  
and thine own!  
ply ties,  
arise—  
e lend—  
lend!

heaven shall burn,  
s return,  
ag sun  
are One!



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To love me, though I die, the whole life long,  
And love no other till thy days shall end—  
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

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Short men as a rule prefer tall women, while tall men admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction towards one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of falling in love, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course, we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities; instinct works far more intuitively than that; but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human institutions, love at first sight.

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these, our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go; marriage for rank may go; marriage for position may go; but marriage for love, I believe and trust will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the voice of Nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders.—*Grant Allen, in Fortnightly Review.*

READING.—But there is great reason to fear that, what with the newspapers, the magazines, and the art galleries, and the museums and theatres, and facility with which we can get other people to gossip with us when we are both idle and lazy, the number of those who can or ever do read a book—even a novel, even a poor novel—is rapidly declining. In fact, we fear that any one who inquired among his friends, outside the professor and professional literary men, would find that the number of those who now ever read a serious book of any kind is exceedingly small, and that those who read even novels is growing smaller. Most men who have not kept up the habit of reading, in fact, go to sleep over a serious book almost immediately, and throw down a novel after a few pages, if the plot does not thicken rapidly, or the incidents are few. The thoughtful novel, such as George Eliot's, filled with reflection and speculation, would fare much worse now, even coming from an author of her powers, than it did thirty years ago. The newspaper is fast forming the mental habits of this generation; and, in truth, even this is getting to be too heavy, unless the articles or extracts are very short. The reader begins more and more to resent being asked to keep his attention fixed on any one subject for more than five minutes. In short, any one who flatters himself during the busy years of an active career, when he does no reading but newspaper reading, that he is going to become a reader of books at a later period when he gets more leisure, may rest assured that he is greatly mistaken. When leisure comes, he will find that a serious book will tire him or send him asleep in ten minutes, just as a dumb bell would tire a long-unused arm. To be able to read continuously for long periods, at any time of life, just as to be able to row or walk or ride, one must keep in practice year after, by doing more or less of it every day or at least every week. The man who finds that he shrinks from a book and longs for a Sunday paper, may feel assured that he is mentally "out of condition."—*The Nation*



DIDN'T ASK HER RIGHT.—Mr Burdette insists that he overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows on board a train: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Keep quiet. I have the floor. Not half an hour before you said to Mr. Puffer: 'Come let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm and not giving him a chance to decline. When we met John O'Howdy on our way to luncheon you said: 'Just in time, John; come take lunch with us.' And then to-night, when we found the train an hour late, you looked at your watch, turned to me, and said in a questioning way: 'Would you like a cup of coffee?' And I did want it: I was tired and a little hungry, but I would have fainted before I would have accepted such an invitation. And you went away a little bit vexed with me and had your coffee and bread and butter by yourself and didn't enjoy it very much. In effect you said to me: 'If you want a cup of coffee, if you really want it, I will buy it for you.' You are the best husband in the world, but do as nearly all the best husbands do. Why do you men seem to dole things out to your wives when you

fairly throw them to the men you know? Why don't you invite me heartily as you invite men? 'Why didn't you say: 'Come let's get a little coffee and something, and take me right along with you? You wouldn't say to a man: 'Would you like me to go and buy you a cigar?' Then why did you always issue your little invitations to treats in that way to me? Indeed, indeed, my dear husband if men would only act toward their wives as heartily, cordially, frankly as they do toward the men whom they meet, they would find cheerier companions at home than they could at the club."

pronoun I (ob) are formed regularly by adding an s (obs), the same way as with every noun. Adjectives and verbs can be formed from every noun by adding the syllables "ik" or "on." Certain syllables are used to save memorizing a large vocabulary; an instance is the syllable "le," which when prefixed to any word, expresses the same general idea in a larger degree. House in Volapuk is "dom." The prefix gives the word "ledom" meaning palace. The syllable "lu" prefixed to a word denotes the same idea in a smaller sense. Using the same example, "ludom" is cottage. These two syllables alone save the memorizing of one hundred words. Out of a classification of nine hundred words it is necessary to memorize but three hundred and two syllables. Volapuk is so arranged that in translation all peculiarities of

style are retained. To one accustomed to the sound of the language it seems strange, but its harmony grows upon the ear. The whole grammar is contained in four small pages.



## The New Universal Language.

JOHN MARTIN SCHLEYER,

INVENTOR OF VOLAPUK.

The venerable man of whom we give a portrait, will be better known to posterity than he is to his contemporaries, as the inventor of Volapuk, the universal language first published in the year 1880.

John Martin Schleyer is a scholar and a linguist of some celebrity. He was born in the Grand Duchy of Baden in 1831, and is not as old a man as he looks. His invention of Volapuk was a great intellectual feat. This universal language has gained a firm footing in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, Italy, France, Sweden, and especially in Austria and in Syria and Arabia, having been introduced also into Russia (south), America, Asia, and the north of Africa. It has a vocabulary of seventeen thousand words. These are printed with the grammar. When a few months ago, the Volapukists held their grand international congress at Munich, and most of the countries of Europe sent representatives, the good repute of America for enlightened curiosity was saved by one gentleman from Cincinnati. Henry Schleyer, the inventor of the language, took the chair in the name of the associations of France. He explained that Volapuk was not meant to suppress other tongues, but only to supply a new one for the common purposes of all mankind, and in particular for the promotion of universal brotherhood. The inventor hopes to induce the German government to admit Volapuk to the list of languages transmissible by telegraph within the empire. In Denmark it has been officially recommended to telegraph clerks as a subject of study. The knowledge of it spreads rapidly in France. According to the prospectus of the *Volapuk-Almanach* for 1888, there are in Germany and Austria alone some twenty thousand amateurs or masters of this eighty-year-old "word-language."

Volapuk means world's speech, vol, meaning world, and puk, speech. The language consists of the best of over twenty tongues, omitting their irregularities. The most is taken from the English language, the other being represented according to their importance. The pronunciation is arranged to be easy for all nations; the letter "R," therefore, is seldom used. If that letter is contained in English words when brought into Volapuk, it is changed to L. All the letters are English. The consonants are pronounced as in English, and the vowels like Spanish. Every word is spelt phonetically, there being no silent letters. The rules of the Volapuk grammar have no exception. It even goes so far that plurals from the

BUT I'VE NOT DONE with Hamlet yet, for thoroughly apropos of what I have written about some of his impersonations, comes in this result of a series of questions recently asked by the puzzle editor of Labouchere's London Truth.

Here are the questions and answers:

1. Who is the most popular character in Shakespeare?—Hamlet.
2. The most admirable of his heroes?—Henry V.
3. The most lovable of his heroines?—Juliet.
4. The most natural of his villains?—Iago.
5. The most dramatic of his plays?—"Macbeth."
6. The most beautiful from a literary point of view?—"Hamlet."
7. The most popular quotation?—"To be or not to be." From "Hamlet."
8. The most perfect incidental lyric?—"Where the bee sucks," etc. From the "Tempest."
9. The most humorous character?—Falstaff.

In commenting on the above the aforesaid puzzle editor remarks:

It may be interesting to readers to know that in most cases the names, etc., quoted secured their places by large majorities. Thus, Hamlet was given as the most popular character in Shakespeare by 523 competitors, whilst Portia, who came next, had only 379. Next, but far behind again, came Juliet and Falstaff. There was no such overwhelming weight of opinion, though, in deciding on Henry V as the most admirable of Shakespeare's heroes. Hamlet, the Danish Prince, very nearly scored as many votes as the English King, the totals being 292 for Harry of Agincourt, and 261 for Hamlet. Of the many other heroes named, Romeo, Antonio, Orlando and Coriolanus were most in favor. Juliet secured her place as the most lovable of Shakespeare's heroines by exactly 150 votes more than Rosalind. Portia was close behind Rosalind, and after her came Cordelia and Ophelia. There was no doubt whatever as to Iago's name occurring most often in answer to question No. 4, no fewer than 531 lists containing it. Shylock was a very bad second; and after him came Cassius, Macbeth, Richard III, and Hamlet's uncle. Macbeth was adjudged the most dramatic of Shakespeare's plays by 325 competitors, whilst 214 named "Hamlet," 171 "The Merchant of Venice," 169 "King Lear," 142 "Othello." Question No. 6 caused an exceptionally great diversity of opinion. "Hamlet" secured the first place amongst the plays named by only 196 votes to 179 given for "The Midsummer Night's Dream." The other plays which secured over 100 votes were "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Julius Caesar." "To be or not to be" was selected as the most popular short quotation by 299 competitors, "There is a tide," &c., taking the second place with 227. For "All the world's a stage," &c., 199 voted; and "What's in a name" and "One touch of nature" tied with 174 votes each. Equally large was the majority which declared "Where the bee sucks," &c., to be the most perfect incidental lyric written by Shakespeare, the number of competitors giving it being 258, as compared with 205 who selected "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind!" "Sigh no more, ladies!" secured 151 votes, and "Hark, hark, the lark!" 165. As to question No. 9, there was such a large majority in favor of Sir John Falstaff as to make his position wholly unassailable. He had in fact only one rival who approached within hundreds of him, and that was Touchstone.

So I hope I've made it clear what an important fellow Hamlet is on the stage, and I hope, also, that young Mr. Clarke will score a hit in the part.



# GAINING OUR CHILDREN'S CONFIDENCE.

—Few mothers really think what a grave error they are committing in repelling the confidence of their little ones. The time may come, all too soon, when the children who are thus repelled, will refuse to have confidence in mamma, when she would give all she holds dear in the world to gain it. Children must have somebody to talk to and confide in, and if mother does not have time to listen to them, is it any more than natural that they will seek a confidant elsewhere? And who knows what wrong and harmful counsel and advice that person may give your boy or girl? You may say, perhaps, that your boy or girl never cared to confide in you; they always preferred outside confidants. If so, mothers, whose fault is it? A mother is her child's natural protector. And if her child turns from her to seek counsel from others, then in nine cases out of ten, the mother must have woefully failed in her duty.

In their baby days mamma is always ready with her sympathy, when they come to her with their little grievances or troubles. If she is always ready to point out the right way to the small lads and lasses, to listen to the why and wherefore of each mistake, failure or success, if she is always a ready and willing sharer of all their little secrets, then her children will always consider her what she should be, the very best confidant they could have in the world. And the child who confides in mother all his or her secrets, whether they be great or small, is safe. For what boy or girl can go astray when they have nothing hid from mamma?—*American Agriculturist for May.*

## OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

Apropos of the coming coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, it is a curious fact that there have been seven uncrowned English queens. The first was Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I, who had spent so much money in conquering Wales and endeavoring to subdue Scotland, that there was none to spend on a coronation. The second, third, fourth and fifth were Jane Seymour, Anne of Clives, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr, to none of whom did Henry VIII think best to call too much public attention. Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles I, had scruples that compelled her to decline the honor, rather would she remain uncrowned than partake of the sacrament administered by the prelate of a Protestant church; Sophia Dorothea, queen of George I, differed too early with her boorish husband to be available when he ceased to be elector and became king. Seventh and last was the unfortunate and frivolous Caroline of Brunswick, consort of George IV, who was not even allowed to be a spectator at George's coronation, but was locked out of the abbey.

The Princess of Wales has done much to revive the fast vanishing industries of Wales. She founded the Welsh Industries association, is its president, and in every way fosters the weaving of woolen and flannel dress goods, other fabrics, embroideries and pottery made in the houses of the poor people of Wales.

Mrs. Margaret Caudle.  
Nestor.  
Owen Meredith.  
Parson Lot.  
Peter Plymley.  
Philisides.  
Pisistratus Caxton.  
Pisistratus Brown.  
Artemus Ward.  
An American Girl Abroad.  
Boston Bard.  
Brick Pomeroy.  
Christopher Crowfield.  
Geoffrey Crayon.  
E. D. E. N.  
Edmund Kildare.

Douglas Jerrold.  
Sir Richard Steele.  
Edward R. Bulwer.  
Charles Kingsley.  
Sydney Smith.  
Sir Philip Sydney.  
Edward G. Bulwer-Lytton.  
William Black.  
Charles F. Browne.  
Miss Trafton.  
Robert S. Coffin.  
Mark M. Pomeroy.  
Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.  
Washington Irving.  
Mrs. Southworth.  
James R. Gilmore.  
Melville D. Langdon.  
Susan Warner.  
Sarah Payson Willis Barton.  
W. Gilmore Simms.  
Miss Mary Abigail Dodge.  
Mrs. Sara J. Lippincott.  
Charles G. Leland.  
Donald G. Mitchell.  
George H. Derby.  
Henry W. Shaw.  
Seba Smith.  
Mary Virginia Terhune.  
Samuel L. Clemens.  
Charles H. Clarke.  
Charles B. Lewis.  
B. P. Shillaber.  
George William Curtis.  
Robert H. Newell.  
John T. Trowbridge.  
Edward Eggleston.  
David Ross Locke.  
Charles G. Halpine.  
J. G. Holland.  
Whitelaw Reid.  
Charlotte Tucker.  
F. B. Harte.  
W. F. Cody.  
C. C. Coffin.  
J. M. Bailey.  
Washington Irving.  
A. M. Griswold.  
G. A. Townsend.  
Charles Fosdick.  
Mrs. Helen Jackson.  
F. J. Fergus.  
Jean Paul Richter.  
C. H. Miller.  
H. W. Longfellow.  
Jonathan Swift.  
W. T. Adams.  
A. W. Tourgee.  
Louise de la Rame.  
{ S. C. Goodrich.  
{ William Martin.  
{ Benjamin Franklin.  
{ D. H. Strother.  
{ Daniel Defoe.  
{ John MacGregor.  
{ J. C. Haliburton.  
{ Miss R. S. Clarke.  
{ Thomas Hughes.  
{ E. Z. C. Judson.  
{ Rev. Samuel Fiske.  
{ Mortimer N. Thompson.  
{ James Russell Lowell.  
{ Charles Astor Bristed.  
{ Mme. Amantine Dadevant.  
{ Mrs. Emily Judson.  
{ Mrs. Laura C. Searing.  
{ Myra Daisy McCrum.  
{ Mrs. D. Lothrop.  
{ Mrs. J. T. Clarke.  
{ Richard Harris Barham.  
{ Mrs. Jennie C. Croly.  
{ Anna L. Johnson.  
{ (Mrs. Joaquin Miller.)  
{ Mrs. Clara Mundt.  
{ J. W. Morris.  
{ Elizabeth Akers Allen.

## WHO ?

[We gave the pseudonyms last month, and now add the real names.]

Boz.	Charles Dickens.
Christopher North.	John Wilson.
Chrystal Croftangry.	Walter Scott.
Lawrence Templeton.	Walter Scott.
Currer Bell.	Charlotte Bronte.
Edward Search.	William Hazlitt.
Elia.	Charles Lamb.
George Eliot.	Mrs. Marian L. Cross.
George Fitzdoodle.	Wm. M. Thackeray.
Isaac Bickerstaff.	Jonathan Swift.
M. B. Drapier.	Jonathan Swift.
John Gillford.	John R. Green.
Junius.	Sir Philip Francis (probably).
Martinus Scriblerus.	Alexander Pope.
Mathew Bramble.	Andrew MacDonald.

Oliver Optic.  
One of the Fools.  
Ouida.  
Peter Parley.  
Poor Richard.  
Porte Crayon.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Rob Roy.  
Sam Slick.  
Sophie May.  
Tom Brown.  
Ned Buntline.  
Dunn Browne.  
Q. K. Philander Doesticks.  
Hosea Biglow.  
Carl Benson.  
George Sand.  
Fanny Forester.  
Howard Glyndon.  
Daisy Howard.  
Margaret Sydney.  
Esther Converse.  
Thomas Ingoldsby.  
Jennie June.  
Minnie Myrtle.  
Louisa Mühlbach.  
K. N. Pepper.  
Florence Percy.



# DATES OF SOME NOTABLE EVENTS.

America discovered by the Northmen, A. D., 985; by Columbus, 1492, Oct. 12.  
 Crimean war, Russia against Turkey, France and England, 1853-55.  
 Emancipation proclamation, 1863, Jan. 1.  
 Envelopes first used for letters, 1839.  
 Express, first American, by W. F. Harn- den, New York to Boston, 1821.  
 Ferries, operated by steam, first used be- tween New York and Brooklyn, 1824.  
 Flag, American, first used by Washing- ton at Cambridge, 1776, Jan. 1.  
 Gas, illuminating, first used, Cornwall, England, 1792; in United States, Boston, 1822.  
 Gold first discovered in California, 1848.  
 Jamestown, Va., first permanent English settlement in America, founded 1607.  
 Kerosene first used for illuminating pur- poses, 1826.  
 Lightning rods, first used by Benjamin Franklin about 1752.  
 Matches, friction, first used, 1829.  
 Newspaper, first authentic, 1494.  
 — first daily "Frankfort Gazette," 1615.  
 — first continuously printed in Ameri- ca, "Boston News Letters," 1702.  
 — first daily in United States, "The Pennsylvania Packet," 1784.  
 Pianoforte invented in Italy about 1710.  
 Post-office first established, between Vienna and Brussels, 1516.  
 Postage stamps first used in England, 1840; in the United States, 1847.  
 Railroad, Passenger, first opened in Eng- land, 1825, Sept. 27.  
 — Freight, first in the United States, at granite quarries, Quincy, Mass., 1826.  
 — Passenger, first in America, Balti- more and Ohio, 1828.  
 — Steam, first in New York State, Albany to Schenectady, 16 miles, 1830.  
 Steam vessel, "Robert Fulton," New York to Albany, 1807.  
 Sunday-schools, first established by Rob- ert Raikes, Gloucester, Eng., 1781.  
 Telegraph, Morse's, invented, 1835.  
 — first in operation in America, Wash- ington to Baltimore, 1844, May 27.  
 — first Atlantic cable operated, 1858.  
 Telephone (speaking), A. Graham Bell, first presented Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876; practically successful as a telegraph, 1877, May 14.  
 Telescope invented, 1608.  
 Washington inaugurated first President, 1789, April 30.

## An Old Fashioned Girl.

Old fashioned? Yes, I must confess  
 The antique pattern of her dress,  
 The ancient frills and furbelows,  
 The faded ribbons and the bows.  
 Why she should show those shrunken charms,  
 That wrinkled neck, those tawny arms,  
 I cannot guess; her russet gown  
 Round her spare form hangs loosely down;  
 Her voice is thin and cracked; her eye  
 And smile have lost their witchery.  
 By those faint jests, that flapping wit,  
 By each attenuated curl,  
 She surely is, I must admit,  
 An odd, old fashioned girl.

'Tis long, long since she had a beau,  
 And now with those who sit a-row  
 Along the wall she takes her place,  
 With something of the old time grace,  
 She yearns to join the mazy waltz,  
 And slyly sniffs her smelling salts.  
 Ah, many an angel in disguise  
 May walk before our human eyes!  
 Where'er the fever smitten lie  
 In grimy haunts of poverty,  
 Along the dark and squalid street,  
 'Mid drunken jests of boor and churl,  
 She goes with swift and pitying feet—  
 This same old fashioned girl.

— James B. Kenyon in *The Century*.

## WHEN A MAN BECOMES OF AGE.

The question sometimes arises whether a man is entitled to vote at an election held on the day preceding the twenty-first anniversary of his birth. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, book 1, page 463, says "full age in male or female is twenty-one years, which age is completed on the day preceding the anniversary of a person's birth, who, till that time, is an infant, and so styled in law." The late Chief-Justice Shars- wood, in his edition of Blackstone's Commenta- ries, quotes Christian's note on the above, as follows: "If he is born on the 16th of Febru- ary, 1608, he is of age to do any legal act on the morning of the 15th of February, 1629, though he may not have lived twenty-one years by nearly forty-eight hours. The reason assigned is, that in law there is no fraction of a day; and if the birth were on the last second of one day, and the act of the first second of the preceding day twenty-one years after, then twenty-one years would be complete; and in the law it is the same whether a thing is done upon one moment of the day or another." The same high authority (Sharswood) adds in a note of his own, "A per- son is of full age the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday."

## TROTTING RECORD FOR 80 YEARS.

The following horses have in succession lowered the mile trotting record:

1806	Yankee.	2.59	1866	Dexter.	2.18
1810	A horse from Boston.	2.58½	1867	Dexter.	2.17½
1824	Topgallant (saddle).	2.40	1871	Goldsmith Maid.	2.17
1830	Burster (saddle).	2.32	1872	Goldsmith Maid.	2.16½
1834	Edwin Forrest (saddle).	2.31½	1874	Goldsmith Maid.	2.14
1843	Lady Suffolk (saddle).	2.28	1878	Harns.	2.13½
1844	Lady Suffolk (saddle).	2.26½	1879	St. Julien.	2.12½
1852	Tacony (saddle).	2.26	1880	Maud S.	2.10½
1853	Tacony (saddle).	2.25½	1881	Maud S.	2.10½
1856	Flora Temple.	2.24½	1884	Jay-Eye-See.	2.10
1859	Flora Temple.	2.19½	1884	Maud S.	2.09½
1865	Dexter.	2.18½	1884	Maud S.	2.09½
1885	Maud S.	2.08½			

**BRAISED BEEF.**—Put a brisket of beef in a broad-bottomed pot and set it over the fire. At the end of ten minutes turn it and again in ten minutes more. Repeat this once more for each side; then pour in two cups of boiling water, fit on a close top and cook slowly one hour before turning the meat. After this cook an hour longer if the meat weighs seven or eight pounds—keeping the top on. Set the beef in the oven, sift flour over it, baste freely with the gravy and brown for five or six minutes before dishing. Skim and season the gravy, thicken with browned flour and serve in a tureen.

**NEW WEATHER SIGNALS.**—The new system of weather signals adopted by the government 1st inst., will be intro- duced through the country. Now seven flags are required; the new sys- tem calls for only four, viz:

A white flag, clear or fair weather. No rain.

Blue flag, rain or snow.

Black triangular flag always refers to temperature.

When No. 3 is placed above No. 1 or 2, it indicates warmer weather; when placed below No. 1 or 2 it indicates colder weather, and when not display- ed the indications are the temperature will remain stationary, or that the change in the temperature will not vary five degrees from the temperature of the same hour of the preceding day.

No. 4. White flag with black square in the centre indicates the approach of a sudden and decided fall in tempera- ture.

This signal is usually ordered at least twenty-four hours in advance of the cold wave. It is not displayed un- less a temperature of forty-five degrees or less is expected, nor is flag No. 3 displayed with it.

Under it on one side of the mantel is a cup and saucer from von Bismarck, the former bearing upon its rounded cheek his coat-of-arms, and on the other sits a little plate with the imperial initial "N" of Louis Napoleon in gilt on the centre. A portrait of Frederick the Great, presented to Mr. Bancroft by the Empress, hangs on the cross wall at the right. Mrs. Bancroft's own portrait faces the Emperor's, and in the rear parlor a little carved table against the wall bears a superb blue and gold jar with the royal palace at Berlin on its front, a gift from the Empress to Madam Bancroft. At its side Philadelphians will be interested to know is a birthday gift of a paper cutter carved from a walrus tooth, on which are these cute lines from the giver:

A simple go-between am I,  
 Without a thought of pride,  
 I part the gathered thoughts of man  
 And liberally divide.  
 I set the soul of Shakspeare free  
 To Milton's thought give liberty,  
 Let Sydney speak with freer speech  
 And Spenser sing and Taylor preach.  
 Though through all learning swift I glide  
 No wisdom doth in me abide.

—Weir Mitchell.

Not least interesting among the treasures of these parlors are two albums containing many photographs of the Imperial family, so that the features of the old and new Emperor, their wives, children and grandchildren are as famil- iar to you when you have looked the volumes through as your uncles, your cousins and your aunts in the lop-sided photograph album on the best-room table at your old home in the country.



Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> 1888.

Prof. and Mrs. Conable, of Philadelphia, are spending several days in the city. Prof. Conable is well remembered as a beloved teacher in the Normal. He gave the STANDARD office a pleasant call and renewed his subscription for another year.

The teachers and old students were pleasantly surprised to see Prof. Conable and lady on the rostrum last

Thursday. The Prof. has been in Philadelphia since leaving here.

Congressman-elect Tarsney and wife came down to Warrensburg last week to lay in a supply of chewing gum for the winter.

Mr. John C. Tarsney and wife were at the Commercial Hotel, Friday and Saturday, and immediately there was a great demand for chewing gum.

John C. Tarsney should be ashamed of himself to be belly-aching around about castor oil when chewing gum is free.

There is no tariff on chewing gum, which makes it nice for Congressman-elect Tarsney. We shudder at the thought of the suffering which would follow a high tariff on Tolu

We cannot for the life of us understand why John C. Tarsney should worry himself any further about free trade. Chewing gum is already on the free list.

It would seem that there is but one thing necessary to make a Democratic Congressman happy, that is, such a Congressman as the Democrats elect in the Fifth District of Missouri, and that one thing is chewing gum.

Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> Irwin-McCarthy. 1888.

A small company, confined to the immediate family connections on both sides, gathered yesterday forenoon at the residence of Mrs. Irwin, 1834 Spruce Street, to witness the wedding of her youngest daughter, Miss Mary Bache Irwin, to Mr. Dennis McCarthy, of Syracuse, N. Y., the son of the Hon. Dennis McCarthy, for several years member of Congress from that district. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. O'Hara, of Syracuse. The bride entered upon the arm of her brother, Colonel Richard B. Erwin. There were no bridesmaids and Mr. Fred Wilbinson, of Syracuse, acted as best man. Among those present, besides the two sisters of the bride, Miss Agnes and Miss Sophy Irwin, and the sisters and brother of the groom, Mrs. Thomas Emory, Mrs. Thomas Edgewick and Mrs. Thomas McCarthy, all of Syracuse, were: Mrs. E. D. Gillespie Dr. and Mrs. Edward Parker Davis, Mr. Francis Kernan, of Utica, N. Y.; Mr. Dallas Sanders, Miss Elizabeth F. Harwood, of Marion, Mass.; Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Ashhurst and the Misses Ashhurst, Mrs. Owen Wistar, Miss Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore M. Etting, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Brown and Mr. Steevens, of the Japanese Legation at Washington. A wedding breakfast was served immediately after the ceremony, after which the bride and groom left for a short trip before reaching Syracuse, where they will reside, Mr. McCarthy being one of the members of the largest wholesale jobbing importing houses in central New York.

[A great many years ago, a prominent merchant of Taunton promised to an eccentric old woman named Lucy King, living in the neighboring town of Berkshire, a desirable prize, if, taking her subject from the Bible, she would compose a riddle which he could not guess. She won the prize with the following:]

Adam, God made out of dust,  
But thought it best to make me first;  
So I was made before the man,  
To answer God's most holy plan.

My body God did make complete,  
But without arms, or legs, or feet;  
My ways and acts he did control,  
But to my body gave no soul.

A living being I became,  
And Adam gave to me my name;  
I from his presence then withdrew,  
And more of Adam never knew.

I did my Maker's law obey,  
And from it never went astray.  
Thousands of miles I go in fear,  
But never on the earth appear.

For purpose wise which God did see,  
He put a living soul in me;  
A soul from me my God did claim,  
And took from me that soul again.

For when the soul from me had fled,  
I was the same as when first made;  
And without hands or feet or soul,  
I travel on from pole to pole.

I labor hard by day and night,  
To fallen man I give great light;  
Thousands of people, young and old,  
Will by my death great light behold.

No right or wrong can I conceive,  
The scriptures I cannot believe;  
Although my name therein is found,  
They are to me an empty sound.

No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Real happiness I ne'er shall see;  
To heaven I shall never go,  
Or to the grave, or hell below.

Now when these lines you slowly read,  
Go search your Bible with all speed;  
For that my name's recorded there,  
I honestly to you declare.

Ans.—A whale.

#### No. 362.—Noted Women.

- She whose shadow the soldiers kiss.
- She who first realized her beauty was fading when the street sweepers no longer turned to look at her.
- The beautiful empress who was an example of woman's devotion.
- The distinguished lady who would gladly have exchanged her talents for beauty.
- She who wept to wear a crown.
- The captive queen of the City of the Desert.
- The Scandinavian songstress.
- The originator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.
- She who lighted the fires of Smithfield.
- The queen who won a greater victory by her charms than by her armies.
- The queen whose wisdom was seen in her counselors.
- She whose children were her jewels.—Good Housekeeping.

No. 363.—Noted Women: (a) Florence Nightingale. (b) Mme. Recamier. (c) Josephine. (d) Mme. De Stael. (e) Lady Jane Grey. (f) Zenobia. (g) Jenny Lind. (h) Catharine de Medici. (i) Bloody Mary. (j) Cleopatra. (k) Elizabeth. (l) Cornelia.

No. 363.—Diamonds:

#### An Exercise in Orthoepey.

[Sheltering Arms.]

(Let some member of the family read this story aloud, while with the dictionary, a late edition of either Worcester or Webster, and any other good helper in the study of our language, the others criticise and correct or confirm the reader's pronunciation. There are 225 words here which are frequently mispronounced.)

Geoffrey, surnamed Winthrop, sat in the depot at Chicago waiting for his train and reading the Tribune, when a squadron of squalid street arabs (incomparable for squalor) thronged from a neighboring alley, uttering hideous cries, accompanied by inimitable gestures of heinous exultation as they tortured a humble black-and-tan dog.

"You little blackguards!" cried Winthrop, stepping outside and confronting them; adding the inquiry, "Whose dog is that?"

"That audacious Caucasian has the bravado to interfere with our click," tauntingly shrieked one indisputable little ruffian, exhibiting combativeness.

"What will you take for him?" asked the lenient Geoffrey, ignoring the venial tirade.

"Twenty-seven cents," piquantly answered the ribald urchin, grabbing the crouching dog by the nape.

"You can buy licorice and share with the indecorous coadjutors of your condemnable cruelty," said Winthrop, paying the price and taking the dog from the child. Then catching up his valise and umbrella, he hastened to his train. Winthrop satisfied himself that his sleek protegee was not wounded, and then cleaned the cement from the pretty collar, and read these words:

"Leicester, Licensed, No. 11, 1880."

Hearing the pronunciation of his name, the docile canine expressed gratitude and pleasure, and then sank exhausted at his new patron's feet and slept.

Among the other passengers was a magazine contributor writing vagaries of Indian literature; also two physicians—a somber irrevocably irrefragable allopathist, and a genial homoeopathist, who made a specialty of bronchitis. Two peremptory attorneys from the Legislature of Iowa were discussing the politics of the epoch and the details of national finance, while a wan, dolorous person wearing concave glasses alternately ate troches and almonds for a sedative, and sought condolence in a high lamentable treble, from a lethargic and somewhat deaf and enervate comrade not yet acclimated. Near three exemplary brethren (probably sinecurists) sat a group of humorous youths; and a jocose sailor (lately from Asia), in a blouse waist and tarpaulin hat, was amusing his patriotic juvenile listeners by relating a series of the most extraor-



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 Crimean war, Russia against Turkey, France and England, 1853-55.  
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 Express, first American, by W. F. Harn- den, New York to Boston, 1821.  
 Ferries, operated by steam, first used be- tween New York and Brooklyn, 1824.  
 Flag, American, first used by Washing- ton at Cambridge, 1776, Jan. 1.  
 Gas, illuminating, first used, Cornwall, England, 1792; in United States, Boston, 1822.  
 Gold first discovered in California, 1848.  
 Jamestown, Va., first permanent English settlement in America, founded 1607.  
 Kerosene first used for illuminating pur- poses, 1826.  
 Lightning rods, first used by Benjamin Franklin about 1752.  
 Matches, friction, first used, 1829.  
 Newspaper, first authentic, 1494.  
 — first daily "Frankfort Gazette," 1615.  
 — first continuously printed in Ameri- ca, "Boston News Letters," 1702.  
 — first daily in United States, "The Pennsylvania Packet," 1784.  
 Pianoforte invented in Italy about 1710.  
 Post-office first established, between Vienna and Brussels, 1516.  
 Postage stamps first used in England, 1840; in the United States, 1847.  
 Railroad, Passenger, first opened in Eng- land, 1825, Sept. 27.  
 — Freight, first in the United States, at granite quarries, Quincy, Mass., 1826.  
 — Passenger, first in America, Balti- more and Ohio, 1828.  
 — Steam, first in New York State, Albany to Schenectady, 16 miles, 1830.  
 Steam vessel, "Robert Fulton," New York to Albany, 1807.  
 Sunday-schools, first established by Rob- ert Raikes, Gloucester, Eng., 1781.  
 Telegraph, Morse's, invented, 1835.  
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 — first Atlantic cable operated, 1858.  
 Telephone (speaking), A. Graham Bell, first presented Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876; practically successful as a telegraph, 1877, May 14.  
 Telescope invented, 1608.  
 Washington inaugurated first President, 1789, April 30.

## An Old Fashioned Girl.

Old fashioned? Yes, I must confess  
 The antique pattern of her dress,  
 The ancient frills and furbelows,  
 The faded ribbons and the bows.  
 Why she should show those shrunken charms,  
 That wrinkled neck, those tawny arms,  
 I cannot guess; her russet gown  
 Round her, spare form hangs loosely down;  
 Her voice is thin and cracked; her eye  
 And smile have lost their witchery.  
 By those faint jests, that flapping wit,  
 By each attenuated curl,  
 She surely is, I must admit,  
 An odd, old fashioned girl.

'Tis long, long since she had a beau,  
 And now with those who sit a-row  
 Along the wall she takes her place,  
 With something of the old time grace,  
 She yearns to join the mazy waltz,  
 And slyly sniffs her smelling salts.  
 Ah, many an angel in disguise  
 May walk before our human eyes!  
 Where'er the fever smitten lie  
 In grimy haunts of poverty,  
 Along the dark and squalid street,  
 'Mid drunken jests of boor and churl,  
 She goes with swift and pitying feet—  
 This same old fashioned girl.

— James B. Kenyon in *The Century*.

## WHEN A MAN BECOMES OF AGE.

The question sometimes arises whether a man is entitled to vote at an election held on the day preceding the twenty-first anniversary of his birth. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, book 1, page 463, says "full age in male or female is twenty-one years, which age is completed on the day preceding the anniversary of a person's birth, who, till that time, is an infant, and so styled in law." The late Chief-Justice Shars- wood, in his edition of Blackstone's Commenta- ries, quotes Christian's note on the above, as follows: "If he is born on the 16th of Febru- ary, 1608, he is of age to do any legal act on the morning of the 15th of February, 1629, though he may not have lived twenty-one years by nearly forty-eight hours. The reason assigned is, that in law there is no fraction of a day; and if the birth were on the last second of one day, and the act of the first second of the preceding day twenty-one years after, then twenty-one years would be complete; and in the law it is the same whether a thing is done upon one moment of the day or another." The same high authority (Sharswood) adds in a note of his own, "A per- son is of full age the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday."

## TROTTING RECORD FOR 80 YEARS.

The following horses have in succession lowered the mile trotting record:

1806	Yankee.	2.59	1866	Dexter.	2.18
1810	A horse from Boston.	2.58½	1867	Dexter.	2.17½
1824	Topgallant (saddle).	2.40	1871	Goldsmith Maid.	2.17
1830	Burster (saddle).	2.32	1872	Goldsmith Maid.	2.16½
1834	Edwin Forrest (saddle).	2.31½	1874	Goldsmith Maid.	2.14
1843	Lady Suffolk (saddle).	2.28	1878	Rarus.	2.13½
1844	Lady Suffolk (saddle).	2.26½	1879	St. Julien.	2.12½
1852	Tacony (saddle).	2.26	1880	Maud S.	2.10½
1853	Tacony (saddle).	2.25½	1881	Maud S.	2.10½
1856	Flora Temple.	2.24½	1884	Jay-Dye-See.	2.10
1859	Flora Temple.	2.19½	1884	Maud S.	2.09½
1865	Dexter.	2.18½	1884	Maud S.	2.09½
1885	Maud S.	2.08½			

**BRAISED BEEF.**—Put a brisket of beef in a broad-bottomed pot and set it over the fire. At the end of ten minutes turn it and again in ten minutes more. Repeat this once more for each side; then pour in two cups of boiling water, fit on a close top and cook slowly one hour before turning the meat. After this cook an hour longer if the meat weighs seven or eight pounds—keeping the top on. Set the beef in the oven, sift flour over it, baste freely with the gravy and brown for five or six minutes before dishing. Skim and season the gravy, thicken with browned flour and serve in a tureen.

**NEW WEATHER SIGNALS.**—The new system of weather signals adopted by the government 1st inst., will be intro- duced through the country. Now seven flags are required; the new sys- tem calls for only four, viz:

A white flag, clear or fair weather. No rain.

Blue flag, rain or snow.

Black triangular flag always refers to temperature.

When No. 3 is placed above No. 1 or 2, it indicates warmer weather; when placed below No. 1 or 2 it indicates colder weather, and when not display- ed the indications are the temperature will remain stationary, or that the change in the temperature will not vary five degrees from the temperature of the same hour of the preceding day.

No. 4. White flag with black square in the centre indicates the approach of a sudden and decided fall in tempera- ture.

This signal is usually ordered at least twenty-four hours in advance of the cold wave. It is not displayed un- less a temperature of forty-five degrees or less is expected, nor is flag No. 3 displayed with it.

Under it on one side of the mantel is a cup and saucer from von Bismarck, the former bearing upon its rounded cheek his coat-of-arms, and on the other sits a little plate with the imperial initial "N" of Louis Napoleon in gilt on the centre. A portrait of Frederick the Great, presented to Mr. Bancroft by the Empress, hangs on the cross wall at the right. Mrs. Bancroft's own portrait faces the Emperor's, and in the rear parlor a little carved table against the wall bears a superb blue and gold jar with the royal palace at Berlin on its front, a gift from the Empress to Madam Bancroft. At its side Philadelphians will be interested to know is a birthday gift of a paper cutter carved from a walrus tooth, on which are these cute lines from the giver:

A simple go-between am I,  
 Without a thought of pride,  
 I part the gathered thoughts of man  
 And liberally divide.  
 I set the soul of Shakspeare free  
 To Milton's thought give liberty,  
 Let Sydney speak with freer speech  
 And Spencer sing and Taylor preach.  
 Though through all learning swift I glide  
 No wisdom doth in me abide.  
 —Weir Mitchell.

Not least interesting among the treasures of these parlors are two albums containing many photographs of the Imperial family, so that the features of the old and new Emperor, their wives, children and grandchildren are as fami- liar to you when you have looked the volumes through as your uncles, your cousins and your aunts in the lop-sided photograph album on the best-room table at your old home in the country.



inary regent extant, suggested by the contents of his knapsack, which he was calmly and leisurely arranging in a pyramidal form on a three-legged stool. Above swung figured placards with museum and lyceum advertisements, too verbose to be misconstrued.

A mature matron of medium height and her comely daughter soon entered the car, and took seats in front of Winthrop (who recalled having seen them one Tuesday in February in the parquet of a theatre). The young lady had recently made her debut in society at a musical soiree at her aunt's. She held an exquisite bouquet of flowers that exhaled sweet perfume. She said to her parent, "Mamma, shall we ever find my lost Leicester!"

Geoffrey immediately addressed her, saying, as he presented his card:

"Pardon my apparent intrusiveness; but, prithee, have you lost a pet dog?"

The explanation that he had been stolen was scarcely necessary; for Leicester, just awaking, vehemently expressed his inexplicable joy by buoyantly vibrating between the two like the sounding lever used in telegraphy (for to neither of them would he show partiality), till, succumbing to ennui, he purported to take a recess, and sat on his haunches, complacently contemplating his friends. It was truly an interesting picture.

They reached their destination ere the sun was beneath the horizon. Often during the summer Winthrop gallantly rowed from the quay with the naive and blithe Beatrice in her jaunty yachting suit; but no coquetry shone from the depths of her azure eyes. Little Less, their jocund confidant and courier (and who was as sagacious as a spaniel), always attended them on these excursions, and whene'er they rambled through the woodland paths; while the band played strains from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach and others, they promenaded the long corridors of the hotel. And one evening, as Beatrice lighted the gas by the etagere in her charming boudoir in their suite of rooms, there glistened brilliantly a valuable solitaire diamond on her finger.

Let us look into the future for the sequel to perfect this romance, and round a cheerful hearth we see again Geoffrey and Beatrice, who are paying due homage to their tiny friend Leicester.—M. A. M.



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 The faded ribbons and the bows,  
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 Round her, spare form hangs loosely down;  
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 Along the wall she takes her place,  
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 And slyly sniffs her smelling salts.  
 Ah, many an angel in disguise  
 May walk before our human eyes!  
 Where'er the fever smitten lie  
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## TROTTING RECORD FOR 80 YEARS.

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1824	Topgallant (saddle)	2.40	1871	Goldsmith Maid	2.17
1830	Burster (saddle)	2.32	1872	Goldsmith Maid	2.163
1834	Edwin Forrest (saddle)	2.314	1874	Goldsmith Maid	2.14
1843	Lady Suffolk (saddle)	2.28	1878	Rarus	2.134
1844	Lady Suffolk (saddle)	2.264	1879	St. Julien	2.124
1852	Tacony (saddle)	2.26	1880	Maud S.	2.104
1853	Tacony (saddle)	2.254	1881	Maud S.	2.104
1856	Flora Temple	2.244	1884	Jay-Eye-See	2.10
1859	Flora Temple	2.194	1884	Maud S.	2.094
1865	Dexter	2.184	1884	Maud S.	2.094
1885	Maud S.	2.084			

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You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be affected with a cough, cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Brown and Maybury's drug store.

Is it not strange that we get "conflicting reports" about a fight.

### Advertised Letters.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining uncalled for at the post-office, Cortland, N. Y., April 1, '89.

Burr, Co.	Frederick, J. W.
Bailey, H.	Gaines, Mrs. Lyda
Barlow, Mrs. James	Hammond, Mrs. Harvy
Crysler, Farian	Kemball, Isaac
Calabrese, Sigr Gaetana	McNamana, Michael
Canfield, Philip	Palmer, Mrs. H. L.
Crandell, Wilts	Phelps, C. E.
Colwell, Irving S.	Riley, Miss Mary
Clark, W. B.	Reed, Mrs. Sherman
Duffie, Mrs. Thomas	St. John, G. H.
Deyer, Mrs. E.	Scofield, Ananias
Vanceleat, M.	White, Owen

Persons calling for the above will please say advertised." J. F. MAYBURY, P. M.

### Married.

JOHNSON—MAYCUMBER—At the home of the bride's brother in Syracuse, N. Y., March 28, 1889, by Rev. D. W. Thurston, Dr. H. P. Johnson of Cortland, N. Y., and Miss Cora Maycumber of Syracuse.

WELLS—BABCOCK—At the Arnold House in Cortland, N. Y., March 28, 1889, by Rev. Geo. P. Avery, Mr. Cornelius Wells and Mrs. Mary Babcock, both of Fabius, N. Y.

JENNINGS—PRICE—In Virgil, N. Y., March 28, 1889, by Rev. O. J. Purington, Mr. CHARLES JENNINGS of Harford, N. Y., and Miss MAY G. PRICE of Virgil.

REASE—MILLER—In Virgil, N. Y., March 28, 1889, by Rev. O. J. Parington, Mr. JEROME B. REASE and Miss ELIZABETH MILLER.

### Born.

PUDNEY—To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Pudney of Cortland, N. Y., April 1, 1889, a daughter.

STEWART—To Mr. and Mrs. REUBEN STEWART of Truxton, N. Y., a daughter.

### Died.

COLLINS—In Cortland, N. Y., March 31, 1889, MARY E., wife of Mr. Charles W. Collins, aged 47 years.

CURTIS—In Chenango, N. Y., April 2, 1889, of inflammation of the bowels, STEPHEN CURTIS, formerly of Hampshire, England, aged 27 years.

MILLS—Entered into rest, at her home in Binghamton, N. Y., Sunday morning, March 31, 1889, AUGUSTA WEBB MILLS, in the 53d year of her age, wife of Myron H. Mills. Burial in Cortland Wednesday morning.

HILL—In Dryden, N. Y., April 2, 1889, of consumption, MR. GEORGE HILL, in the 71st year of his age.

Mr. Hill was a brother of Mrs. P. H. Purvis of this place.



## NAME THE AUTHORS.

### A Decided Difference of Opinion as to the Authorship of the Quotations Printed in the Pioneer Press in February.

The list of quotations printed in the PIONEER Press in February has excited considerable interest among students and others, as is evidenced by the number of replies sent in. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the authorship of some of them, and in order that correspondents may see how widely opinions vary a tabulated statement has been prepared. The PIONEER PRESS does not undertake to decide any disputed questions, but leaves the writers to pursue the investigation as much farther as they see fit. The chief stumbling blocks have been Nos. 6, 7, 8, 10, 23, 42 and 47. No. 6 can be found in Hudibras, part 2, canto 1, but Butler probably took it from an old proverb. No. 7 is attributed to Tacitus, Voltaire, Sevigne and Napoleon. No. 8 is of very ancient origin, and the latest authorities give the credit to Cicero. No. 10 is generally credited to Talleyrand, but Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream" uses the expression, "The beginning of our end." No. 20 is very generally credited to Bulwer, but he, without doubt, found it among some Arabian proverbs. No. 23 was at one time credited to Ruthven Jenkyns, it being thought that he printed it in the Greenwich Magazine in 1700. It has since been ascertained that no such magazine was ever published. The authorship was then credited to George Linley, and its date somewhere about 1840. This is now denied, and it is claimed that the quotation was in common use in Germany two centuries ago. Rev. W. A. Muhlenburg can lay no claim to the authorship of No. 42, as it is given in Job vii, 16. Gen. William T. Sherman holds the proprietorship of No. 47, as the sentence was signaled by flag to Gen. Corse from Kennesaw mountain. A hymn with this title was afterwards composed by P. P. Bliss.

The quotations as originally printed were as follows:

1. The glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome.
2. A cowslip by the river's brim  
A yellow cowslip was to him,  
And it was nothing more.
3. Woodman spare that tree.
4. Virtue is her own reward.
5. They laugh that win.
6. Spare the rod and spoil the child.
7. God favors the heaviest battalions.
8. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.
9. I'll die in the last ditch.
10. Beginning of the end.
11. God made the country  
And man made the town.
12. I came, I saw, I conquered.
13. When found, make note of.
14. Sparking and bright.
15. 'Thine not to make reply,  
'Thine not to reason why,  
'Thine but to do and die.
16. Thou says an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.
17. All mankind love a lover.
18. There is a reaper whose name is Death.
19. Nearer, my God, to thee.
20. Curses are like young chickens,  
And still come home to roost.
21. Truth crushed to earth shall rise again.
22. He builded better than he knew.
23. Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still.
24. The beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.
25. "Will you walk into my parlor?"  
Said the spider to the fly.
26. Standing with reluctant feet  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet.
27. When lie's forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die?
28. Though lost to sight, to memory dear.
29. He was a man  
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in.
30. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.
31. But evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.
32. None knew thee but to love thee,  
Nor named thee but to praise.
33. To the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.
34. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear  
Long, long ago.
35. If that be treason, make the most of it.
36. He touched the corpse of public credit,  
And it stood upon its feet.

37. From Greenland's icy mountains.
38. I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born.
39. Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
40. We have met the enemy and they are ours.
41. Independence now and independence forever.
42. I would not live alway.
43. Don't give up the ship.
44. For though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.
45. Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
This is my own, my native land?
46. Three fishers went sailing  
Out into the West.
47. Hold the fort, for I am coming.
48. Write me as one who loves his fellow men.
49. The Almighty Dollar.
50. The past, at least, is secure.

#### A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

The replies give the authorship as follows:

- 1—Poe 44, Byron 2, Unknown 4.
- 2—Wordsworth 40, O. W. Holmes 1, unknown 1.
- 3—Morris 51.
- 4—Dryden 44, Prior 2, Scott 1, Gay 1.
- 5—Shakespeare 45, Solomon 1, unknown 2.
- 6—Butler 32, Solomon 10, Sterne 2, Ray's Proverbs 6, Shakespeare 1.
- 7—Tacitus 24, Voltaire 11, Caesar 1, Napoleon 13.
- 8—Unknown 31, Webster 3, Livy 1, Cicero 1, Esop's Fables 1, George Washington 1, Otis 1, Ben Franklin 2, Patrick Henry 2, Jackson 1, Jefferson 3.
- 9—William of Orange 43, Buckingham 1, Hume 1, Jeff Davis 1.
- 10—Talleyrand 20, Shakespeare 22, Byron 2, U. S. Grant 1, Longfellow 1.
- 11—Cowper 49, Whittier 1.
- 12—Caesar 51.
- 13—Dickens 42, Capt. Cuttle 2, unknown 3, Shakespeare 1.
- 14—Hoffman 37, Joseph B. Taylor 1, George F. Root 1, Morris 1, unknown 8.
- 15—Tennyson 49, unknown 2.
- 16—O. W. Holmes 42, unknown 3, Shakespeare 3.
- 17—Emerson 42, George Eliot 1, Pope 1, unknown 3, Franklin 1.
- 18—Longfellow 51.
- 19—Sarah F. Adams 49, Dr. Mason 2.
- 20—Bulwer 33, Claude Melnotte 2, Old Proverb 4, Shakespeare 1, unknown 6.
- 21—Bryant 51.

## ALASKA EPIGRAMS

### A Canadian View of the Recent Boundary Decision.

The Toronto Saturday Night publishes the following "Alaska Epigrams," which will interest readers in the United States.

The Lord gave and Lord Alverstone hath taken away; blessed be the name of Lord Alverstone.

The Eagle may be expected to get the Lion's share; but it has taken the Beaver's also.

If Uncle Sam would possess our land, let him have our waterways likewise; if he compel us to give him a mile, let us bestow upon him our Pacific coast into the bargain.

The quality of arbitration is twice blessed; it blesseth England that gives and Uncle Sam that takes.

God save the King! But who will save Canada?

Faithful are the wounds of a Boer; but the kisses of a Commissioner are deceitful.

Lord Alverstone maketh a cheerful giver.

"Thou shall not arbitrate" is the last and safest commandment of all.

England expects every Commissioner to do his Canadian.

And now abideth these three: Ashburton, Alverstone and Aylesworth; and the greatest of these is Aylesworth.

## "GEOGRAPHY UP TO DATE."

To the Editor of The Republican:—

A letter received by The Republican asks where certain places are to be found which were named in a paragraph printed on Tuesday, the 9th inst., entitled "Geography up to date,"—the writer confessing that 17 of them cannot be found. Since other readers may have been balked by some of the remaining 13, a complete list is here given, telling in what part of the atlas to look for the unfamiliar names:—

Aalesund: Coast of Norway.  
Antung: New treaty port in Manchuria, north side of Yalu river, opposite Wryju.  
Belrut: Coast of Syria.  
Chemulpho: Port of Seoul, Korea.  
Caucasus: Mountain ranges between Black and Caspian seas.  
Cauca: Valley and river in Colombia.  
Dagupan: Northern terminus of railway from Manila in the Philippines.  
Harput: Asia Minor, south of Trebizond.  
Hankau (or Hankow): China, on the Yangtse-Kiang.  
Cape Juby: Africa, opposite Canary islands.  
Jiddalle: A "water-hole," northeast desert of Africa, scene of a dervish fight.  
Koweit: Head of the Persian gulf.  
Kishineff: (Scene of Jewish massacre.) Russia, northwest from Odessa.  
Kiev (or Kief): Russia on the Dnieper.  
Lhasa: Capital of Thibet.  
Mukden: New treaty port in Manchuria, (inland).  
Masampho: Korea, port near Fusan.  
Nagasaki: Japan, extreme southwest port.  
Odessa: North coast of Black sea.  
Reykjavik: Port and capital of Iceland.  
Seoul: Capital of Korea.  
Swakopmund: German port in West Africa.  
Sendai: Japan, east coast, north of Yokohama.  
Tangier: Africa, opposite Gibraltar.  
Teheran: Capital of Persia.  
Valdez: Alaska.  
Waldfish bay: British port in German West Africa.  
Windhoek: Chief town of German West Africa.  
Yongampho: Korea.  
Yerman or Yemen: Southwest province of Arabia.

Lee, February 10, 1904.

R.

- when they wed.
29. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight.
30. England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
31. Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break.
32. Parting, at best, is underlaid with tears and pain.
33. Death borders upon our birth, and our cradle stands in the grave.
34. I could not love thee, dear, so much  
Loved I not honor more.
35. He was the mildest-mannered man.  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.
36. The sweet remembrance of the just  
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
37. None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.
38. With one hand he put  
A penny in the urn of poverty.  
And with the other took a shilling out.
39. For what avail the plow or sail,  
Or land or life, if freedom fall?
40. There's not a string attuned to mirth  
But has its chord in melancholy.
41. 'Tis heaven alone that is given away.  
'Tis only God can be had for the asking.
42. There be three hundred ways and more  
Of speaking, but of weeping only one.
43. Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.
44. We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
45. And whether on the scaffold high  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man.
46. The night has a thousand eyes,  
The day but one;  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.
47. Not heaven itself upon the past has power;  
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.
48. The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow.
49. What is a first love for except to prepare for the second?  
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.
50. Oh, many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant;  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.



This is a complete list:

First—Cotton.	Twelfth—Silk.
Second—Paper.	Thirteenth—Lace.
Third—Leather.	Fourteenth—Ivory.
Fourth—Fruit.	Fifteenth—Crystal.
Fifth—Wooden.	Sixteenth—China.
Sixth—Sugar.	Seventeenth—Silver.
Seventh—Woolen.	Eighteenth—Pearl.
Eighth—Rubber.	Nineteenth—Ruby.
Ninth—Willow.	Twentieth—Gold.
Tenth—Tin.	Twenty-first—Diamond.
Eleventh—Steel.	

After the fifth, usually only those in multiples of five are celebrated.

## A CHANT OF HATE AGAINST ENGLAND

BY ERNST LISSAUER IN "JUGEND"

Rendered into English verse by Barbara Henderson.

French and Russian, they matter not,  
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;  
We love them not, we hate them not,  
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate.  
We have but one and only hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone.

He is known to you all, he is known to you all,  
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,  
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,  
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.  
Come let us stand at the judgment-place,  
An oath to swear to, face to face,  
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,  
An oath for our sons and their sons to take,

Come, hear the word, repeat the word,  
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard.  
We will never forego our hate,  
We have all but a single hate,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

In the captain's mess, in the banquet-hall,  
Sat feasting the officers, one and all;  
Like a saber-blow, like the swing of a sail,  
One seized his glass held high to hail;  
Sharp-snapt like the stroke of a rudder's play,  
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"

Whose glass this fate?  
They had all but a single hate.  
Who was thus known?  
They had one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,  
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,  
Bedecked the ocean with bow on bow,  
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now.  
French and Russian they matter not,  
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,  
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,  
And the time that is coming Peace will seal,  
You will we hate with a lasting hate,  
We will never forego our hate,  
Hate by water and hate by land,  
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,  
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,  
Hate of seventy millions, choking down,  
We love as one, we hate as one,  
We have one foe and one alone—  
ENGLAND!

## A QUEER BOY.

He doesn't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"  
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.  
Let it be about Indians, pirates, or bears,  
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;  
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear;  
Now, isn't that queer?

At thought of an errand he's "tired as a hound,"  
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around;"  
But if there's a hand or a circus in sight,  
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.  
The showman will capture him, some day, I fear,  
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden his head "aches to split,"  
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit,"  
But mention base-ball, and he's cured very soon,  
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon;  
Do you think he "plays possum?" He seems quite sincere;

But— isn't he queer?

—W. H. S., in November "St. Nicholas."

## WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:  
He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;  
He can make all sounds of beast and bird,  
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck  
As well as a rooster, hen or duck.  
He can bark like a dog, he can loo like a cow,  
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain;  
He can thunder by as a railway train,  
Stop at the stations a breath and then  
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all of his powers in such command  
He can turn right into a full brass band,  
With all of the instruments every played,  
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill  
If he's wide awake and keeping still.  
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—  
A dull old place if there were no boys.  
—Chicago Post.



## AN ODD POEM.

The following poem is from the pen of a Mrs. H. A. Deming, and is said to be the result of a year's search among the writings of thirty-eight poets. Each line has a different author. The names of the authors are given below, numbering them according to their lines:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower,
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.
7. Light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb—
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all,
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care,
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or how short permit to heaven,
16. Then he who forgives most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem.
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not in beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell.
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend.
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given, guard; and to yourself be just,
38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewell; 6. Spencer; 7. Daniel; 8. Walter Scott; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bailey; 17. French; 18. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Byron; 21. Smollett; 22. Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Cowley; 25. Beattie; 26. Cowper; 27. Walter Davenant; 28. Gray; 29. Willis; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Franch Charles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 35. Wm. Mason; 36. Pill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakespeare.

Health Department,  
New-York, August 30, 1892.

## PREVENTION OF CHOLERA EASIER THAN CURE.

### HOW CAUGHT.

Healthy persons "catch" cholera by taking into their systems through the mouth, as in their food or drink, or from their hands, knives, forks, plates, tumblers, clothing, etc., the germs of the disease which are always present in the discharges from the stomach and bowels of those sick with cholera.

Thorough cooking destroys the cholera germs; therefore:

Don't eat raw, uncooked articles of any kind, not even milk.

Don't eat or drink to excess. Use plain, wholesome, digestible food, as indigestion and diarrhoea favor an attack of cholera.

Don't drink unboiled water.

Don't eat or drink articles unless they have been thoroughly and recently cooked or boiled, and the more recent and hotter they are, the safer.

Don't employ utensils in eating or drinking unless they have been recently put in boiling water; the more recent the safer.

Don't eat or handle food or drink with unwashed hands, or receive it from the unwashed hands of others.

Don't use the hands for any purpose when soiled with cholera discharges; thoroughly cleanse them at once.

Personal cleanliness, and cleanliness of the living and sleeping rooms and their contents, and thorough ventilation, should be rigidly enforced. Foul water-closets, sinks, croton faucets, cellars, etc., should be avoided, and when present should be referred to the Health Board at once, and remedied.

### PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES OF TREATMENT.

The successful treatment and the prevention of the spread of this disease demand that its earliest manifestations be promptly recognized and treated; therefore:

Don't doctor yourself for bowel complaint, but go to bed and send for the nearest physician at once. Send for your family physician; send to a dispensary or hospital; send to the Health Department; send to the nearest police station for medical aid.

Don't wait, but send at once. If taken ill in the street, seek the nearest drug store, dispensary, hospital or police station, and demand prompt medical attention.

Don't permit vomit or diarrhoeal discharges to come in contact with food, drink or clothing. These discharges should be received in proper vessels, and kept covered until removed under competent directions. Pour boiling water on them, put a strong solution of carbolic acid in them (not less than one part of acid to twenty of hot soapsuds or water).

Don't wear, handle or use any articles of clothing or furniture that are soiled with cholera discharges. Pour boiling water on them or put them into it, and scrub them with the carbolic acid solution mentioned above, and promptly request the Health Board to remove them.

Don't be frightened, but do be cautious, and avoid excesses and unnecessary exposures of every kind.

By order of the Board of Health,  
CHARLES G. WILSON, President.  
EMMONS CLARK, Secretary.

For twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted + Dummy,  
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;  
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.  
Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,  
To whom should we assign the 'sphinx's fame?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's pillar really a 'tmsomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?  
Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden  
By oath to tell the  
Then say, what se  
In Memnon's  
Perhaps thou w  
Are vain; E

## LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

[From the Shanghai Times.]

Oh, the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigaretum;  
He wore a diamond studibus  
And elegant cravatsum.  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, though,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo. oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorialis;  
He often went on sprees,  
And said, on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my hic—hic—domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far-away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

## RICH NEGROES IN NEW YORK.

### ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to embalm their dead, and to preserve the form and perfect appearance of each limb, even to the fingers and toes by winding around them narrow strips of linen, prepared in a manner which is not now known. Bodies have been preserved in this manner for a period of more than two thousand years, and are, to this day, found in great numbers in ancient sepulchres. Some of these have been brought to England, and other parts of Europe, and to America. Bodies thus preserved are called *Mummies*, and it was one of these, brought by the celebrated traveler Belzoni, and placed in a museum at London, which gave rise to this poem.

1. And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)  
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago.

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles + stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.



A new use for the ever-welcome sachet has been found by making quite small ones, in compact form and heavily weighted, and using them for paper-weights. They are sweet and ornamental

objects on the writing table, and would be very suitable to offer as gifts to lady or gentleman friends. Cut a circular piece of cardboard two and one-half inches in diameter for the bottom of the sachet; cover it with plain velvet or plush; take a piece of satin, or any handsome material, four inches wide and twelve long, seam the ends together, run a gathering thread in



PAPER WEIGHT SACHET.



PAPER WEIGHT SACHET.

both edges and sew one edge around the edge of the circle, thus forming a bag. This is to be filled with perfumed cotton, inside of which is enough shot to make it stand firmly wherever it is placed. A good way to accomplish this is to take two circular pieces of sheet wadding seven or eight inches diameter, sprinkle the powder between them, put them in the bag so that the middle of the cotton will rest on the foundation, fill in the shot as desired, then add to or take from the cotton as desired for the size (it should be stuffed full), tie up the mouth of the bag closely and securely, ornament it with a full frill of handsome lace. Bind narrow satin ribbon around the neck and cover midway of the bag, drawing it in closely.

and be served and a th  
e box produced.  
a bed- model enla  
ward- tly for a p  
net. If made of l  
of chairs, d of a  
of shape; crocaded s  
and quite sui

Lexington, April 19, 1775.....	1
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.....	1
Plattsburgh, August 12, 1776.....	1
White Plains, August 26, 1776.....	1
Trenton, December 23, 1776.....	1
Princeton, January 3, 1777.....	1
Red Bank, December 19, 1777.....	1
Bennington, August 16, 1777.....	1
Brandywine, September 11, 1777.....	1
Savilleur, September 17, 1777.....	1
Germantown, October 6, 1777.....	1
Fort Mifflin, September 26, 1777.....	5
Red Hook, October 22, 1777.....	1
Monmouth, June 25, 1778.....	1
Rhode Island, August 27, 1778.....	1
Brier Creek, March 30, 1779.....	1
Keyser Post, April 1, 1779.....	1
Camden, August 16, 1779.....	1
King's Mountain, October 1, 1780.....	1
Cowpens, January 16, 1781.....	1
Gulford, C. H., March 15, 1781.....	1
Hot Springs, April 1, 1781.....	1
Etaw Springs, September, 1781.....	1
Yorktown, Oct., 1781, (surrendered), 7	7

**ANXIOUS TO FIGHT.**—A Lieutenant, named Tillinghast L'Hoult of Cincinnati, who has been on the sick list, hearing of the capture of a man on Fairfax, rose from his bed, to elude the vigilance of his physicians, entered a carriage at the hour of midnight, in which he paid a hackman five dollars, and joined his company in the advance.

This is the Moose that Doc

running at eighty-five

!nnoissasnoo ylti

LESSON CV.

## PAPER; A CONVERSATIONAL PLEA

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were  
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusion  
By one brave stroke, to mark all human kind,  
Call'd clear, blank paper, every infant mind;  
Where, still, as opening sense her dictates wro  
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice, a blot.  
The thought was happy, †perment, and true;  
† Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I, (can ye., pardon my presumption?) I,  
No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.  
Various the paper, various wants produce;  
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.  
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,  
Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray, note the fop, half powder, and half lace;  
Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling place;  
He's the *gilt-paper*; which, apart you store,  
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'servitor.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,  
Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;  
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed  
In all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

side to pinch and spare.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY



### AN ODD POEM.

The following poem is from the pen of a Mrs. H. A. Deming, and is said to be the result of a year's search among the writings of thirty-eight poets. Each line has a different author. The names of the authors are given below, numbering them according to their lines:

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower,
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die;
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.
7. Light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb—
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all,
10. Unmingled joys here no man can befall.
11. Nature to each allots its proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care,
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well; how long or how short permit to heaven,
16. Then he who forgives most shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we can not see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear!
21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise,
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not in beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell.
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make then, while yet we may, your God your friend.
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given, guard; and to yourself be just.
38. For live we how we can, die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Johnson; 3. Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewell; 6. Spencer; 7. Daniel; 8. Walter Scott; 9. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bailey; 17. French; 18. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Byron; 21. Smollett; 22. Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Cowley; 25. Beattie; 26. Cowper; 27. Walter Davenant; 28. Gray; 29. Willis; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Franch Charles; 33. Watkins; 34. Herriek; 35. Wm. Mason; 36. Pill; 37. Dana; 38. Shakespeare.

Health Department,  
New-York, August 30, 1892.

### PREVENTION OF CHOLERA EASIER THAN CURE. HOW CAUGHT.

Healthy persons "catch" cholera by taking into their systems through the mouth, as in their food or drink, or from their hands, knives, forks, plates, tumblers, clothing, etc., the germs of the disease which are always present in the discharges from the stomach and bowels of those sick with cholera.

Thorough cooking destroys the cholera germs; therefore:

Don't eat raw, uncooked articles of any kind, not even milk.

Don't eat or drink to excess. Use plain, wholesome, digestible food, as indigestion and diarrhoea favor an attack of cholera.

Don't drink unboiled water.

Don't eat or drink articles unless they have been thoroughly and recently cooked or boiled, and the more recent and hotter they are, the safer.

Don't employ utensils in eating or drinking unless they have been recently put in boiling water; the more recent the safer.

Don't eat or handle food or drink with unwashed hands, or receive it from the unwashed hands of others.

Don't use the hands for any purpose when soiled with cholera discharges; thoroughly cleanse them at once.

Personal cleanliness, and cleanliness of the living and sleeping rooms and their contents, and thorough ventilation, should be rigidly enforced. Foul water-closets, sinks, croton faucets, cellars, etc., should be avoided, and when present should be referred to the Health Board at once, and remedied.

### PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES OF TREATMENT.

The successful treatment and the prevention of the spread of this disease demand that its earliest manifestations be promptly recognized and treated; therefore:

Don't doctor yourself for bowel complaint, but go to bed and send for the nearest physician at once. Send for your family physician; send to a dispensary or hospital; send to the Health Department; send to the nearest police station for medical aid.

Don't wait, but send at once.

If taken ill in the street, seek the nearest drug store, dispensary, hospital or police station, and demand prompt medical attention.

Don't permit vomit or diarrhoeal discharges to come in contact with food, drink or clothing. These discharges should be received in proper vessels, and kept covered until removed under competent directions. Pour boiling water on them, put a strong solution of carbolic acid in them (not less than one part of acid to twenty of hot soapsuds or water).

Don't wear, handle or use any articles of clothing or furniture that are soiled with cholera discharges. Pour boiling water on them or put them into it, and scrub them with the carbolic acid solution mentioned above, and promptly request the Health Board to remove them.

Don't be frightened, but do be cautious, and avoid excesses and unnecessary exposures of every kind.

By order of the Board of Health,  
CHARLES G. WILSON, President.  
EMMONS CLARK, Secretary.

For twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

### LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

[From the Shanghai Times.]

Oh, the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamond studibus  
And elegant cravatium.  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, though,  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo. oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on sprees,  
And said, on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where's my hic-hic-domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far-away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

### RICH NEGROES IN NEW YORK.

### ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

It was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to embalm their dead, and to preserve the form and perfect appearance of each limb, even to the fingers and toes, by winding around them narrow strips of linen, prepared in a manner which is not now known. Bodies have been preserved in this manner for a period of more than two thousand years, and are, to this day, found in great numbers in ancient sepulchers. Some of these have been brought to England, and other parts of Europe, and to America. Bodies thus preserved are called *Mummies*, and it was one of these, brought by the celebrated traveler Belzoni, and placed in a museum at London, which gave rise to this poem.

1. And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)  
In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago.

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,  
And time had not begun to overthrow  
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted + Dummy,  
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;  
Thou 'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy!  
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,  
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,  
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,  
To whom should we assign the sphynx's fame?  
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect  
Of either pyramid that bears his name?  
Is Pompey's pillar really a + misnomer?  
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forpidden  
By oath to tell the  
Then say, what seest  
In Memnon's  
Perhaps thou wert  
Are vain; E.



This is the Moose that Doctor Arnold shot-  
hit him a running at eighty-five yals, right in the  
neck.

Mighty Moosegeeasaaninni!

### LESSON CV.

#### PAPER; A CONVERSATIONAL PLEA

Some wit of old — such wits of old there were  
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose \*allusion  
By one brave stroke, to mark all human kind,  
Call'd clear, blank paper, ev'ry infant mind;  
Where, still, as opening sense her dictates wrote  
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice, a blot.  
The thought was happy, \*pertinent, and true;  
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.

I, (can ye, pardon my presumption?) I,

No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.

Various the paper, various wants produce;

The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.

Men are as various; and, if right I scan,

Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray, note the fop, half powder, and half lace;

Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling place;

He's the *gilt-paper*, which, apart you store.

And look from vulgar hands in the \*scrutoir.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,

Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth;

Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed;

To all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

And to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need,  
And to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need,  
And to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need,



Valuable Autograph Collection  
Presented Millicent Library.

Miscellaneous Missives That Have a Peculiar Historical Worth.

Among the rarest letters collectors are looking for are those written by William Henry Harrison while he was president. As his term occupied but one month, he wrote very few letters. The commercial value of one of these is about \$75 to \$100. Speaking of commercial values of autograph letters, it is interesting to

The resolution of assembly of the 9th instant for calling in the convention officers to the barracks and an advice of council in conformity therewith but prescribing some additional precautions, I sent to Col. Wood, the inclosed letter from him in answer thereto, came to hand this morning by express, who waits final determination on the subject. Objections arise to the measures ordered and others are therein suggested which seem to merit consideration and which the assembly would be pleased to decide on and give such further directions as they think proper for their full information as to the measures already taken. I inclose a copy of the advice of council before mentioned.

I am most sincerely yours

the evening of the 23 and to  
in the morning. It will you know  
give me pleasure to see you but

Though Gretna has  
haven of safety for  
from the middle of  
its first "irregular"  
there is record did  
seventeen years sub-  
sage of Lord Cham-  
hated English mar-  
cumstances of this  
interesting and so  
Gretna Green at on  
metropolis for hunt-  
way lovers. This fir-  
John Edgar, St. M-  
Jean Scott of the  
both of the adjoining  
Cumberland. Tradition  
two, instead of col-  
four over the post-  
escaped their opposi-  
across the Solway F-  
set by storm and a  
whose violence drove  
suers and caused the  
the chase. The cou-  
ple escaped with the  
gled in brine and sa-  
their way can foot-  
village of Brewhous-  
they were married  
who for this sort of  
most notorious mar-  
land, as well as the  
gle individual know-  
English social ana-  
At this time Gre-  
mille from the Scot-  
towards Glasgow,  
than a half dozen  
simply a few rudi-  
about an old thatch-  
farmstead of Meg's  
was the laird of  
There were also th-  
e kirk and a vil-  
e fellow Paisley-

G Washington  
 James Buchanan  
 Mean Bush  
 w & Langford  
 Frank Jackson  
 John Adams

AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PRESIDENTS  
In the Collection in Millicent Library, Fairhaven.

The Hon. the Speaker  
James Madison's beneficent character  
is well shown in this little letter intro

My dear Sir North Bend, 22d May, 1840

I had the pleasure to receive from M





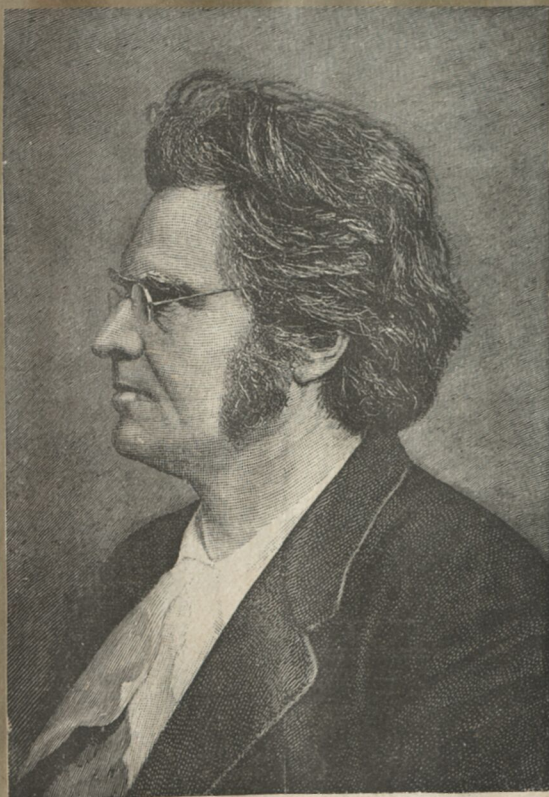
*L. Agassiz*



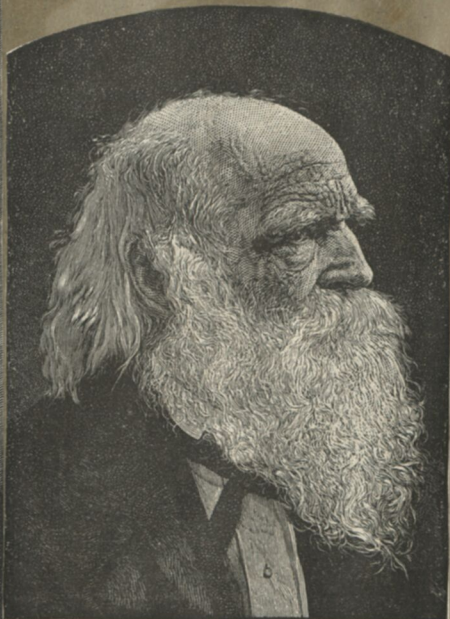
*J.B. Aldrich*



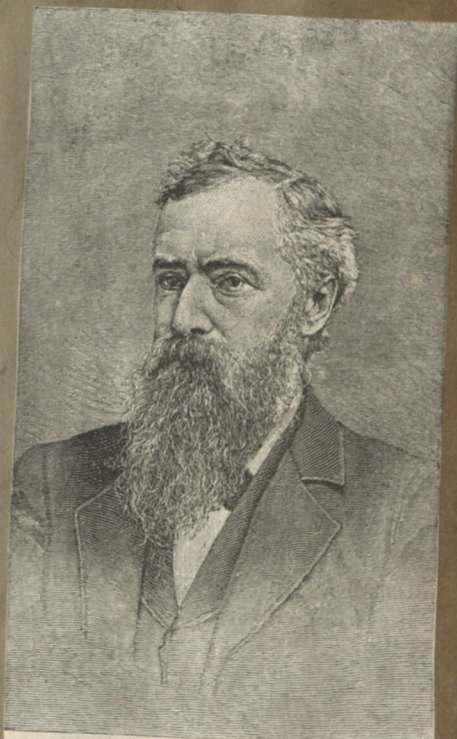
*J.P. Anderson*  
1805-1875.



*Bronck Bronck*



*William Cullen Bryant*  
1794-1878.



*John Burroughs*



## PRESIDENTIAL EPISTLES.

### Valuable Autograph Collection Presented Millicent Library.

### Letters Written by Seventeen Presidents of the United States.

### Miscellaneous Missives That Have a Peculiar Historical Worth.

It is a novel, yet indeed a valuable, collection that has just been presented the Millicent library, Fairhaven, by its benefactor, H. H. Rogers, Esq. It is a collection of autograph letters by 17 of our long line of presidents of the United States.

These letters were collected by Mr. William E. Benjamin, son-in-law of Mr. Rogers, and a connoisseur in such things as autograph letters. Mr. Benjamin's acquaintance with the letters of eminent men is broad, and gives him an excellent opportunity to gather this valuable collection for the Millicent library. These particular letters are each well-authenticated, single-page specimens, and are framed, each in a handsome oak frame with a steel engraving of the writer. At present only 17 have been secured, on account of the difficulty of obtaining single-page specimens, but as soon as secured the others will be added.

It would be hard to collect a full line of presidential letters, written in the White House, and such a collection would be worth not far from \$1,000. This collection is not such a one, but two and one half years were occupied in gathering it. The rarest of these letters, and the most difficult to secure, was that of as recent a president as Andrew Johnson, because of his well-known illiteracy. It is stated that Johnson could not even write his name till after his marriage, and that then his tutelage was imparted by his wife. On account of this inability to talk fluently on paper, Johnson seldom wrote much. Another president who seldom committed his thoughts to paper was Zachary Taylor—old Rough and Ready—a man more powerful with the sword than with the pen. His letters are few, and mostly are in the possession of collectors.

One would think, perhaps, that Washington's letters would be particularly hard to find, but as a matter of fact his are about third in point of rarity. Those whose dates cover a considerable period of Washington's life show that thrice in his life he completely changed his handwriting: twice before 1752, and in that year a third and final time. At this time a marked change is said to be noticeable from March to October, and the last ones were in the hand in which the father of his country wrote his most important documents.

Fourth in the list is Abraham Lincoln, whose letters, while by no means few in number, have always been so popular among collectors, that only a limited supply now exists. One peculiarity of Lincoln's letters—and characteristic of the man, it is, too—is that he seldom wrote a line without saying something. Single page specimens are more plentiful than longer ones.

Among the rarest letters collectors are looking for are those written by William Henry Harrison while he was president. As his term occupied but one month, he wrote very few letters. The commercial value of one of these is about \$75 to \$100. Speaking of commercial values of autograph letters, it is interesting to

closed. Our compliments are offered to Nancy and yourself—and I am  
Your affectionate uncle & friend  
G. WASHINGTON.

John Adams, the second president, wrote the following friendly letter:

Philadelphia, Decr. 18, 1794

Dear Sir  
Mr. Robert Denison, an English gentleman from Nottingham in England proposes to visit the City of Washington. If you can shew him the City or any other attentions you will oblige me. He belongs to a wealthy and worthy family of Dissenters who have it in contemplation to fly from Persecution. He is recommended to me by one of the most benevolent men in England. I am, my

Dear Sir Sincerely Yours

JOHN ADAMS.

William Cranch, Esqr.

Thomas Jefferson wrote as follows:

In Council June 15, 1780

Sir  
The resolution of assembly of the 9th instant for calling in the convention officers to the barracks and an advice of council in conformity therewith but prescribing some additional precautions, I sent to Colo. Wood, the inclosed letter from him in answer thereto, came to hand this morning by express, who waits final determination on the subject. Objections arise to the measures ordered and others are therein suggested which seem to merit consideration and which the assembly would be pleased to decide on and give such further directions as they think proper for their full information as to the measures already taken. I inclose a copy of the advice of council before mentioned.

of friendship and esteem which shown me since I have been in country and beg you to accept cordial good wishes for your fare and Prosperity. I shall pleasure of seeing you here on Saturday and shall trouble you a letter or two for London. I see from a statement of the election stood a little different from and Johnson mentions to you. The for Mr. Adams 71, Mr. Pinckney Jefferson 49. But the returns or tucky as well as from South Carolina are not included in this. All these will probably be for a son, except perhaps a vote or two less. The difference therefore of more than two or three votes of the election even if the state's erto are accurate. So that it is uncertain how it will turn. Notory lieve it material. From the re the Presidents address all over ment, judge whether any succedare or could effect a total depa and his system of administration. I enclose a letter for Mr. Mont I received this morning and wh thank you to deliver to him.

I am most sincerely yours

John L. Adams

S. Bourne Esqr.

Martin Van Buren writes:

My dear Sir  
My calculation is to be at Baltimore the evening of the 23 and to leave in the morning. It will you know give me pleasure to see you but

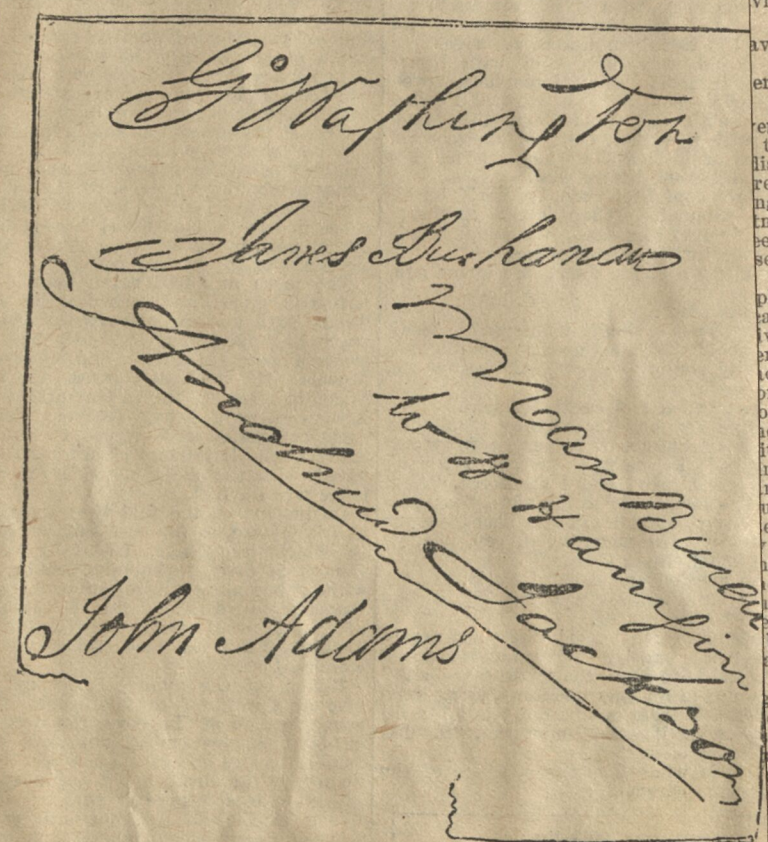
ried by you at Gretna both bride and bridegroom length in Scotland. Do you require any residence in Scotland? should it be? From licitor or registrar? What you require parties to riage? Are you to be on any day? Do you What is your fee? I for are respectable to pay a high fee—say pounds. An early reply oblige.

P. S.—If we come by my carrying a shivory head. Also by a hat-band. It is possible not have hardly anything to cut stick to will we know you?

Gretna was originally objective point of safe debtors and runaway land solely on account location. The great of England, still its eastern one coming New York, Boroughbridge, Dotheboys Hall in and thence over drea the western one lead through Lancashire ern English shires—Carlisle. From Carlisle stone highway passed Sark rivers, between toric "Debatable Land" It should be borne in tance from Carlisle yond the Sark, is miles; that Gretna relay station north of Sark stream was the dary line between En and that whatever tions might in the of lurk in the "Debatable the Esk and the Sark or lovers, flying from harassment of English crossed the middle were instantly safe neath the ever-welcom tish law.

Though Gretna has have of safety for from the middle of its first "irregular" there is record did seventeen years sub sage of Lord Chanc hated English marriage cumstances of this teresting and so w Gretna Green at one metropolis for hunt way lovers. This fin John Edgar, St. M Jean Scott of the ere both of the adjoining Cumberland. Tradition two, instead of col four over the post escaped their opposi across the Solway F set by storm and a whose violence drow suers and caused the chase. The cou ly escaped with the gled in brine and sa their way on foot village of Brewhous they were married who for this sort most notorious man land, as well as the gle individual know English social an

At this time Gre mile from the Sae towards Glasgow, towards a half dozen simply a few rud about an old thatch farmstead of Mer's was the laird of There were also th e kirk and a wife a fellow Paisley—



AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PRESIDENTS

In the Collection in Millicent Library, Fairhaven.

I have the honor to be with greatest respect and esteem, Sir,  
Your most obedt  
& most humble servt

James Madison

The Hon. the Speaker

James Madison's beneficent character

not at all put yourself out of the way the purpose. I have spent a single th but had not time to call on Mrs. Massat any one else. Our friends are in an celent condition there and infinitely sound throughout than most suppose.

In haste and Truly Yours  
WILLIAM L. MASEY E.

"Old Tippecanoe" was apparently ing his picture painted when he wrote:

North Bend, 22d May, 1840  
My dear Sir  
I had the pleasure to receive from M



note what incidents will radically affect them. For instance, Polk was a verbose writer, seldom covering less than two pages. Till recently Polk's letters were worth \$6 each, but suddenly some one found a barrel of them, and the market value is now only about \$2.50. Any incident of historical or biographical moment referred to in a letter will greatly enhance its value. As an instance of this take General Grant's letters, which are usually worth \$10 to \$15. One letter from him to a friend, written when he was 17 or 18 years of age, a cadet at West Point, is interesting, in that it is signed U. H. Grant. His real name was Ulysses Hiram. This is worth about \$75. Another of his letters is valued at \$35 because it refers to General Logan as a "— old black-guard," and indicates unpleasantness between these two noted soldiers and statesmen and generally staunch friends.

William Henry Harrison's letters are worth about \$12.50 each, and are quite rare. Very recently, and this is not widely known news, a bundle of 30 letters from General Harrison were discovered and sold to Russell B. Harrison for \$130. They are valuable, as they contain much biographical matter regarding himself.

The letters in this collection are valued as follows:

George Washington,	\$75.00
John Adams,	30.00
Thomas Jefferson,	10.00
James Madison,	9.00
James Monroe,	2.00
John Quincy Adams,	7.50
Martin Van Buren,	2.50
William Henry Harrison,	12.50
John Tyler,	4.00
James K. Polk,	2.50
Zachary Taylor,	40.00
Millard Fillmore,	3.00
Franklin Pierce,	2.50
James Buchanan,	2.00
Abraham Lincoln,	40.00
Andrew Johnson,	40.00
Rutherford B. Hayer	2.50

\$285.00

Among those presidents whose letters in single page specimens are difficult to find and which have not yet been found for this collection are James A. Garfield, valued at \$7.50, Chester A. Arthur, \$7.50, Grover Cleveland, \$3.50, and U. S. Grant \$10 to \$15. Mr. Benjamin is still looking for proper specimens of these and expects to find them soon.

Mr. Rogers will try to secure a letter from Mr. Cleveland touching on the library itself, and perhaps may, next summer, have President Cleveland visit Fairhaven and write the letter in the building at the librarian's desk.

A Standard reporter and artist have copied the letters, the autograph signatures being reproduced and here they are.

The letter from George Washington is a private one to his favorite nephew, Bushrod. In it we see the "Father of his Country," in the light of an uncle, as a private citizen—a view we seldom get of our public men.

Mount Vernon Jan'y. 16th 1789

Dear Bushrod,

The man who lives in my House in town is there, I am told on curtesy and was only to have reasonable previous notice to remove. Under these circumstances if you can make the house and stable, (for of the latter there was once a very good one) convenient for your purposes, you shall be welcome to the use of them. This lott was once inclosed, but has no fence I believe at present; otherwise as you talked of a garden, it would make a very good one as the ground has a good exposure.

When you have a stable, I will give you a load of Hay, if you think it worth sending for. My waggens being incompetent to the supply of my own stables, having Hay and Wood to draw some distance. Your aunt requests your care of the en-

is well shown in this little letter, introducing a friend, who was then struggling for the establishment of his new magazine:

Dear Sir

This will be handed you by Mr Childs who is desirous of subscriptions to a new gazette to be edited from his press by Mr. Freeman. A copy of the plan is inclosed and speaks its own merits. Those of Mr. Childs are sufficiently vouched by the character and success of a paper long printed by him in N. York. With Mr. Freeman. I have been long and intimately acquainted. He is a man of real genius of difference in literature of experience in the business undertaken by him and of great integrity. With these qualifications his paper cannot fail to be an interesting vehicle of information. I am solicitous for that reason as well as for a friendly regard to his interests that the subscriptions may be extensive and that your patronage may aid Mr. Childs in that quarter. In affording it you will, besides the public inducements you may feel, do what will be very acceptable to your affectionate friend & obedient servt

*J. Chadis*

Daniel Carroll, Esq.

The following letter of James Monroe was written while he was governor of Virginia:

In Council Jan'y 11, 1800

Sir,

The enclosed proposition for the sale of 3000 rifles to the commonwealth was lately received from Mr. Lyon Lehman. As the executive has no power to purchase that species of arms, it did not undertake to deliberate on the propriety of accepting or rejecting the proposal. But as it was connected with a subject now under legislative consideration and of great importance to the publick, it is thought proper to communicate it to the general assembly. With great respect and esteem I have the honor to be yr. most obt. servant,

*J. Monroe*

The honorable the speaker of the house of Delegates.

Old Hickory looks remarkably lame in the following expression:

11 Oct. 1821

Dr Sir,

I am desirous of sending to a friend in New York three hundred dollars and for this purpose would prefer to obtain a check on the branch of the U. S. Bank in that city. The name of my friend is P. A. Vaudorim. Mr. Doneison will hand you a check for this amount here and I shall be obliged to you to substitute for it a check for the same amount payable at New York

Very Respectfully

yr. servt.

ANDREW JACKSON.

The letter of John Quincy Adams was written when he was United States minister to Holland. The handwriting is the most beautiful in the whole collection, and in many respects is very like copper plate, so carefully and neatly are the characters formed. The voting he speaks of was the election in which his father, John Adams, was chosen president, with Mr. Jefferson as vice president. Unlike Mr. Adams' forecast Mr. Jefferson was unable to overcome the lead of the elder Adams and received but 68 votes when all the returns were in. It seems remarkable that this man should speak of his father in so commonplace a way as "Mr. Adams," but it is a characteristic manner of this polite statesman. The letter is as follows:

The Hague, Feb. 1, 1797

Dear Sir—

Your obliging favours of yesterday and the day before are in my hands; the kind and feeling expressions of the former, deserve my warmest gratitude. I renew once more my thanks for the numerous proofs

Hoyt yesterday, yr note of the 9th inst. I did not hesitate to give him my promise to go up to — on Monday night, to commence my sitting to him although I am heartily wearied of such operations. The affair to which your two last notes have referred has been satisfactorily settled to the satisfaction of Colo. P. as the agent of the Mr K. and I have only to offer to yourself & our friend Mr. Curtis my sincere thanks for efficient part which you took in it. Be pleased to present my best respects to Mr. Webster

Yours Very truly

W. H. HARRISON.

P. S. Cu. cause is I think progressing throughout the west more than at any former period.

John Tyler's letter is a simple business note and is written from his home, "Sherwood Forest," on the James river, whence he retired after vacating the presidential chair.

Sherwood Forest  
Sept. 19, 1853

My Dr. Sir

I have promised myself the pleasure of seeing you at your office during my late visit to Richmond, but left without having accomplished my purpose for reasons I could not control. I now send you two checks on the Farmers Bank, the one of ten dollars payable to yourself and the other of six to Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., for my subscription to the L. Messenger and the copies of Mr. Tyler's letters to the Dutchess of Southland.

With high respect

Yrs. Most Truly

*John Tyler*

I. B. Thompson, Esq.

"Old Rough and Ready's" letter was as follows:

Hone. I. M. Cayton

My der Sir,

I understand that Capt. Godard will be ready to set out for N. Orleans tomorrow by way of Mobile in connection with the business spoken of yesterday & probably Mr. Carlie also. I must therefore request you will if possible make out such instructions as may seem to you necessary & proper in the course of the day to be laid before the cabinet at 8 o'clk. this evening, at which time I have requested the several members to meet you. Mr. Johnson has been telegraphed to be sent at the time referred to.

Truly your

Friend

*J. Taylor*

Washington City  
June 9th, 1850

The letter from Millard Fillmore is obviously a simple business epistle. It is as follows:

Buffalo May 13, 1849.

Hon. W. Hunt

Dr Sir

At the last tax sale a piece of land on the east side of Niagara street, Buffalo, (printed list, page 105) described as "Lot 34, 100 feet s. of Virginia street 50 by 125 feet" was sold. Please give the amount necessary to redeem on the 1st of June

Respectfully Yours

*Millard Fillmore*

Short and terse is the specimen from the pen of the New Hampshire president. He says:

Concord, Dec. 24, 1842.

Dr. Sir—

Your letter of yesterday inclosing \$12



## PRESIDENTIAL EPISTLES.

### Valuable Autograph Collection Presented Millicent Library.

#### Letters Written by Seventeen Presi- dents of the United States.

#### Miscellaneous Missives That Have a Pe- culiar Historical Worth.

It is a novel, yet indeed a valuable, collection that has just been presented the Millicent library, Fairhaven, by its benefactor, H. H. Rogers, Esq. It is a collection of autograph letters by 17 of our long line of presidents of the United States.

These letters were collected by Mr. William E. Benjamin, son-in-law of Mr. Rogers, and a connoisseur in such things as autograph letters. Mr. Benjamin's acquaintance with the letters of eminent men is broad, and gives him an excellent opportunity to gather this valuable collection for the Millicent library. These particular letters are each well-authenticated, single-page specimens, and are framed, each in a handsome oak frame with a steel engraving of the writer. At present only 17 have been secured, on account of the difficulty of obtaining single-page specimens, but as soon as secured the others will be added.

It would be hard to collect a full line of presidential letters, written in the White House, and such a collection would be worth not far from \$1,000. This collection is not such a one, but two and one half years were occupied in gathering it. The rarest of these letters, and the most difficult to secure, was that of as recent a president as Andrew Johnson, because of his well-known illiteracy. It is stated that Johnson could not even write his name till after his marriage, and that then his tutelage was imparted by his wife. On account of this inability to talk fluently on paper, Johnson seldom wrote much. Another president who seldom committed his thoughts to paper was Zachary Taylor—old Rough and Ready—a man more powerful with the sword than with the pen. His letters are few, and mostly are in the possession of collectors.

One would think, perhaps, that Washington's letters would be particularly hard to find, but as a matter of fact his are about third in point of rarity. Those whose dates cover a considerable period of Washington's life show that thrice in his life he completely changed his handwriting: twice before 1752, and in that year a third and final time. At this time a marked change is said to be noticeable from March to October, and the last ones were in the hand in which the father of his country wrote his most important documents.

Fourth in the list is Abraham Lincoln, whose letters, while by no means few in number, have always been so popular among collectors, that only a limited supply now exists. One peculiarity of Lincoln's letters—and characteristic of the man, it is, too—is that he seldom wrote a line without saying something. Single page specimens are more plentiful than longer ones.

Among the rarest letters collectors are looking for are those written by William Henry Harrison while he was president. As his term occupied but one month, he wrote very few letters. The commercial value of one of these is about \$75 to \$100. Speaking of commercial values of autograph letters, it is interesting to

closed. Our compliments are offered to Nancy and yourself—and I am  
Your affected uncle & friend

G. WASHINGTON.

John Adams, the second president, wrote the following friendly letter:

Philadelphia, Decr. 18, 1794

Dear Sir

Mr. Robert Denison, an English gentleman from Nottingham in England proposes to visit the City of Washington. If you can shew him the City or any other attentions you will oblige me. He belongs to a wealthy and worthy family of Dissenters who have it in contemplation to fly from Persecution. He is recommended to me by one of the most benevolent men in England. I am, my

Dear Sir Sincerely Yours

JOHN ADAMS.

William Cranch, Esqr.

Thomas Jefferson wrote as follows:

In Council June 15, 1780

Sir

The resolution of assembly of the 9th instant for calling in the convention officers to the barracks and an advice of council in conformity therewith but prescribing some additional precautions, I sent to Col. Wood, the inclosed letter from him in answer thereto, came to hand this morning by express, who waits final determination on the subject. Objections arise to the measures ordered and others are therein suggested which seem to merit consideration and which the assembly would be pleased to decide on and give such further directions as they think proper for their full information as to the measures already taken. I inclose a copy of the advice of council before mentioned.

of friendship and esteem which shown me since I have been in country and beg you to accept cordial good wishes for your fare and Prosperity. I shall pleasure of seeing you here on Saturday and shall trouble you with a letter or two for London. I see from a statement of the Philadelphia of December 7 that Johnson stood a little different from Johnson mentions to you. The for Mr. Adams 71, Mr. Pinckney Jefferson 49. But the returns or tucky as well as from South Carolina are not included in it. All these will probably be for a son, except perhaps a vote or two less. The difference therefore of more than two or three votes of the election even if the state returns are accurate. So that it is uncertain how it will turn. Notary lieve it material. From the their the Presidents address all over nent, judge whether any succedare or could effect a total depand his system of administration. I enclose a letter for Mr. Mout I received this morning and wh thank you to deliver to him.

I am most sincerely yours

John L. Adams

S. Bourne Esqr.

Martin Van Buren writes:

My dear Sir

My calculation is to be at Baltimore the evening of the 23 and to leave in the morning. It will you know give me pleasure to see you but

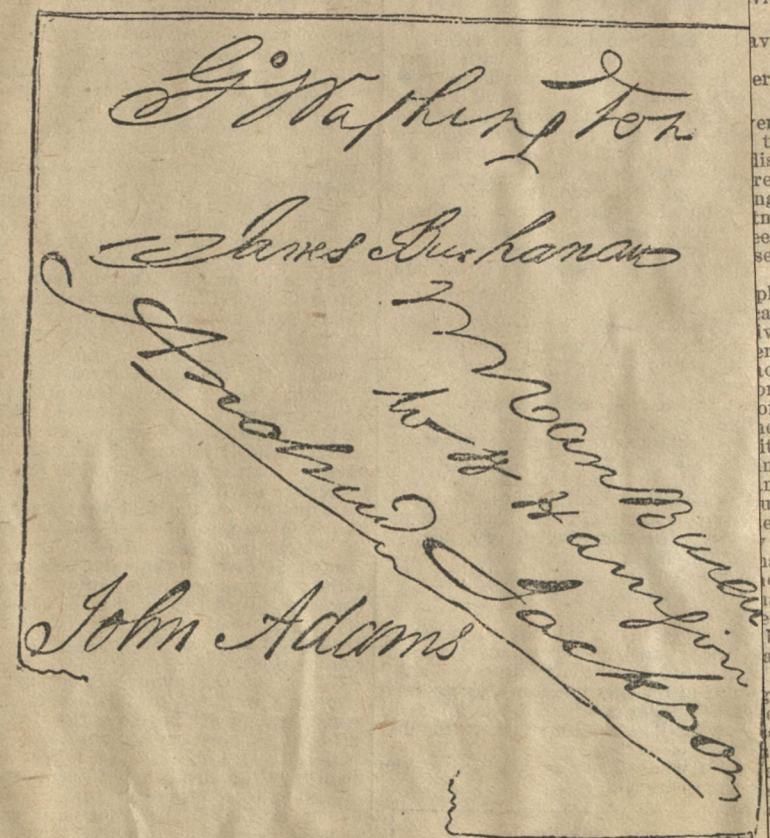
ried by you at Gretna both bride and bridegroom length in Scotland? Do you require any residence in Scotland? should it be? From licitor or registrar? Will you require parties to riage? Are you to be on any day? Do you What is your fee? for are respectable to pay a high fee— pounds. An early reply oblige.

P. S.—If we come by my carrying a sh ivory head. Also by hat-band. It is possible not have hardly anything have to cut stick to will we know you?

Gretna was original objective point of safe debtors and runaway land solely on account location. The great of England, still its eastern one coming ne York, Boroughbridge, ancient Bowes the Dotheboys Hall in and thence over drea the western one lead through Lancashire and ern English shires— Carlisle. From Carlisle stone highway passed Sark rivers, between toric "Debatable Land" It should be borne in tance from Carlisle yond the Sark, is miles; that Gretna relay station north of Sark stream was the dary line between Eng and that whatever tions might in the o lurk in the "Debat the Esk and the Sark or lovers, flying fr harassment of Eng crossed the middle were instantly safe neath the ever-welcom tish law.

Though Gretna has every have of safety for ice from the middle of its first "irregular" on there is record did seventeen years sub sage of Lord Chanc hated English marriage cumstances of this interesting and so w Gretna Green at on metropolis for hunt way lovers. This fin John Edgar, St. Jean Scott of the both of the adjoining Cumberland. Tradition two, instead of col four over the post escaped their opposi across the Solway F set by storm and a whose violence drow suers and caused the chase. The cou ly escaped with thea gled in brine and sa their way on foot village of Brewhous they were married who for this sort most notorious man land, as well as the gle individual know English social anat

At this time Gre mile from the Sae towards Glasgow, than a half dozen simply a few rud about an old that farmstead of Mer's was the laird of here were also th e kirk and a vife fellow Paisley—



AUTOGRAPHS OF SOME OF THE PRESIDENTS

In the Collection in Millicent Library, Fairhaven.

I have the honor to be with greatest respect and esteem, Sir,  
Your most obedt  
& most humble servt

Wm L. Masey E.

The Hon. the Speaker

James Madison's beneficent character

not at all put yourself out of the way the purpose. I have spent a single but had not time to call on Mrs. Masey any one else. Our friends are in an celent condition there and infinitely sound throughout than most suppose. In haste and Truly

Yours

WILLIAM L. MASEY E.

"Old Tippecanoe" was apparently ing his picture painted when he wrote:

North Bend, 22d May, 1840

My dear Sir

I had the pleasure to receive from M



run down here to Gretna to look in upon the couple to whom I sustain such peculiar and certified relations. And I am not quite sure that this one "irregular" marriage at Gretna has not done some good. For when I sit with the pitiful old pair at their tiny deal table, munching oaken bannocks and sipping steaming tea, I sometimes fancy that in the second childhood that is now upon them, my own tender courtesies to deaf and palsied Elizabeth Laing, perhaps through reawakened jealous fires in her testy consort, have somewhat softened and subdued the erst marital rigors of William Laing, postman, and "Bishop" of grewsome Gretna Green.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

#### One by One His Geese Sank.

Six or eight years ago Bob Vorus started a goose farm on his mill pond. He knew the value of feathers, and thought the people would appreciate the opportunity of obtaining them near home for making pillows and beds. His big mill pond was such a fine place for them to swim and live and raise in. So he got up five or six hundred pairs of geese and put them on his pond. They were in their glory, and the water was dotted with the white and blue of their plumage from morning till night as they glided over the placid expanse of the pond. Their nests were built in the rushes along its sides, and their melodious voices reverberated along its banks from end to end. But they did not increase according to Bob's notion—their numbers were diminishing perceptibly. A dead one could be seen occasionally drifting along the edge of the bordering rushes. At first Bob thought it might be minks, otters, skunks, possums, or what not that were destroying them, but soon found out that it was alligators, for he actually saw one day one of the ugly reptiles catch a goose and pull it under the water. Partly eaten geese would sometimes be found. In the course of a few months Bob had the same big pond of water, but not a single goose.

Bob hates an alligator, and he and his ten boys have been occupying the dull summer months in killing them. They bring into town two or three every week for the children to get frightened at. Last Monday they brought up the biggest one yet. It measured nine feet and a half in length, and weighed somewhat under 400 pounds. It was forty-seven years old by the rings on its tail, and had already begun to stow away pine knots for the winter's supply. His appetite seemed not to be confined to geese and lightwood knots, for an autopsy discovered in his capacious cold-storage reservoir a pair of brogans and a pipe.—Lumpkin Independent.

#### A CHICAGO BIBLIOPHILE.

I asked her if she had read Kant.  
"Oh, no," she replied, "he's a bore,  
But I have a sweet copy of Dante  
With beautiful pictures by Dore."  
—Judge.

#### Prevention Better Than Cure.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils or ulcers. Brandreth's Pills taken freely will in a short time effect a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipency by them. The worst fever sores, bed sores, and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of Brandreth's Pills will prevent many a sickness.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Cutaway notes the buckskin at a glance, and, although he is far too astute to let on, inwardly determines to have the little beggar. Well he knows that he will be amply able to give any sum likely to be demanded by the boss, and still make a handsome profit on the transaction when he gets to Newport.

The scene now shifts a couple of thousand miles to the eastward. The dun was purchased for \$150, and it cost another \$25 to put him where he is—in a comfortable but unpretentious stable in the rear of the Ocean House. A probable purchaser is expected; the litter in the stall is changed, the pony given a final rub-down, his tail has been docked before starting for the east, and in the sleek, neatly groomed little nag no one would recognize the shaggy, ill-kept brute of two months before.

A dog-cart stops at the stable door, a dapper groom jumps to the cob's head, and Charley Heavyswell alights to have a look at Cutaway's latest bit of equine perfection. Of all the swagger Newport men, Charley Heavyswell is by long odds the most gorgeous. His appearance on this fine June morning is a thing of chastened beauty. Groomed to a nicety, arrayed in the masterpieces of Pool, Hammond & Peal, he is the most dangerous lady-killer of his very rapid set; but to give him his due, he also is a most finished horseman, and absolutely fearless. No man in the country can "hustle a sticker—a flyer can spare," quite so well as Charley Heavyswell.

He is languidly pleased at the dun pony, and directs that it be sent down to the polo field about 3 p. m., so that he may have a chance to throw a leg over it before the match begins.

The pony acquits himself so creditably, for a green 'un, that Cutaway sets the price at \$350, and gets a check for that amount before the week is out—something that does not always happen when a Newport man is the buyer, but Charley Heavyswell's pocketbook is a capacious one, and for a man who controls two or three railroads he is uncommonly free with his money.

After this the dun pony's existence is like that of hundreds of other western ponies that have been brought east to play polo. His counterparts may be seen, three times a week at Wenham, Hingham, Newport or Rockaway. They are always good, hardy, little beasts and rarely sick or sorry.

#### 'TIS USELESS TO REGRET.

We've done the best we could, my dear,  
There's nothing to regret;  
We've taught the children many truths  
On which our hearts were set;  
And if against our old-time ways  
They foolishly protest,  
We never need regret, my dear,  
That we have done our best.

There's many a plan that's come to naught;  
There's many a light gone out;  
And disappointments, griefs, and cares  
Have hedged us round about;  
And many a sad mistake we've made  
Throughout our lives, and yet  
We've done the very best we could;  
'Tis useless to regret.

For out of evil good has come,  
And out of darkness light;  
And all wrongdoing in this world  
Some day will be set right;  
And though we have not reached the height  
Attained by others, yet  
We've done the best we could, my dear;  
'Tis useless to regret.

We've tried to live like honest folks,  
To do our duty well,  
Against evil things to take our stand,  
In goodness to excel;  
I judge yourself not harshly, dear,  
Nor at misfortunes fret;  
We've done the best we could, and so  
'Tis useless to regret.

—Eagle and County Cork Advertiser.

Newark Fire Ins. Co. ....  
New Jersey Plate Glass Ins. Co. ....  
First National Fire Ins. Co., Worcester, Mass.  
Quincy Mut. Fire Ins. Co., Quincy, Mass.  
Holyoke Mut. Fire Ins. Co., Holyoke, Mass.  
Traders' & Mechanics' Ins. Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Dorchester Mut. Fire Ins. Co., Boston  
Cambridge Mut. Fire Ins. Co., Cambridgeport, Mass.

Standard Life and Accident Ins. Co. .... Detroit, Mich.  
(Employees Liability Dept.)

Travellers' Ins. Co., Hartford Life & Accident.  
All losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

New Bedford, November, 1892.

IVORY E. CORNISH.

CLIFTON H. CORNISH

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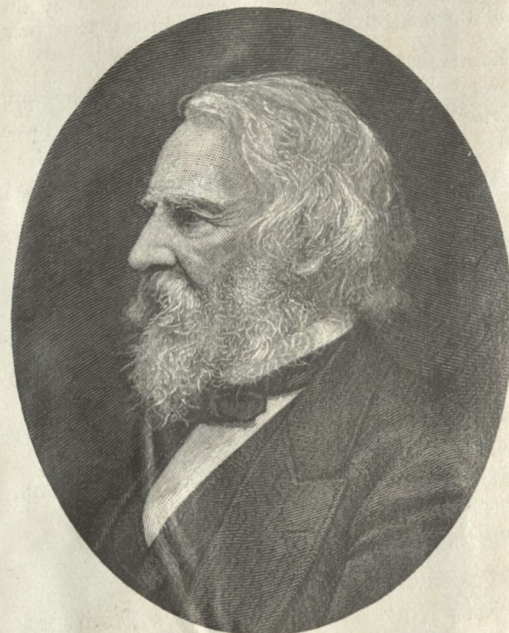




*S.O. Jewett,*

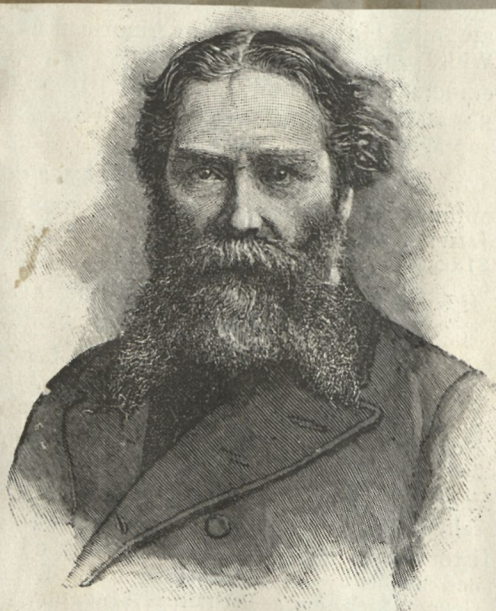


*Lucy Larcom*

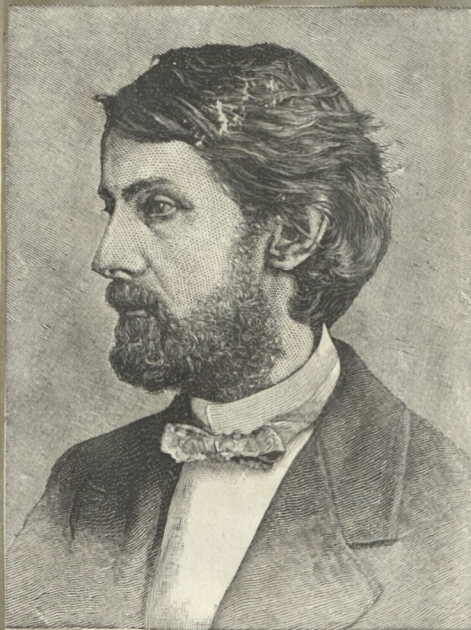


*Henry W. Longfellow*

1807-1882.



*M. Lowell*



*James Parton*



*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*





*Horace E. Scudder*



*Edmund Clarence Tedman*



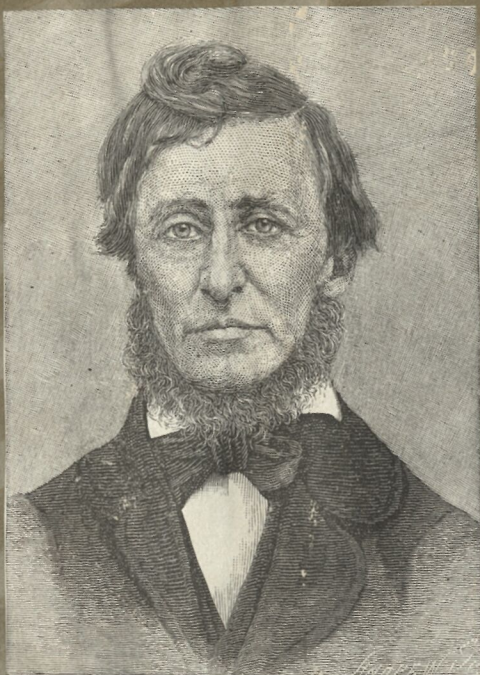
*W. B. Stone*



*Bayard Taylor*

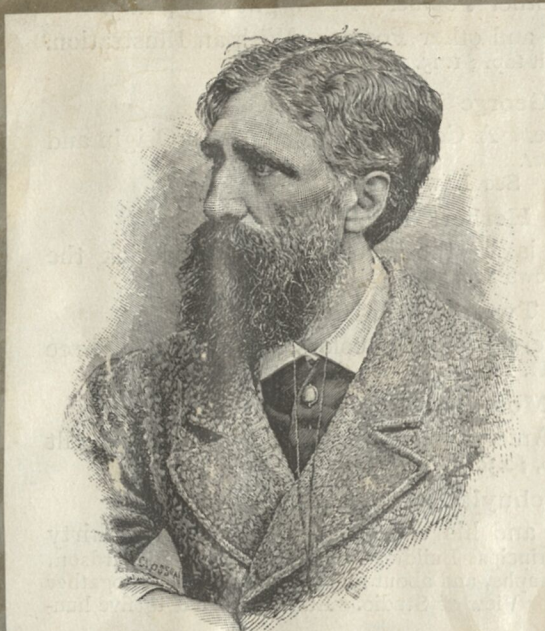
1825-1878.





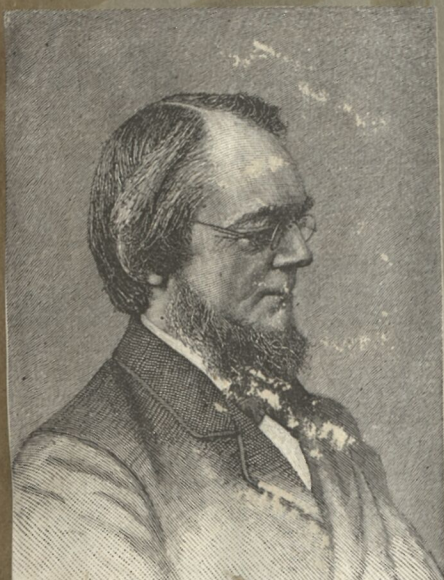
*Henry D. Thoreau*

1817 - 1862.



*James May  
C. D. Warner*

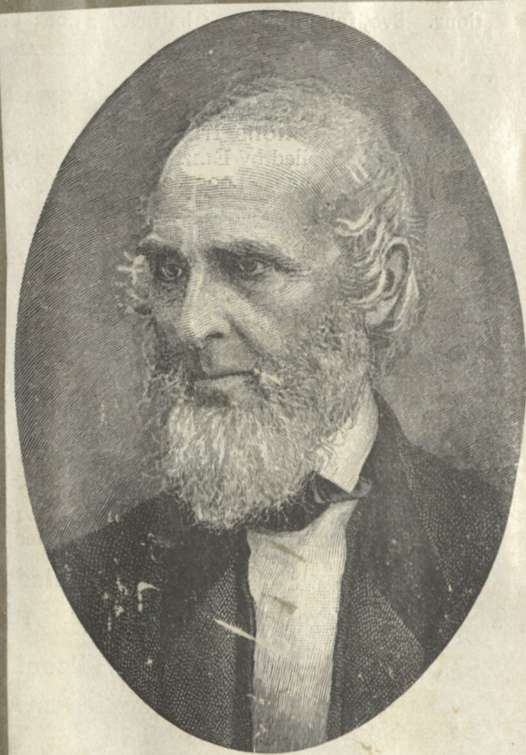
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ors. Seeing this,  
"I am the king of De  
gentleman is my son  
Greece."  
To which the wou



*E. P. Whipple*



*Adeline S. S. Whipple.*

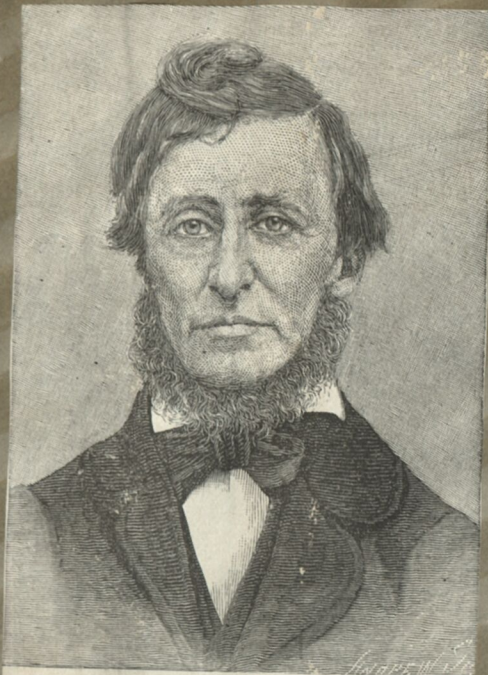


*John Lee Hittier*



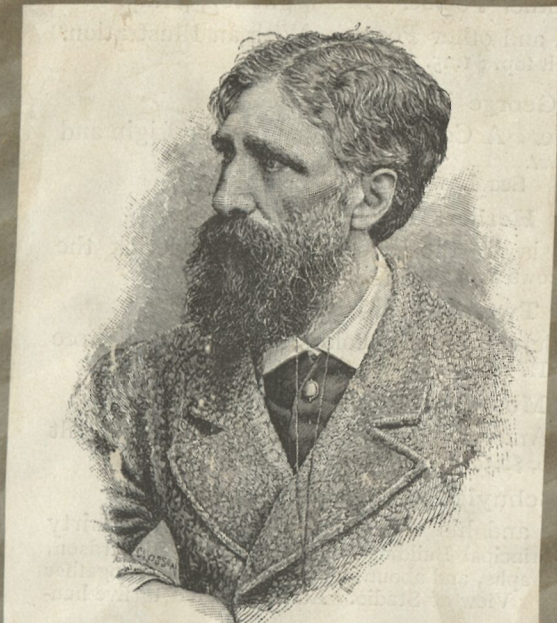






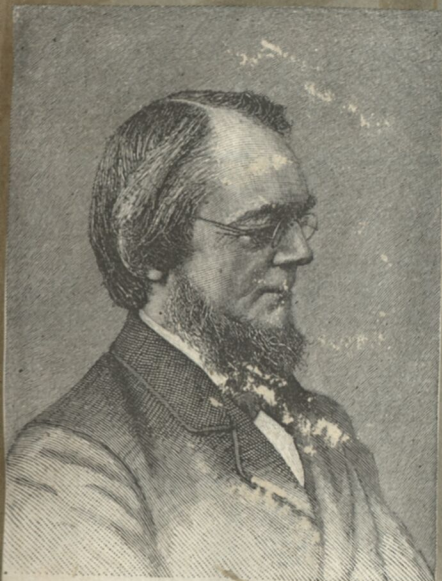
*Henry D. Thoreau*

1817-1862.



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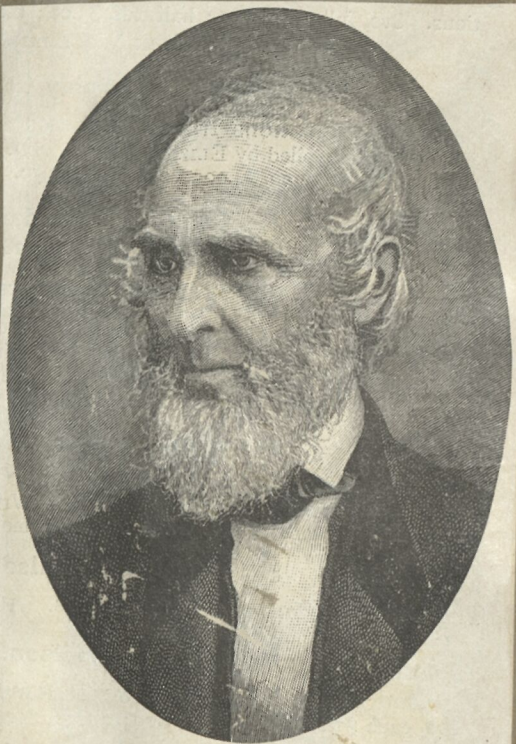
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gentleman is my son  
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To which the woi



*E. P. Whipple*



*Adeline S. S. Whipple*



*John G. Bennett*







Interesting Facts in Connection with  
British Rulers.

(The Sun.)

Richard I. was the first to call himself King of England. Every king from William to Henry II. called himself King of the English. The title was assumed by Egbert, the first King of England, in 823.

"Your Majesty," as a royal title, was assumed in England in 1527 by Henry VIII. The title before that was "Your Grace," or "Your Highness" for the king or queen.

The dynasties of England since the conquest are, Norman, four kings; Angevine, eight kings; house of Lancaster, three kings; house of York, three kings; Tudor, three kings and two queens; Stuart, four sovereigns; house of Orange, William III. and his wife, Mary, conjointly; house of Hanover, six sovereigns, from George I. to Victoria; house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the present king.

In the battle of Bosworth Field (1485) a king was killed (Richard III.) and a king was crowned (Henry VII.).

"King of France" was a title borne by the monarchs of England for 432 years, and when Elizabeth became Queen of England she was also "King of France," asserting that if she could not be a queen she would be a king.

The motto "Dieu et mon Droit" was first assumed by Edward III. of England when he took the title King of France.

The King of England who could not speak the language of his kingdom was George I.

William IV. was, at the time when he succeeded to the throne, the first William of Hanover, the second William of Ireland and the third William of Scotland.

William III. and Mary (Prince and Princess of Orange) were elected king and queen conjointly by both houses of parliament in 1688, in fulfilment of a promise made at the time they agreed to marry. William stipulated that if Mary inherited the throne of her father, James II., he should reign as joint heir of the kingdom in the title of Charles I.

Henry VIII. was the first to assume the title King of Ireland. The title, King of Great Britain, was assumed by James VI. of Scotland, when he became James I. of England.

Westminster abbey, where the coronation of Edward VII. was to take place, is officially the Collegiate Church of St. Peter. At the time when St. Paul's was being erected an appropriation for its completion was made from St. Peter's treasury. The action met with much objection, the people asking, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" This was the origin of the saying "Robbing Peter to pay Paul."

The following genealogy of the kings and queens of England was written during the reign of Queen Victoria, and by prefacing it with "Edward VII., who was the son of Victoria," the reader will have the genealogy complete to William the Conqueror: Victoria, who was the niece of William IV., who was the brother of George IV., who was the son of George III., who was the grandson of George II., who was the son of George I., who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William III., who was the son-in-law of James II., who was the brother of Charles II., who was the son of Charles I., who was the son of James I., who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was the half sister of Mary, who was the half sister of Edward VI., who was the son of Henry VIII., who was the son of Henry VII., who was the cousin of Richard III., who was the uncle of Edward V., who was the son of Edward IV., who was the cousin of Henry VI., who was the son of Henry V., who was the son of Henry IV., who was the cousin of Richard II., who was the grandson of Edward III., who was the son of Edward II., who was the son of Edward I., who was the son of Henry III., who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard I., who was the son of Henry II., who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry I., who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror, who was the son of his mother.



